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John Palmer

1762.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
M.DCC.XLIV.

THE
WIDOW:
A
COMEDY.

Written by { Ben. Johnſon,
John Fletcher,
Tho. Middleton.

THIS *Comedy, produced by the joint Labours of three eminent Poets, was acted with much Applauſe at the* Black-Fryars *Stage, in the Reign of* Charles *the Firſt: But it was never printed till the Year* 1652, *when it fell into the Hands of one Mr.* Alexander Gough, *who ſent it to the Preſs.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

BRANDINO, *an old Juſtice.*
MARTINO, *his Clerk.*

FRANCISCO, ATTILIO. } *Two Gentlemen.*

Two old Men, Suitors to the Widow.
RICARDO, *a decayed young Gentleman, and Suitor to the Widow.*

ANSALDO, MARTIA *diſguiſed*

LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO. } *Thieves.*

WOMEN.

VALERIA, *the Widow.*
MARTIA, *Daughter to one of the old Suitors, and ſuppoſed a Man.*
PHILIPPA, *Juſtice* BRANDINO's *Wife.*
VIOLETTA, *her waiting Maid.*

Officers, Servants.

THE WIDOW: A COMEDY.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter Signior Martino (an old Juſtice's Clerk) and Franciſco.

Fra. *Martino!* [*Table and Standiſh.*

Mar. Signior *Franciſco!* You're the luckieſt gentleman to meet Or ſee firſt in a morning: I never ſaw you yet, But I was ſure of money within leſs than half an hour.

Fra. I bring you the ſame luck ſtill.

Mar. What, you do not? I hope, ſir, you are not come for another warrant?

Fra. Yes, faith, for another warrant.

Mar.

Mar. Why there's my dream come out then; I never dream'd of a buttock but I was ſure to have money for a Warrant. It is the luckieſt part of all the body to me: Let every man ſpeak as he finds. Now your uſurer is of opinion, that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good; and has all one ſmatch indeed; for if one be the fleſh, the other's the broth: So 'tis in all his members, and we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, letchery is the porridge; they're both boil'd together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, tho' it conclude in the two-penny chop: Why ſir,
Signior Franciſco.

Fra. 'Twas her voice ſure,
Or my ſoul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a ſound like her's.

Mar. Sir, I beſeech you.

Fra. It is the prettieſt contriv'd building, this:
What poeſy's that, I prithee?

Mar. Which, ſir; that
Under the great braſs ſquirt?

Fra. Ay, that, ſir, that.

Mar. From fire, from water, and all things amiſs,
Deliver the houſe of an honeſt juſtice.

Fra. There's like to be a good houſe kept then, when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.
Not yet a ſight of her? This hour's unfortunate.
And what's that yonder, prithee? O love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee. Ay, I hear you, ſir.

Mar. You're quicker ear'd than I then: You hear me
Before I heard myſelf.

Fra. A gift in friendſhip;
Some call it an inſtinct.

Mar. It may be,
Th' other's the ſweeter phraſe though: Look you, Sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;
A gooſe-quil and a clerk, a conſtable and a lanthorn,
Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief to one tu.n.

Fra. That one turn help'd you well.

Mar. It has help'd me to money indeed for many a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that one turn; and 'twould come off quicker 'twere ne'er a whit the worſe for me. But indeed when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there's my gains; then go out more warrants to fetch 'em again: One fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars, in and out o' that faſhion; I love ſuch a one with my heart. Ay, and will help him to 'ſcape too, and I can; hear you me that: I'll have him in at all times at a month's warning: Nay, ſay I let him run like a ſummer nag all the vacation: See you theſe blanks, I'll ſend him but one of theſe bridles, and bring him in at *Michaelmas* with a vengeance: nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, ſir, then there's no hope of more money: I had rather loſe at all times two of my beſt kindred, than an excellent thief; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholden to.

Fra. You betray your myſtery too much, ſir. Yet no comfort?
'Tis but her ſight that I waſte precious time for;
For more I cannot hope for, ſhe's ſo ſtrict,
Yet that I cannot have.

Mar. I am ready now, ſignior.
Here are blank warrants of all diſpoſitions; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll beſtow him according to his merits.

Fra. This only is th' excuſe that beats me out,
And keeps off impudence and ſuſpicion
From my too frequent coming: What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the houſe?
This Coxcomb will be prating.----One *Attilio*,
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? Oh I love o' life to have ſuch a fellow come under my fingers; like a beggar that's long a taking leave of a fat louſe, I'm loth to part with him, I muſt look upon him over and over firſt: Are you wilful? i'faith I'll be as wilful as you then.

Phil. Martino? [*Philippa & Violetta at a window.*

Mar.

Mar. Miſtreſs?

Phil. Make haſte, your maſter's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilful murder forſooth; I'll diſpatch that preſently.

Phil. Good-morrow, ſir; oh that I durſt ſay more.

Fra. 'Tis gone again; ſince ſuch are all life's pleaſures,
No ſooner known but loſt, he that enjoys 'em
The length of life, has but a longer dream,
He wakes to this i'th end, and ſees all nothing.

Phil. He cannot ſee me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too raſh: Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he ſtands, he's worth a woman's love,
That loves only for ſhape, as moſt of's do:
But I muſt have him wiſe, as well as proper,
He comes not in my books elſe, and indeed
I have thought upon a courſe to try his wit: Violetta.

Viol. Miſtreſs.

Phil. Yonder's the gentleman again.

Viol. Oh ſweet miſtreſs,
Pray give me leave to ſee him.

Phil. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an' you love me.

Viol. No, I've the view of whole body here, miſtreſs,
At this poor little ſlit, oh enough, enough,
In troth 'tis a fine out-ſide.

Phil. I ſee that.

Viol. H'as curl'd his hair moſt judiciouſly well.

Phil. Ay, there's thy love, now it begins in barbariſm: She buys a gooſe with feathers that loves a gentleman for's hair; ſhe may be cozen'd to her face, wench. Away: He takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither, quick, quick, wench.

Mar. Nay, look upon't, and ſpare not: Every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, ſignior. Do you ſee this prick i'th bottom, it betokens power and ſpeed, it is a privy mark, that runs between the conſtables and my maſter. Thoſe that cannot read, when they ſee this, know 'tis for letchery or murder; and this being

ing away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Fra. I thank you, sir.

Mar. Look you; all these are nihils;
They want the punction.

Fra. Yes, I see they do, sir;
There's for thy pains, mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded. [*Exit.*

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withall: Now will he come for another to-morrow again; if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i'th town within this twelvemonth: No matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phil. Martino?

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phil. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper? 'Tis the warrant, I hope; if it be I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again. No, pox; 'tis not so happy.

Phil. What is't, sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phil. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phil. A letter? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Mar. So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

Phil. Read but the superscription, and away with't. Alas it may concern the gentleman nearly.

Mar. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

Phil. At home, how mean you, sir?

Mar. You shall hear, mistress. *To the deservingest of all her Sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mrs. Philippa Brandino.*

Phil. How, sir, to me?

Mar. To you, mistress.

Phil. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life,
Call him again, I'll not endure this injury:
But stay, stay now I think on't, 'tis my credit;
I'll have your master's counsel; ah, base fellow,
To leave his loose lines thus; 'tis even as much

As a poor honeſt gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wiſe man to my husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'ſt not whom.

Mar. Alas, 'tis my office, miſtreſs.
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now,
The velvet's coming over: pray be milder; a man that has a place muſt take money of any body: Pleaſe you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant for him now, that's all I care for him.

Phil. Well, look you be clear now from this foul conſpiracy
Againſt mine honour; or your maſter's love to you,
That makes you ſtout, ſhall not maintain you here;
It ſhall not: Truſt to't.--- [*Exit.*

Mar. This is ſtrange to me now:
Dare ſhe do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as her's now, would fit her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

Enter Brandino the Juſtice, and Philippa.

Phil. If this be a wrong to modeſt reputation,
Be you the cenſurer, ſir, that are the maſter
Both of your fame and mine.

Bran. Signior Franciſco?
I'll make him fly the land.

Mar. That will be hard, ſir;
I think he be not ſo well feather'd, maſter;
H'as ſpent the beſt part of his patrimony.

Phil. Hark of his bold confederate.

Bran. There thou'rt bitter;
And I muſt chide thee now.

Phil. What ſhould I think, ſir?
He comes to your man for warrants.

Bran. There it goes then;
Come hither knave: Comes he to you for warrants?

Mar. Why, what of that, ſir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds,
That comes by fortune, and by nature, ſir.

Bran. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature; Wife, why doſt thou wrong this man?

Mar. He needs no warrant, maſter, that goes about ſuch buſineſs; a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

Bran. La; has he anſwer'd well now, to the full? What cauſe haſt thou to abuſe him?

Phil. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, he has had an opportunity
To come into the houſe, and court me boldly.

Bran. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.

Mar. Who I, ſir?

Bran. You gave this man admittance into th' houſe.

Mar. That's true, ſir, you never gave me any order yet
To write my warrants i'th' ſtreet.

Bran. Why ſure thou tak'ſt delight to wrong this fellow, wife: ha, cauſe I love him.

Phil. Pray, ſee the fruits; ſee what he has left behind here:
Be angry where you ſhould be: There's few wives
Would do as I do.

Bran. Nay, I'll ſay that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honeſt.

Phil. She's a beaſt
That ever was found otherways.

Bran. Read Martino,
Mine eyes are ſore already, and ſuch a buſineſs
Would put 'em out quite.

Mar. Fair, dear and incomparable miſtreſs,——

Bran. Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.

Mar. And it leads mine to watering.

Phil. Here's no villainy?

Mar. My love being ſo violent, and the opportunity ſo precious in your husband's abſence to night, who, as I underſtand, takes a journey this morning.

Bran. Oh Plot of villany!

Phil. Am I honeſt think you, ſir?

Bran. Exactly honeſt, perfectly improved. On, on, Martino.

Mar.

Mar. I will make bold, dear miſtreſs, though your chaſtity has given me many a repulſe, to wait the ſweet bleſſings of this long deſired opportunity, at the back gate, between nine and ten this night.

Bran. I feel this inns-a-court man in my temples.

Mar. Where if your affection be pleas'd to receive me, you receive the faithfulleſt that ever vow'd ſervice to woman,——Franciſco.

Bran. I will make Franciſco ſmart for't.

Phil. Shew him the letter, let him know, you know him.
That will torment him: All your other courſes
Are nothing, ſir, to that: That breaks his heart.

Bran. The ſtrings ſhall not hold long then. Come, Martino.

Phil. Now if Franciſco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna II.

Enter Franciſca, Ricardo, and Attilio.

Ric. Nay mark, mark it, *Franciſco:* It was the naturalleſt curteſie that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being ſpent, to have a rich widow ſet him up again: To ſee how fortune has provided for all mortalities ruins; your college for your old ſtanding ſcholar, your hoſpital for your lame creeping ſoldier, your bawd for your mangled rorer, your open houſe for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman: Ha, *Franciſco!*

Fra. Ay, ſir, you may be merry: You're in hope of a rich widow.

Ric. And why ſhould'ſt not thou be in hope of another, if there were any ſpirit in thee; thou art as likely a fellow as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cauſe of thy ſadneſs, and confeſs truly i'faith; thou haſt ſome land unſold yet, I hold my life.

Fra. Marry I hope ſo, ſir.

Ric. A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away

with it with all ſpeed, man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: Why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourſelves: For what need ſhe take care for them, that do nothing but take care for themſelves? Why, doſt think if I had kept my lands ſtill, I ſhould ever have look'd after a rich widow? Alas, I ſhould have married ſome poor young maid, got five and twenty children, and undone myſelf.

Fra. I proteſt, ſir, I ſhould not have the face tho' to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ric. Why, art thou ſo ſimple, as thou mak'ſt thy ſelf? Doſt think y'faith I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Fra. I mean with ſtate not anſwerable to her's.

Ric. Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on; She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fra. Ay, that's ſtrange, ſir.

Ric. Nay more to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee ſell thy land if thou'ſt any grace: She has, amongſt others, two ſubſtantial Suitors,
One, in good time be't ſpoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares the unconſcionable raſcal trouble me;
Sh'as told him thus, thoſe that profeſs love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or elſe get him gone firſt; ſhe knows not yet
Where fortune may beſtow her, ſhe's her gift,
Therefore to all will ſhew a kind reſpect.

Fra. Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a ſheriff's table, O bleſt cuſtom,
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart ſo,
So to her lips fearleſs I come and go.

Fra. You may well boaſt, y'are much the happier man, ſir.

Ric. So you would be, and you would ſell your land, ſir.

Fra. I have heard the circumſtance of your ſweet fortune: Prithee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric.

Ric. That's an ill hearing; but come for once, ſir.

Fra. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right, I begun ſo too; but I have lov'd a thouſand ſince.

Fra. Pray hear me, ſir; but this is a man's wife.

Ric. So has five hundred of my thouſand been.

Fra. Nay ſee, and you'll regard me.

Ric. No; you ſee I do,
I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fra. This man's wife.

Ric. So you ſaid.

Fra. Seems very ſtrict.

Ric. Ha, humph!

Fra. Do you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very ſtrict you ſaid;
I hear you, man; ay faith you are ſo jealous ſtill.

Fra. But why ſhould that make you laugh?

Ric. Becauſe ſhe ſeems ſo: You're ſuch another.

Fra. Nay, ſir, I think ſhe is.

Ric. You cannot tell then.

Fra. I dare not ask the queſtion I proteſt
For fear of a repulſe, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope ſtill.

Ric. Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man. Come, I perceive I muſt ſhew you a little of my fortune, and inſtruct you:
Not ask the queſtion?

Fra. Methought ſtill ſhe frown'd, ſir.

Ric. Why that's the cauſe, fool, that ſhe look'd ſo ſcurvily.
Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't elſe,
I'll ſhew you her condition preſently.
I perceive you muſt begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horſe-tail, before you get into the ſaddle: Have you the boldneſs to utter your mind to me now, being but in hoſe and doublet? I think, if I ſhould put on a farthingale, thou would'ſt never have the heart to do't.

Fra.

Fra. Perhaps I ſhould not then for laughing at you, ſir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I ſhall laugh at thee without one.

Fra. Nay, you muſt think, friend, I dare ſpeak to a woman.

Ric. You ſhall pardon me for that, friend; I will not think it, till I ſee't.

Fra. Why you ſhall then: I ſhall be glad to learn too, Of one ſo deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, ſir: Now 'tis my beſt courſe to look mildly, I ſhall put him out at firſt elſe.

Fra. A word, ſweet lady.

Ric. With me, ſir; ſay your pleaſure.

Fra. O Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove Too ſcornful; be content when you're well us'd.

Fra. You ſay well, ſir. Lady I have lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, ſir. If he be not out now I'll be hang'd.

Fra. You play a ſcornful woman, I perceive, Ricardo: You have not been us'd to 'em: Why I'll come in at my pleaſure with you: Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman gives way to't: One ſhall ſeldom meet with a lady ſo kind, as thou playd'ſt her.

Ric. Not altogether, perhaps: He that draws their pictures muſt flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em ſhould do't a great deal then.

Fra. Come, come, I'll play the woman, that I'm us'd to,
I ſee you ne'er wore ſhoe that pinch'd you yet,
All your things come on eaſy.

Ric. Say you ſo, ſir?
I'll try your ladyſhip 'faith. Lady, well met.

Fra. I do not think ſo, ſir.

Ric. A ſcornful gom,
And at the firſt daſh too: My widow never gave me ſuch an anſwer, I'll to you again, ſir.

Faireſt

Faireſt of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Fra. There's no body bids you, ſir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beaſtlieſt croſſeſt baggage that ever man met withal; but I'll ſee thee hang'd ſweet lady e'er I be daunted with this: Why, thou'rt too aukward, ſirrah.

Fra. Hang thee, baſe fellow.

Ric. Now by this light, he thinks he do'ſt indeed,
Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree, faith, I'll not be foil'd,
Though you ſeem to be careleſs, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, muſt, and will love you.

Fra. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ric. What a peſtilent quean's this! I ſhall have much ado with her, I ſee that; tell me, as you're a woman-lady, what ſerve kiſſes for, but to ſtop all your mouths?

Fra. Hold, hold, Ricardo.

Ric. Diſgrace me, widow!

Fra. Art mad, I'm Franciſco.

Att. Signior Ricardo, up, up.

Ric. Who is't Franciſco?

Fra. Franciſco, quotha? What, are you mad, ſir?

Ric. A bots on thee, thou doſt not know what injury thou haſt done me; I was i'th' faireſt dream; this is your way now, and you can follow it.

Fra. 'Tis a ſtrange way, methinks.

Ric. Learn you to play a woman not ſo ſcornfully then,
For I am like the actor that you ſpoke on,
I muſt have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play elſe.---Now your friendſhip,
But to aſſiſt a ſubtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within theſe three hours.

Att. & Fra. We ſhould be proud of that, ſir.

Ric. Liſt to me then.
I'll place you too, I can do't handſomely,
I know the houſe ſo well, to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I, ſhe's a moſt affable one,

Her

Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,
Then ſhall you both ſtep in as witneſſes,
And take her in the ſnare.
Fra. But do you love her?
And then 'twill proſper.
Ric. By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her perſon too.
Fra. It ſhall be done, then.
Ric. But ſtay, ſtay, Franciſco,
Where ſhall we meet with thee ſome two hours hence, now?
Fra. Why, hark you, ſir.
Ric. Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.
[*Exeunt Ricardo & Attilio.*
Fra. Oh that's now with me paſt hope; yet I muſt love her,
I would I could not do't.

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Mar. Yonder's the villain, maſter.
Bran. Franciſco; I am happy.
Mar. Let's both draw, maſter, for there's no body with him; ſtay, ſtay, maſter,
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let's draw juſt both together, and keep ev'n.
Bran. What, and we kill'd him now, before he ſaw us?
Mar. No, then he will hardly ſee to read the letter.
Bran. That's true: good counſel marry.
Mar. Marry thus much, ſir,
You may kill him lawfully, all the while he's a reading on't, as an anabaptiſt may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he's aſleep.
Bran. He turns; he looks: Come on, ſir, you, Franciſco;
I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain:
He lov'd me well too: But you love my wife, ſir,
After whom take you that? I will not ſay

Your

Your mother play'd falſe.

Fra. No, ſir, you were not beſt.

Bran. But I will ſay, in ſpite of thee, my wife's honeſt.

Mar. And I, my miſtreſs.

Fra. You may, I'll give you leave.

Bran. Leave, or leave not, there ſhe defies you, ſir;
Keep your adulterous ſheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at leaſt,
For fear you want one; many a letcher may,
That ſins in cambrick now.

Mar. And in lawn too, maſter.

Bran. Nay, read, and tremble, ſir.

Mar. Now ſhall I do't, maſter? I ſee a piece of an open ſeam in his ſhirt, ſhall I run him in there, for my ſword has ne'er a point.

Bran. No, let him foam a while.

Mar. If your ſword be no better than mine, we ſhall not kill him by day-light; we had need have a lanthorn.

Bran. Talk not of lanthorns, he's a ſturdy letcher;
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Fra. I apprehend thee: Admirable woman!
Which to love beſt I know not; thy wit or beauty.

Bran. Now, ſir, have you well view'd your baſtard there,
Got of your luſtful brain? 'Give you joy on't.

Fra. I thank you, ſir, altho' you ſpeak in jeſt,
I muſt confeſs, I ſent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urg'd her.

Bran. Did you ſo, ſir?
Then firſt, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my houſe.

Mar. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office; dye to morrow; next thou never get'ſt warrant of me more, for love or money.

Fra. Remember but again, from whence I came, ſir,
And then I know you cannot think amiſs of me.

Bran. How's this?

Mar. Pray, hear him; it may grow to a peace:
For, maſter, though we have carried the buſineſs nobly,
we are not altogether ſo valiant as we ſhould be.

Bran.

Bran. Peace, thou ſay'ſt true in that; what is't you'd ſay, ſir?

Fra. Was not my father (quietneſs be with him)
And you ſworn brothers?

Bran. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Fra. And cou'd you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Bran. You took the courſe, ſir.

Fra. To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.

Mar. Troth I'll put up at all adventures, maſter,
It comes off very fair yet.

Fra. You in years
Married a young maid: What does the world judge, think you?

Mar. By'rlady, maſter, knaviſhly enough, I warrant you;
I ſhould do ſo myſelf.

Fra. Now to damp ſlander,
And all her envious and ſuſpicious brood,
I made this friendly tryal of her conſtancy,
Being ſon to him you lov'd; that now confirm'd,
I might advance my ſword againſt the world
In her moſt fair defence, which joys my ſpirit.

Mar. Oh, maſter, let me weep, while you embrace him.

Bran. Franciſco, is thy father's ſoul in thee?
Lives he here ſtill? What, will he ſhew himſelf
In his male ſeed to me? Give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Prithee forgive me.

Mar. And me too, prithee.

Bran. Come to my houſe, thy father never miſs'd it.

Mar. Fetch now as many warrants as you pleaſe, ſir,
And welcome too.

Fra. To ſee how ſoon man's goodneſs
May be abuſed.

Bran. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

Fra.

Fra. Sir, I take it:
A gift ſo given, hang him that would forſake it. [*Exit.*
Bran. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counſel.
Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here were things carry'd now, in the true nature of a quiet duello;
A great ſtrife ended, without the rough ſoldier, or the---
And now you may take your journey.
Bran, Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus II. Scæna I.

Enter Valeria the Widow, and a Servant.

Val. SErvellio.
Ser. Miſtreſs.
Val. If that fellow come again,
Anſwer him without me: I'll not ſpeak with him.
Ser. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forſooth.
Val. Ay, that ſpic'd coxcomb, ſir: Never may I marry again
If his right worſhipful idolatrous face
Be not moſt fearfully painted, ſo hope comfort me;
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under's eye lay a betraying foulneſs,
As maids ſweep duſt o'th' houſe, all to one corner;
It ſhew'd me enough there, prodigious pride
That cannot but fall ſcornfully. I'm a woman,
Yet I praiſe heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever ſhames herſelf i'th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleaſure;
Nor lie ev'ry night like a woodcock in paſte
To pleaſe ſome gaudy gooſe i'th' morning:

A wife man likes that beſt, that is itſelf,
Not that which only ſeems, tho' it look fairer;
Heaven ſend me one that loves me, and I'm happy,
Of whom I'll make great tryal e'er I have him,
Though I ſpeak all men fair, and promiſe ſweetly,
I learn that of my ſuitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injuſtice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. And ſo as I ſaid, ſweet widow.

Val. Do you begin where you left, ſir?

Ric. I always deſire when I come to a widow, to begin i'th' middle of a ſentence; for I preſume ſhe has a bad memory of a woman, that cannot remember what goes before.

Val. Stay, ſtay, ſir, let me look upon you well,
Are not you painted too?

Ric. How, painted, widow?

Val. Not painted widow, I do not uſe it, truſt me, ſir.

Ric. That makes me love thee.

Val. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you pleaſe to give him a greater ſtile, ſir;
Blame me not, ſir, it's a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor ſimple dealing women had need look about 'em.

Ric. But is there ſuch a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?

Val. Nay, here lately, ſir.

Ric. Here? a pox, I think I ſmell him, 'tis vermillion ſure, ha: oil of ben; do but ſhew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o'th' ſtones.

Val. Suffices you have expreſs'd me your love and valour, and manly hate againſt that unmanly pride: But, ſir, I'll ſave you that labour; he never comes within my door again.

Ric. I'll love your door the better while I know't, widow; a pair of ſuch brothers were fitter for poſts without door indeed, to make a ſhew at a new-choſen magiſtrate's gate, than to be ask'd in a woman's chamber.

No,

No, ſweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man, all that you ſee of me is full of mine own, and what you ſee, or not ſee, ſhall be yours: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

[*Franciſco and Attilio ſtand unſeen.*

Val. True; and that you never uſe to pay again.

Ric. What matter is't? If you be pleas'd to do't For me, I hold it as good.

Val. Oh, ſoft you, ſir, I pray.

Ric. Why, i'faith, you may, an' you will.

Val. I know that, ſir.

Ric. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you.
There's few women elſe but have.

Val. But ſince I cannot have it in all, ſignior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why, you may have it in all, an' you will, widow.

Val. Piſh; I would have one that loves me for myſelf, ſir, not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

Ric. What ſay you to him that does the thing you wiſh for?

Val. Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him then.

Ric. Your hand and faith.

Val. My hand and faith.

Ric. 'Tis I, then.

Val. I ſhall be glad on't, truſt me; 'ſhrew my heart elſe.

Ric. A match.

Enter Franciſco and Attilio.

Fra. Give you joy, ſweet widow.

At. Joy to you both.

Val. How?

Ric. Nay, there's no ſtarting now, I have you faſt, widow,
You're witneſs, gentlemen.

Fra. Att. We'll be depos'd on it.

Val. Am I betray'd to this, then? Then I ſee

'Tis

'Tis for my wealth; a woman's wealth's her traitor.

Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I proteſt ſweet widow; I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Val. Hence.

Ric. Why, thou'rt mine.

Val. I do renounce it utterly.

Ric. Have I not hand and faith?

Val. Sir, take your courſe.

Ric. With all my heart; ten courſes an' you will, widow.

Val. Sir, ſir, I'm not ſo gameſome as you think me, I'll ſtand you out by law.

Ric. By law! O cruel, mercileſs woman, To talk of law, and know I have no money.

Val. I will conſume myſelf to the laſt ſtamp, Before thou gett'ſt me.

Ric. 'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too: I'll rob all the carriers in chriſtendom, but I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money:
I ſcorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*;
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Val. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take courſe againſt you;
You came into my houſe without my leave;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ric. It is ſufficient that your husband knows 'em, 'Tis not your buſineſs to know every man, An honeſt wife contents herſelf with one.

Val. You know what you ſhall truſt to, pray depart, ſir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will ſend for thoſe ſhall force your abſence:
I'm glad I found your purpoſe out ſo ſoon.
How quickly may poor women be undone.

Ric. Loſe thee! by this hand I'll fee fifteen counſellors firſt, tho' I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

Val. Me!

Ric.

Ric. Thee.

Val. Ay, fret thy heart out. [*Exit Ric.*

Fra. Were I he now,
I'd ſee thee ſtarve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray counſel him to that, ſir, and I'll pay you well.

Fra. Pay me? Pay your next husband.

Val. Do not ſcorn't, gallant; a worſe woman than I
Has paid a better man than you. [*Ex. Att. & Fra.*

Enter two old Suitors.

1 Why, how now, ſweet widow?

Val. Oh kind gentlemen,
I'm ſo abuſed here.

Ambo. Abus'd!

Val. What will you do, ſirs? Put up your weapons.

2 *Suit.* Nay, they're not ſo eaſily drawn, that I muſt tell you, mine has not been out theſe three years; marry, in your cauſe, widow, 'twould not be long a drawing. Abus'd! by whom, widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

2 *Suit.* A beggar! I'll have him whipt then, and ſent to the houſe of correction.

Val. Ricardo, ſir.

2 *Suit.* Ricardo! Nay, by the maſs, he's a gentleman beggar; he'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he wou'd have,
He would be clapt up whether I would or no, methinks;
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpoſe to entrap me
In my kind anſwers, and at laſt ſtole from me,
That which I fear will put me to ſome trouble,
A kind of verbal curteſy, which his witneſſes
And he, forſooth, call by the name of contract.

1 *Suit.* O politic villain!

Val. But I'm reſolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my eſtate can ſave him,
He never ſhall obtain me.

2 *Suit.*

2 *Suit.* Hold you there, widow,
Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.
1 *Suit.* Stay, ſtay, ſtay;
You broke no gold between you?
Val. We broke nothing, ſir.
1 *Suit.* Nor drunk to one another?
Val. Not a drop, ſir.
1 *Suit.* You're ſure of this you ſpeak?
Val. Moſt certain, ſir.
1 *Suit.* Be of good comfort, wench. I'll undertake, then,
At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.
Val. O do but that, ſir, and you bind me to you;
Here ſhall I try your goodneſs. I'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law buſineſſes:
I'll bear the charge moſt willingly.
1 *Suit.* Not a penny:
Thy love will reward me.
Val. And where love muſt be,
It is all but one purſe now I think on't.
1 *Suit.* All comes to one, ſweet widow.
2 *Suit.* Are you ſo forward?
1 *Suit.* I know his mates, Attilio and Franciſco;
I'll get out proceſs, and attach 'em all:
We'll begin firſt with them.
Val. I like that ſtrangely.
1 *Suit.* I have a daughter run away, I thank her:
I'll be a ſcourge to all youth for her ſake:
Some of 'em has got her up.
Val. Your daughter! What, ſir, Martia?
1 *Suit.* Ay, a ſhake wed her:
I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myſelf, ſhe was like to be ſhrewdly hurt, widow.
Val. It was too happy for her.
1 *Suit.* I'm of thy mind.
Farewel, ſweet widow, I'll about this ſtrait;
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And ſo ſave charges.
Val. How I love your providence. [*Exit* 1 *Suitor.*

2 *Suit.*

2 *Suit.* Is my noſe broad? I'll croſs you both for this,
Although it coſt me as much o'th'other ſide,
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
I may get out of her, what may undo her too;
Hark you ſweet widow, you muſt now take heed
You be of a ſure ground, he'll overthrow you elſe.

Val. Marry fair, hope forbid.

2 *Suit.* That will he: marry le'me ſee, le'me ſee: pray how far paſt it between you and Ricardo?

Val. Farther, ſir,
Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.

2 *Suit.* Pray let me hear't: I've a ſhrewd gueſs o'th' law.

Val. Faith, ſir, I raſhly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

2 *Suit.* Indeed?

Val. Ay, truſt me, ſir.

2 *Suit.* I'm very glad on't, I'm another witneſs,
And he ſhall have you now.

Val. What ſaid you, ſir?

2 *Suit.* He ſhall not want money in an honeſt cauſe, widow,
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers?

2 *Suit.* Piſh, piſh, widow.
Y'have borne me in hand this three months, and now fob'd me,
I've known the time when I could pleaſe a woman,
I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm croſt, I'm a Tyger;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. This only ſhews your malice to me, ſir;
The world knows you ha' ſmall reaſon to help him,
So much is your debt already.

2 *Suit.* Therefore I do't
I have no way but that to help myſelf;
Though I loſe you, I will not loſe all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

Val. I look'd for this from you. [*Exit.*

2 *Suit.* I ha' not deceiv'd you then:
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obſtinate where I take.
I'll ſeek him out, and chear him up againſt her,
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a ſcowring woman,
And they're both well provided for, they're i'th hoſpital:
I have ten thouſand pound to bury me, and I will have my humour. [*Exit.*

Scæna II.

Enter Franciſco.

Fra. A man muſt have a time to ſerve his pleaſure,
As well as his dear friend. I'm forc'd to ſteal from 'em,
To get this night of ſport for mine own uſe:
What ſays her amiable witty letter here?
'Twixt nine and ten, now 'tis 'twixt ſix and ſeven,
As fit as can be; he that follows lechery
Leaves all at ſix and ſeven, and ſo do I methinks:
Sun ſets at eight, its 'bove an hour high yet,
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horſe; and a good gallop,
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter 1 *Suiter with Officers.*

1 *Suit.* Here's one of 'em, begin with him firſt, officers.

Officer. By vertue of this writ we attack your body, ſir.

Fra. My body? 'life, for what?

1 *Suit.* Hold him faſt, officers.

Officer The leaſt of us can do't, now his ſword's off, ſir,
We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never loſe a man.

Fra. O treacherous fortune,

Why

Why what's the cauſe?

1 *Suit.* The widow's buſineſs, ſir,
I hope you know me?

Fra. For a buſy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.

1 *Suit.* Oh y're mad, ſir;
Simple though you make me, I ſtand for the widow.

Fra. She's ſimply ſtood for then: what's this to me, ſir,
Or ſhe, or you, or any of theſe fleſh-hooks?

1 *Suit.* Y'are like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the ſuit's try'd.

Fra. O my love's miſery.

1 *Suit.* I'm put in truſt to follow't, and I'll do't with all ſeverity;
Build upon that, ſir.

Enter Ricardo and Attillia.

Fra. How I could curſe my ſelf.

Ric. Look, here's Franciſco,
Will you believe me, now you ſee his qualities?

Attillio. 'Tis ſtrange to me.

Ric. I tell you 'tis his faſhion,
He never ſtole away in's life from me,
But ſtill I found him in ſuch ſcurvy company;
A pox on thee, Franciſco; wilt never leave thy old
Tricks, are theſe louſy companions for thee?

Fra. Piſh, piſh, piſh.

1 *Suit.* Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em, officers.

Ric. What's this?

Fra. I gave you warning enough to make away,
I'm in for the widow's buſineſs, ſo are you now.

Ric. What, all three in a nooze? this is like a widow's buſineſs indeed.

1 *Suit.* Sh'as catch'd you gentlemen, as you catch'd her,
The widow means now, to begin with you, ſir.

Ric. I thank her heartily, ſh'as taught me wit: for had I been any but an aſs, I ſhould ha' begun with her indeed: by this light, the widow's a notable houſe-wife, ſhe beſtirs herſelf, I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I cannot go to priſon for one I love better I proteſt, that's one good comfort,
And what are you I pray ſir, for a coxcomb?

1 *Suit.* It ſeems you know me by your anger, ſir.

Ric. I've a near gueſs at you, ſir,

1 *Suit.* Gueſs what you pleaſe, ſir,
I'm he ordained to trounce you, and indeed
I am the man muſt carry her.

Ric. Ay, to me.
But I'll ſwear ſhe's a beaſt, and ſhe carry thee.

1 *Suit.* Come, where's your bail, ſir? quickly, or away.

Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully, my bail's taken already.

2 *Suit.* Where is it, ſir, where?

Enter 2 Suiter.

Ric. Here they be both: pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of 'em, and you be honeſt officers, let's bail one another; for by this hand, I do not know who will elſe: --- 'odds' light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then, I ſhall never find the way out again: my debts, my debts:
I'm like to die i'th' hole now.

1 *Suit.* We have him faſt, old ſignior, and his conſorts,
Now you may lay action on action on him.

2 *Suit.* That may I, ſir, i'faith.

1 *Suit.* And I'll not ſpare him, ſir.

2 *Suit.* Know you me, officers?

Officer. Your bounteous worſhip, ſir.

Ric. I know the raſcal ſo well, I dare not look upon him.

2 *Suit.* Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

Fra. Which gentleman?

2 *Suit.* Not you ſir, y're too haſty;

No,

No, nor you neither, ſir: pray ſtay your time.

Ric. There's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.

2 *Suit.* Deliver me Ricardo.

Ric. O ſure he lies,
Or elſe I do not hear well.

Officer. Signior Ricardo.

Ric. Well, what's the mattter?

Officer. You may go, who let's you?

Officer. It is his worſhip's pleaſure, ſir, to bail you.

Ric. Bail me?

2 *Suit.* I will, I ſir, look in my face man,
Thou'ſt a good cauſe, thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

Ric. Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

2 *Suit.* No matter if thou do'ſt not, then, I'll make thee,
And that's as good at all times.

1 *Suit.* But I pray ſir,
You go againſt the Hair there.

2 *Suit.* Againſt the widow you mean, ſir:
Why 'tis my purpoſe truly, and againſt you too:
I ſaw your politick combination,
I was thruſt out between you: here ſtands one
Shall do as much for you, and he ſtands right eſt,
His cauſe is ſtrong and fair, nor ſhall he w t
Money, or means, or friends, but he ſhall e her:
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

1 *Suit.* Hang thee; I have a purſe as g thine.

Ric. I think they're much alike, they're rich knaves both.
'Heart, an' I take you railing at my patron, ſir,
I'll cramp your joints.

2 *Suit.* Let him alone, ſweet honey;
I thank thee for thy love, though.

Ric. This is wonderful.

Fra. Oh Ricardo,
'Tis ſeven, ſtruck in my pocket: I loſe time now.

Ric. What ſay'ſt, Franciſco?

Fra. I ha' mighty buſineſs,

That I ne'er thought on: get me bail'd, I'm ſpoil'd elſe.
Ric. Why you know, 'tis ſuch a ſtrange miraculous curteſy,
I dare not be too forward, to aſk more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.
Fra. Do ſomewhat, and you love me.
Ric. I'll make tryal, i'faith;
May't pleaſe you, ſir:--- 'life, if I ſhould ſpoil all now?
2 Suit. What ſay'ſt, Ricardo?
Ric. Only a thing by'th' way, ſir;
Uſe your own pleaſure.
2 Suit. That I like well from thee.
Ric. 'Twere good, and thoſe two gentlemen were bail'd too,
They're both my witneſſes.
2 Suit. They're well, they're well:
And they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em,
Let 'em go to priſon, they'll be forth-coming the better;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him,
'Tis well I've this, heav'n knows I never look'd for't.
Fra. What plaguy luck had I to be enſnar'd thus?
Officer. O, patience.

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Fra. Pox on your comfortable ignorance.
Bran. Martino, we ride ſlow.
Mar. But we ride ſure, ſir;
Your haſty riders often come ſhort home, Maſter.
Bran. 'Bleſs this fair company.
Fra. Here he's again too,
I am both aſham'd and croſs'd.
Bran. See'ſt thou who's yonder, Martino?
Mar. We ride ſlow, I'll be ſworn now, Maſter.
Bran. How now, Franciſco, art thou got before me?
Fra. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.
Bran. What now? in hold?

Your

Ric. Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman,
Your worſhip, ſir, may do a good deed to bail him.
Bran. Why do not you do't then?
Mar. La you ſir now, my Maſter has that honeſty,
He's loth to take a good deed from you, ſir.
Ric. I'll tell you why I cannot, elſe I would, ſir.
Fra. Luck I beſeech thee,
If he ſhould be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 'twere happineſs beyond expreſſion.
Bran. A matter but of controverſy.
Ric. That's all, truſt me, ſir.
Bran. Franciſco ſhall ne'er lie for't; he's my friend,
And I will bail him.
Mar. He's your ſecret friend, Maſter;
Think upon that.
Bran. Give him his liberty, officers,
Upon my peril, he ſhall be forth-coming.
Fra. How I am bound to you?
1 *Suit.* Know you whom you croſs, ſir?
'Tis at your ſiſter's ſuit, be well advis'd, ſir.
Bran. How, at my ſiſter's ſuit? take him again then.
Fra. Why, ſir, do you refuſe me?
Bran. I'll not hear thee.
Ric. This is unkindly done, ſir.
1 *Suit.* 'Tis wiſely done, ſir.
2 *Suit.* Well ſhot, foul malice.
1 *Suit.* Flattery ſtinks worſe, ſir.
Ric. You'll never leave till I make you ſtink as bad, ſir.
Fran. Oh Martino, have I this for my late kindneſs?
Mar. Alas poor gentleman, do'ſt complain to me?
Thou ſhalt not fare the worſe for't: Hark you, maſter,
Your ſiſter's ſuit, ſaid you?
Bran. Ay, ſir, my wife's ſiſter.
Mar. And ſhall that daunt you, maſter? think again.
Why wer't your mother's ſuit; your mother's ſuit,
Mark what I ſay, the deareſt ſuit of all ſuits,
You're bound in conſcience, ſir, to bail this gentleman.

Bran. Yea, am I ſo, how proveſt thou that, Martino?

Mar. Have you forgot ſo ſoon, what he did lately?
Has he not try'd your wife to your hand, maſter?
To cut the throat of ſlander and ſuſpicion,
And can you do too much for ſuch a man?
Shall it be ſaid, I ſerve an ungrateful maſter?

Bran. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
An' 'twere at my wife's ſuit.

Fra. 'Tis like to be ſo.

Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example, maſter.

Fra. Precious Martino.

1 *Suit.* Y'ave done wondrous well, ſir.
Your Siſter ſhall give you thanks.

Ric. This makes him mad, ſir.

2 *Suit.* We'll follow't now toth' proof.

1 *Suit.* Follow your humour out,
The Widow ſhall find Friends.

2 *Suit.* And ſo ſhall he, ſir,
Money and means.

Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle.

2 *Suit.* Mind him not, follow me, and I'll ſupply thee;
Thou ſhalt give all thy lawyers double fees;
I've buryed money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [*Exit.*

Bra. Fare thee well once again, my dear Franciſco;
I prithee uſe my houſe.

Fran. It is my purpoſe, ſir.

Bran. Nay, you muſt do't then; tho' I'm old I'm free. [*Exit.*

Mar. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Exit.*

Fra. That will be ſhortly now, within theſe few hours.
This fell out ſtrangely happy, Now to horſe,
I ſhall be nighted; but an hour or two
Never breaks ſquare in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; abſence is all love's crime. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter Occulto, Silvio, and two or three other thieves.

Occul. COme, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him ſuddenly.
Sil. Ay, and with ſafety too, the hill being watch'd, ſir,
Occ. Have you the blue-coats and the beards?
Sil. They're here, ſir.
Occ. Come, come away then, a fine cock ſhoot evening, [*Exit.*

Enter Latrocinio the chief thief, and Anſaldo.

La. ſings. *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*
Anſ. Troth you're the merrieſt, and delightfulleſt company, ſir,
That ever traveller was bleſt withal;
I praiſe my fortune that I overtook you, ſir.
La. Piſh, I've hundred of 'em.
Anſ. And believe me, ſir,
I'm infinitely taken with ſuch things.
La. I ſee there's muſic in you, you kept time methought
Pretty and handſomely with your little hand there.
Anſ. It only ſhews deſire, but troth no skill, ſir.
La. Well, while our horſes walk down yonder hill,
I'll have another for you.
Anſ. It rids way pleaſantly.
La. Let me ſee now; One confounds another, ſir,
You've heard this certainly, *Come my dainty doxes*---
Anſ. Oh, that's all the country over, ſir,
There's ſcarce a gentlewoman, but has that prick'd.
La. Well, here comes one I'm ſure you never heard, then.

Song.

Song.

I keep my horſe, I keep my whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor ;
I traverſe all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot :
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine ;
And if my whore be not in caſe,
My hoſteſs' daughter has her place ;
The maids ſit up, and watch their turns,
If I ſtay long the tapſter mourns ;
The cookmaid has no mind to ſin,
Tho' tempted by the chamberlain ;
But when I knock, oh how they buſtle,
The Hoſtler yawns, the geldings juſtle.
If maid but ſleep, oh how they curſe her :
And all this comes of, Deliver your purſe, ſir.

Anſ. How, ſir?

La. Few words: Quickly come, deliver your purſe, ſir.

Anſ. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, ſir, To ſing me out of my money?

La. 'Tis moſt fit
Art ſhould be rewarded: You muſt pay your muſic, ſir, Where'er you come.

Anſ. But not at your own carving.

La. Nor am I common in it: Come, come, your purſe, ſir.

Anſ. Say it ſhould prove the undoing of a gentleman?

La. Why, ſir, do you look for more conſcience in uſurers? young gentleman, you've ſmall reaſon for that, i'faith.

Anſ. There 'tis, and all I have; and ſo truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.

La. Sir, that's not written
In my belief yet; ſearch, 'tis a fine evening,

Your

Your horſe can take no harm: I muſt have more, ſir,
Anſ. May my hopes periſh, if you have not all, ſir,
And more I know than your compaſſionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.
La. Search, and that ſpeedily: if I take you in hand,
You'll find me rough; methinks men ſhould be rul'd,
When they're ſo kindly ſpoke to; fye upon't.
Anſ. Good fortune and my wit aſſiſt me then;
A thing I took in haſte, and never thought on't:
Look, ſir, I've ſearch'd, here's all that I can find,
And you're ſo covetous, you will have all you ſay,
And I'm content you ſhall, being kindly ſpoke to.
La. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long;
That has fraid many a tall thief from a rich purchaſe.
Anſ. This, and my money, ſir, keeps company;
Where one goes, the other muſt; aſſure your ſoul
They vow'd never to part.
La. Hold, I beſeech you, ſir.
Anſ. You rob a priſoner's box, if you rob me, ſir.
La. There 'tis again.
Anſ. I knew 'twould never proſper with you;
Fie, rob a younger brother, oh, take heed, ſir;
'Tis againſt nature that, perhaps your father
Was one, ſir, or your uncle, it ſhould ſeem ſo
By the ſmall means was left you, and leſs manners.
Go, keep you ſtill before me, and do you hear me,
To paſs away the time to the next town,
I charge you, ſir, ſing all your ſongs for nothing----.
La. Oh horrible puniſhment.----*A Song.*

Enter Stratio.

Stra. Honeſt gentleman.
Anſ. How now, what art thou?
Stra. Stand you in need of help?
I made all haſte I could, my maſter charg'd me;
A knight of worſhip; he ſaw you firſt aſſaulted
From top of yonder hill.
Anſ. Thanks, honeſt friend.
La. I taſte this trick already.---- [*Exit.*
Stra. Look, he's gone, ſir;

Shall

Shall he be ſtopp'd? What is he?

Anſ. Let him go, ſir;

He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort.

Stra. You have your purſe ſtill then?

Anſ. Ay, thanks fair fortune,

And this grim handful.

Stra. We were all ſo 'fraid of you:

How my good lady cry'd, O help the gentleman;

'Tis a good woman that: But you're too mild, ſir,

You ſhould ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith.

Before h'ad gone, having ſo found a means too.

Anſ. Why, there's the jeſt, man; he had once my purſe.

Stra. Oh villain, would you let him 'ſcape unmaſſacred?

Anſ. Nay, hear me, ſir, I made him yield it ſtraight again,

And ſo hope bleſs me, with an uncharg'd piſtol.

Stra. 'Troth I ſhould laugh at that.

Anſ. It was diſcharg'd, ſir,

Before I meddled with it.

Stra. I'm glad to hear it.

Anſ. Why how now, what's your will?

Stra. Ho, *Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio.*----

Enter Latrocinio, and the reſt, Occulto, Silvio, Fiducio.

La. What are you caught, ſir?

Stra. The piſtol cannot ſpeak.

La. He was too young,

I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

Anſ. You've found out ways too mercileſs to betray

Under the veil of friendſhip, and of charity.

La. Away, firs, bear him in to the next cops, and ſtrip him.

Stra. Brandino's cops, the juſtice?

La. Beſt of all, ſir, a man of law;

A ſpider lies unſuſpected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.

Anſ.

Anſ. What ſeek you, ſirs? Take all and uſe no cruelty;

La. You ſhall have ſongs enough.

Song.

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and ſilver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the uſurer to his ſons, there a current ſwiftly runs;
From the ſons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief;
From the thief unto his hoſt, from the hoſt to husbandmen;
From the country to the court, and ſo it comes to us again.
How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and ſilver ebb and flow in a minute.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Phillippa and Violetta above at the window.

Phil. What time of night is't?

Viol. Time of night, do you call't?
It's ſo late, 'tis almoſt early, miſtreſs.

Phil. Fie on him, there's no looking for him then;
Why ſure this gentleman apprehends me not.

Viol. 'Tis happy then you're rid of ſuch a fool, miſtreſs.

Phil. Nay, ſure, wench, if he find me not in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wiſe man,
I'll never truſt him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit,
If he cannot conceive what's good for himſelf,
He will worſe underſtand what's good for me.

Viol. But ſuppoſe, miſtreſs, as it may be likely,
He never ſaw your letter?

Phil. How thou plyeſt me
With ſuppoſitions? Why I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impoſſible for my husband
To keep it from him, as to be young again;
Or as his firſt wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him.

Viol. There's no remedy then;
I muſt conclude Franciſco is an aſs.

Phil.

Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here again,
I'd know him wiſer e'er I ſent him one;
And travel ſome five year firſt:
Viol. So he had need, methinks,
To underſtand the words; methinks the words
Themſelves ſhould make him do't, had he but the perſeverance
Of a cock-ſparrow, that will come at philip,
And cannot write, nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Phillippa,
And yet to ſee, if he can come when's call'd.
Phil. He never ſhall be call'd again for me, ſitha'.
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a ſong, wench,
We'll not ſit up for nothing.
Viol. That's poor comfort tho'.
Phil. Better than any's brought, for ought I ſee yet?
So ſet to your lute.

Song.

1 *If in this queſtion I propound to thee,*
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.
2 *You ſhall moſt free,*
1 *Which hadſt thou rather be*
If thou might chooſe thy life,
A fool's, a fool's miſtreſs,
Or an old man's wife?

2 *The choice is hard, I know not which is beſt,*
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's leaſt.

1 *But being not bound, my deareſt ſweet,*
I could ſhake off the other.

2 *Then as you loſe your ſport by one,*
You loſe your name by t'other.

1 *You counſel well, but love refuſes*
What good counſel often chooſes.

Enter

Enter Anſaldo in his ſhirt.

Anſ. I ha' got myſelf unbound yet: mercileſs villains! I never felt ſuch hardneſs ſince life dwelt in me; 'Tis for my ſins: That light in yonder window, That was my only comfort in the woods, Which oft' the trembling of a leaf would loſe me, Has brought me thus far, yet I cannot hope For ſuccour in this plight, the world's ſo pitileſs, And every one will fear or doubt me now: To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate, And liſten if I can hear any ſtirring.

Enter Franciſco.

Fra. Was ever man ſo croſs'd? No, 'tis but ſweat, ſure, Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me, I thought 't had bled again: Theſe wenching buſineſſes Are ſtrange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries; No mar'l ſo many gallants die e'er thirty; 'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year, The croſſes that belong to't: Firſt arreſted, That ſet me back two mangey hours at leaſt; Yet that's a thing my heat could have forgotten, Becauſe arreſting, in what kind ſoever, Is a moſt gentleman-like affliction: But here, within a mile o'th' town forſooth, And two mile off this place, when a man's oath Might ha' been taken for his own ſecurity, And his thoughts briſk, and ſet upon the buſineſs, To light upon a roguy flight of thieves, Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their whiſtles, But one of my dear raſcals, I purſued ſo, The gaol has him, and he ſhall bring out's fellows: Had ever young man's love ſuch crooked fortune? I'm glad I'm ſo near yet; the ſurgeon bad me to Have a great care; I ſhall never think of that now.

Anſ. One of the thieves come back again? I'll ſtand cloſe;

He

He dares not wrong me now, ſo near the houſe,
And call in vain 'tis, till I ſee him offer't.
Fra. 'Life, what ſhould that be? a prodigious thing
Stands juſt as I ſhould enter, in that ſhape too,
Which always appears terrible.
Whate'er it be, it is made ſtrong againſt me
By my ill purpoſe. For 'tis man's own ſins
That put on armour upon all his evils,
And gives them ſtrength to ſtrike him: were it leſs
Than what it is, my guilt would make it ſerve;
A wicked man's own ſhadow has diſtracted him:
Were this a buſineſs now to ſave an honour,
As 'tis to ſpoil one, I would paſs this then
Stuck all hell's horrors i'thee: now I dare not.
Why may't not be the ſpirit of my father,
That lov'd this man ſo well, whom I make haſte
Now to abuſe? and I have been croſs'd about it
Moſt fearfully hitherto, if I think well on't;
Scap'd death but lately too, nay moſt miraculouſly;
And what does fond man venture all theſe ills for,
That may ſo ſweetly reſt in honeſt peace?
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own ſenſe, but remov'd nearer ſtill
To death eternal: what delight has man
Now at this preſent, for his pleaſant ſin
Of yeſterday's committing? alas, 'tis vaniſh'd,
And nothing but the ſting remains within him.
The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now.
And 'twere but only that: how bleſt were man,
Might he but have his end appear ſtill to him,
That he might read his actions i'th' event?
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whoſe check ſoe'er thou art, fathers, or friends,
Or enemies, I thank thee, peace requite thee;
Light, and the lighter miſtreſs both farewell.
He keeps his promiſe beſt that breaks with hell. [*Exit.*
Anſ. He's gone to call the reſt, and makes all ſpeed,
I'll knock whate'er befalls, to pleaſe my fears,
For no compaſſion can be leſs than theirs.

Phil.

Phil. He's come, he's come; Oh, are you come at laſt, ſir?
Make little noiſe, away, he'll knock again elſe.
Anſ. I ſhould have been at Iſtria by day-break too,
Near to Valerias's houſe, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purpoſely to do me good.
What will become of me?

Enter Violetta.

Viol. Oh, you're a ſweet gallant, this your hour?
Give me your hand; come, come ſir, follow me,
I'll bring you to light preſently: ſoftly, ſoftly, ſir.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Philippa below.

Phil. I ſhould ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dulleſt young man, if he had not found it;
So ſhort of apprehenſion, and ſo worthleſs,
He were not fit for woman's fellowſhip:
I've been at coſt too for a banquet for him;
Why 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and moſt eſpecially
To think that man ſhould ha' no more conceit;
I ſhould ha' thought the worſe on's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardneſs.

Enter Violetta.

Viol. Oh miſtreſs, miſtreſs.
Phil. How now, what's the news?
Viol. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.
Phil. Hah?
Viol. They are ſcarce ſettled yet, miſtreſs.
Phil. What's the matter?
Viol. Do you aſk me that queſtion ſeriouſly?
Did you not hear me ſqueak?
Phil. How? ſure thou'rt out of thy wits indeed.
Viol. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was miſtreſs.
Phil. Why where's the gentleman?
Viol. The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely one,

But

But not Franciſco.

Phil. What ſay'ſt, not Franciſco?

Viol. Piſh, he's a coxcomb, think not on him, miſtreſs.

Phil. What's all this?

Viol. I've often heard you ſay, you'd rather have
A wiſe man in his ſhirt, than a fool feather'd;
And now fortune has ſent you one, a ſweet young gentleman,
'Rob'd even to nothing, but what firſt he brought with him:
The ſlaves had ſtript him to the very ſhirt, miſtreſs,
I think it was a ſhirt, I know not well,
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

Phil. This is ſtrange.

Viol. But for a face, a hand, and as much ſkin
As I durſt look upon, he's a moſt ſweet one;
Franciſco is a child of Egypt to him:
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old maſter's ſuits.

Phil. 'Twas charitably done,

Viol. You'd ſay, miſtreſs, if you had ſeen him as I did.
Sweet youth, I'll be ſworn, miſtreſs, he's the loveliеſt
Proper'ſt young gentleman, and ſo you'll ſay yourſelf,
If my maſter's cloaths do not ſpoil him, that's all the fear now,
I would't had been your luck to have ſeen him
Without 'em, but for ſcaring of you.

Phil. Go, prithee fetch him in whom thou commend'ſt ſo. [*Exit Viol.*

Since fortune ſends him, ſurely we'll make much of him;
And better he deſerves our love, and welcome,
Than the reſpectleſs fellow 'twas prepar'd for;
Yet if he pleaſe mine eye never ſo happily,
I will have trial of his wit, and faith,
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas juſt Franciſco's caſe, and he deceiv'd me;
I'll take more heed o'th' next for't; perhaps now
To furniſh his diſtreſs, he will appear

Full.

Full of fair promiſing courtſhip; but I'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And ſee what he performs then when the ſtorm
Of his ſo rude misfortune is blown over,
And he himſelf again: A diſtreſt man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in priſon,
There's poor aſſurance in 'em: when he's from me,
And in's own pow'r, then I ſhall ſee his love.

Enter Anſaldo and Violetta.

'Maſs, here he comes.

Anſ. Never was ſtar-croſs'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
Than I in your's.

Viol. I'm ſorry they're no better for you,
I wiſh'd them handſomer, and more in faſhion,
But truly, ſir, our houſe affords it not:
There is a ſuit of our clerk's hangs i'th' garret,
But that's far worſe than this, if I may judge
With modeſty of men's matters.

Anſ. I deſerve not
This, dear, kind gentlewoman; is yond' your miſtreſs?

Phil. Why truſt me, here's my huſband young again,
It is no ſin to welcome you, ſweet gentleman.

Anſ. I am ſo much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatch'd charity of your houſe,
My thanks are ſuch poor things they would but ſhame me.

Phil. Beſhrew thy heart for bringing o' him: I fear me,
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but reſolve myſelf
My huſband was thus handſome at nineteen,
'Troth I ſhould think the better of him at fourſcore now.

Viol. Nay miſtreſs, what would he be, were he in faſhion?
A hempen curſe on thoſe that put him out on't,
That now appears ſo handſome, and ſo comely in cloaths

Able

Able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for ſhift, or ſo
If a man chance to fall i'th' ditch with better?
This is the beſt, that ever I mark'd in 'em,
A man may make him ready in ſuch cloaths
Without a candle.

Phil. Ay, for ſhame of himſelf wench.

Viol. My maſter does it oft in winter mornings,
And never ſees himſelf till he be ready.

Phil. No, nor then neither, as he ſhould do wench.
I am ſorry, gentle ſir, we cannot ſhew you
A courteſy, in all points anſwerable
To your undoubted worth: your name I crave, ſir.

Anſ. Anſaldo, lady.

Phil. 'Tis a noble name, ſir.

Anſ. The moſt unfortunate now.

Viol. So do I think truly
As long as that ſuit's on.

Phil. The moſt unfitting,
And unprovided'ſt, ſir, of all your courteſies,
I do preſume is that you've paſt already;
Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd.

Anſ. My faithful ſervice, lady.

Phil. Pleaſe you, ſir,
To taſte the next a poor ſlight banquet, for ſure I think you were
Unluckily prevented of your ſupper, ſir.

Anſ. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your ſweet kindneſs, which ſo nobly ſhewn me,
It makes me bold to ſpeak my occaſions to you:
I am this morning, that with clearneſs now
So chearfully haſtens me, to meet a friend
Upon my ſtates eſtabliſhing, and the place
Ten miles from hence: Oh, I'm forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for't, which done I return
In ſervice plentiful.

Phil. Is't ſo important?

Anſ. If I ſhould fail, as much as my undoing.

Phil. I think too well of you, to undo you, ſir,
Upon this ſmall acquaintance

Anſ.

Anſ. My great happineſs.

Phil. But when ſhould I be ſure of you here again, ſir?

Anſ. As faſt as ſpeed can poſſibly return me.

Phil. You will not fail?

Anſ. May never wiſh go well with me then.

Phil. There's to bear charges, ſir.

Anſ. Courteſy dwells in you.
I brought my horſe up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainſt their wills too;
May your kind breaſt never want comfort, lady,
But ſtill ſupply'd, as liberally as you give.

Phil. Farewel, ſir, and be faithful.

Anſ. Time ſhall prove me. [*Exit Anſ.*

Phil. In my opinion now, this young man's likelieſt
To keep his word, he's modeſt, wiſe, and courteous;
He has the language of an honeſt ſoul in him:
A woman's reputation may lie ſafe there,
I'm much deceiv'd elſe; h'as a faithful eye
If it be well obſerv'd.

Viol. Good ſpeed be with thee, ſir.
He puts him to't i'faith.

Phil. Violetta.

Viol. Miſtreſs.

Phil. Alas, what have we done, wench?

Viol. What's the matter, miſtreſs?

Phil. Run, run, call him again; he muſt ſtay, tell him.
Though it be upon's undoing, we're undone elſe,
Your maſter's cloaths, they're known the country over,

Viol. Now by this light that's true, and well remembred,
But there's no calling of him, he's out of ſight now.

Phil. Oh what will people think?

Viol. What can they think, miſtreſs?
The gentleman has the worſt on't: were I he now
I'd make this ten mile, forty mile about
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

Phil. Will he be careful, think'ſt?

Viol. My life for your's miſtreſs.

Phil.

Phil. I ſhall long mightily to ſee him again.
Viol. And ſo ſhall I, I ſhall never laugh till then.
[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus IV. Scæna I.

Enter Ricardo and 2 *Suiter at one door, and Valeria, and* 1 *Suiter at another door.*

Ric. IT goes well hitherto, my ſweet protector.
2 *Suit.* Ay, and ſhall ſtill to th' end, my honey:
Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, ſir?
1 *Suit.* My whole 'ſtate on't, thou overthrow'ſt him, widow.
Val. I hope well ſtill, ſir.
1 *Suit.* Hope? be certain, wench:
I make no queſtion now, but thou art mine,
As ſure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.
Val. By'rlady, that I doubt, ſir.
1 *Suit.* Oh 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.
Val. What's that, good ſweet ſir?
1 *Suit.* A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good ſir, what?
1 *Suit.* I heard our counſellor ſpeak a word of comfort
Invita voluntate, ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief i'faith.
Val. Invita voluntate, what's the meaning, ſir?
1 *Suit.* Nay there I leave you, but aſſure you thus much,
I never heard him ſpeak that word i' my life,
But the cauſe went on's ſide, that I mark'd ever.
2 *Suit.* Do, do, and ſpare not: thou would'ſt talk with her.
Ric. Yes, with your leave, and liking.

2 *Suit.*

2 *Suit.* Do, my adoption.
My chosen child, and thou hold'st so obedient
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.
Ric. A child's part in your love, that's my ambition sir.
2 *Suit.* Go, and deserve it then: please me well now;
I love a wrangling life, boy; there's my delight,
I have no other venery but vexation,
That's all my honey now: smartly now to her,
I've enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. This need not ha' been, widow.
Val. You say right, sir.
No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy,
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.
Ric. I had you fairly, I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserv'd for wife.
Val. How, wife?
Ric. Ay, wife, wife, widow, be not asham'd on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.
2 *Suit.* Ha, ha.
Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.
1 *Suit.* Oh, oh.
Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i'thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid: But that's not yet this threescore year,
Let's talk of nearer matters.
Val. You're as near, sir
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.
Ric. Now before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.
Val. How?
Ric. Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
Val. Your goods?
Ric. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
Val. I'll give you my word you shall, sir.

Ric.

Ric. Look to't, widow,
A night may come will call you to account for't.
Val. Oh if you had me now, ſir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'll be reveng'd on me.
Ric. Ay, may I periſh elſe; if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an' I could of thee.
1 *Suit.* Take off your youngſter there.
2 *Suit.* Take off your widow firſt,
He ſhall have the laſt word, I pay for't dearly;
To her again ſweet boy, that ſide's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter Brandino.

Val. Oh brother! See I'm up to th' ears in law here;
Look, copy upon copy.
Bra. 'Twere grief enough, if a man did but hear on't,
But I'm in pain to ſee't.
Val. What, ſore eyes ſtill, brother?
Bra. Worſe and worſe, ſiſter; the old woman's water does me no good.
Val. Why, it has help'd many, ſir.
Bra. It helps not me, I'm ſure.----
Mar. Oh, oh.
Val. What ails Martino too?
Mar. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach!
Bra. Ah poor worm, this he endures for me now.
There beats not a more mutual pulſe of paſſion,
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child,
Than in Martino; I have mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in's teeth ſtill; and to quit me,
It is his eye-tooth too.
Mar. Ay, ay, ay, ay.
Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, ſir;
His flag hangs out in town here i'th' croſs inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions,
It ſhews him a great travelling and learned emperick,
Bra. We'll both to him, Martino.

Val.

Val. Hark you, brother,
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
1 *Suit.* Ay, about that, ſweet widow.
Val. True; ſpeak low, ſir.
Bra. Well, what's the buſineſs, ſay, ſay.
Val. Marry this, brother.
Call the young man aſide from the old wolf there,
And whiſper in his ear a thouſand dollars
If he will vaniſh and let fall the ſuit,
And never put's to no more coſt and trouble.
1 *Suit.* Say me thoſe words, good ſir, I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your ſiſter's wedding.

Enter Violetta.

Bra. I ſhall do much for that.
Val. Welcome, ſweetheart,
Thou com'ſt moſt happily, I'm bold to ſend for thee
To make a purpoſe good.
Viol. I take delight, forſooth,
In any ſuch employment.
1 *Suit.* Good wench, truſt me.
Ric. How, ſir, let fall the ſuit? 'Life, I'll go naked firſt.
Bra. A thouſand dollars, ſir, think upon them.
Ric. Why, they're but a thouſand dollars, when they're thought on.
Bra. A good round ſum.
Ric. A good round widow's better,
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but, ſir, ſcorn
To be bought out of my affection.
Bra. Why, here's even juſt my univerſity ſpirit;
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.
Ric. My patron would be mad, and he ſhould hear on't.
Mar. I pray what's good, ſir, for a wicked tooth?
Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering; is't a hollow one?
Mar. Ay, 'tis a hollow one.

Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.
Mar. Why ſure you mock me.
Ric. 'Troth I think I do, ſir.
2 *Suit.* Come hither, honey; what's the news in whiſpers?
Bra. He will not be bought out.
Val. No? That's ſtrange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then.
And try what that effects.
Bra. I like this better;
Look you, ſweet gentles, ſee what I produce here.
For amity's ſake, and peace, to end all controverſy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her perſon and her portion
I could beſtow moſt richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, ſir,
I am content to yield to her deſire.
Ric. At me?
Bra. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you fleſh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, ſir:
Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning
For your love only.
2 *Suit.* Honey, hearken after her;
Being rich, I can have all my money there:
Eaſe my purſe well, and never wage law further;
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.
Ric. Do you love me, forſooth?
Viol. Oh, infinitely.
Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee;
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.
Viol. My time was come, ſir; that's all I can ſay.
Ric. Alas, poor ſoul, where didſt thou love me, prithee?
Viol. In happy hour be't ſpoke, out at a window, ſir.
Ric. A window; Prithee clap it too, and call it in again:
What was I doing then, ſhould make thee love me?
Viol. Twirling your band-ſtring, which, methought, became

became you ſo generouſly well.

Ric. 'Twas a good quality to chooſe a husband for: That love was likely to be ty'd in matrimony, that began in a band-ſtring: yet I ha' known as much come to paſs 'ere now upon a taffel. Rare you well, ſiſter; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

2 *Suit.* Art thou come home again; ſtick'ſt thou there ſtill?
I will defend thee ſtill then.

1 *Suit.* Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.

2 *Suit.* I will have my humour.

1 *Suit.* Beggary will prove the ſponge.

2 *Suit.* Spunge i'thy gaſcoyns,
Thy gally-gaſcoyns there.

Ric. Ha! brave protector.

Bra. I thought 'twould come to open wars again,
Let 'em agree as they will; two teſty fops,
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

Mar. I, of my chops. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna II.

Enter Latrocinio and Occulto, (a banner of cures and diſeaſes hung out.)

La. Away, out with the banner, ſend's good luck to day.

Occ. I warrant you; your name's ſpread, ſir, for an empiric;
There's an old maſon troubled with the ſtone
Has ſent to you this morning for your counſel,
He would have eaſe fain.

La. Mary, I cannot blame him, ſir.
But how he will come by't, there lies the queſtion.

Occ. You muſt do ſomewhat, ſir, for he's ſwol'n moſt piteouſly;
H'as urine in him now was brew'd laſt March.

La. 'Twill be rich geer for dyers.

Occ. I would 'twere come to that, ſir.

La. Let me ſee, I'll ſend him a whole muſket-charge of gunpowder.

Occ. Gunpowder! What, ſir, to break the ſtone?

La. Ay, by my faith, ſir,
It is the likelieſt thing I know to do it;
I'm ſure it breaks ſtone-walls and caſtles down,
I ſee no reaſon, but't ſhould break the ſtone.

Occ. Nay, uſe your pleaſure, ſir.

La. Troth if that do not,
I ha' nothing elſe that will.

Occ. I know that too.

La. Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make queſtion on't.
Go call in all the reſt, I have employment for them.
When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus ſtirring, as all trades
Have their dead time we ſee, thievery poor takings,
And letchery cold doings, and ſo forwards ſtill;
Then do I take my inn, and thoſe curmugeons,
Whoſe purſes I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more eaſe here i'my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it's more ſtate-like too:
Hang him that has but one way to his trade,
He's like the mouth that eats but on one ſide,
And half cozens his belly, 'ſpecially if he dine among ſhavers,
And both-handed feeders: Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio,

Enter all the reſt, Silvio, Stratio, Fiducio.

I will have none left out, there's parts for you.

Sil. For us? Pray let us have 'em.

La. Change yourſelves
With all ſpeed poſſible into ſeveral ſhapes,
Far from your own; as you a farmer, ſir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.

Fid. Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may ſpoil all again.

La. Some country taylor then.

Fid. That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture that;

The

The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges moſt apparently
Upon his noſe, ſometimes between his lips;
The taylor modeſtly between his legs.
La. Why, pray, do you 'preſent that modeſt thief, then;
And, hark you, for the purpoſe.
Sil. 'Twill improve you, ſir.
La. 'Twill get believers; believe that, my maſters;
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you ſee any come, repair you to me,
As ſamples of my skill; there are few arts
But have their ſhadows, ſirs, to ſet 'em off;
Then where the art itſelf is but a ſhadow,
What need is there, my friends? Make haſte, away, ſirs.

Enter Occulto.

Occ. Where are you, ſir?
La. Not far, man: What's the news?
Occ. The old juſtice, ſir, whom we robb'd once by moon light,
And bound his man and he in haycock time
With a rope made of horſe meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, e'er midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound maſters both at liberty----
La. 'Life, what of him, man?
Occ. He's enquiring earneſtly
For the great man of art; indeed for you, ſir:
Therefore withdraw, ſweet ſir; make yourſelf dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profeſſion.
La. I have enough on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Anſaldo.

Occ. How now, what thing's this?
Now, by this light, the ſecond part o'th' juſtice
Newly reviv'd, with ne'er a hair on's face.
It ſhould be the firſt rather by his ſmoothneſs,
But I ha' known the firſt part written laſt:
'Tis he, or let me periſh, the young gentleman

We robb'd and ſtript; but I am far from knowledge now.

Anſ. One word, I pray, ſir,

Occ. With me, gentle ſir?

Anſ. Was there not lately ſeen about theſe parts, ſir, A knot of fellows, whoſe conditions Are privily ſuſpected?

Occ. Why do you ask, ſir?

Anſ. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd laſt night.

Occ. Robb'd?

Anſ. Stript of all, i'faith.

Occ. Oh beaſtly raſcals. Alas, what was he?

Anſ. Look o'me, and know him, ſir.

Occ. Hard-hearted villains, ſtrip? 'Troth when I ſaw you, Methought thoſe cloaths were never made for you, ſir.

Anſ. Want made me glad of 'em.

Occ. 'Send you better fortune, ſir; That we may have about with you once again. [*aſide.*

Anſ. I thank you for your wiſh of love, kind ſir.

Occ. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith; now ſtore of coin And better cloaths be with you.

Anſ. There's ſome honeſt yet And charitably minded: How, what's here to do?

Here within this place is cur'd [*Reads.*
All the griefs that were ev'r endur'd.

Nay there thou lyeſt, I endur'd one laſt night Thou can'ſt not cure this morning; a ſtrange promiſer.

Palſey, gout, hydropick humour,
Breath that ſtinks beyond perfumer,
Fiſtula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what diſeaſe ſo e'er beleaguer 'em,
Stone, Rupture, Squinancy, Impoſthume,
Yet tho dear it ſhall not coſt 'em.

That's conſcionably ſaid, i'faith.

In

In brief, you cannot, I aſſure you,
Be unſound ſo faſt, as I can cure you.
By'rlady, you ſhall pardon me, I'll not try't, ſir.

Enter Brandino and *Martino.*

Bran. Martino, is not yond' my hinder parts?
Mar. Yes, and your fore-parts too, ſir.
Bra. I tro, ſo,
I never ſaw my hind parts in my life elſe,
No, nor my fore-ones neither: What are you, ſir?
Are you a juſtice, pray?
Anſ. A juſtice? No, truly.
Bra. How came this ſuit to you, then?
Anſ. How this ſuit?
Why muſt he needs be a juſtice, ſir, that wears it?
Bra. You'll find it ſo; 'twas made for no body elſe.
I paid for't.
Anſ. Oh ſtrange fortune, I have undone
The charitable woman.
Bra. He'll be gone.
Martino, hold him faſt, I'll call for aid.
Anſ. Hold me? Oh curſe of fate!
Mar. Oh, maſter, maſter.
Bra. What ails Martino?
Mar. In my conſcience
H'as beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,
Three degrees off.
Bra. Oh ſlave, ſpoil'd a fine penman.
Anſ. He lack'd good manners tho'; lay hands o'me?
I ſcorn all the deſerts, that belong to't.

Enter Latrocinio.

La. Why, how now? What's the broil?
Bra. The man of art,
I take you, ſir, to be.
La. I'm the profeſſor
Of thoſe ſlight cures you read of in the banner.
Bra. Our buſineſs was to you, moſt skilful ſir;
But in the way to you, right worſhipful,

I met a thief.

La. A thief?

Bra. With my cloaths on, ſir;
Let but the coat be ſearch'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o'th' pockets;
And a white thimble that I found i'th' moon-light,
Thou ſaw'ſt me when I put it in, Martino.

Mar. Ay, Ay.

Bra. Oh, he has ſpoil'd the worthieſt clerk that e'er drew warrant here.

La. Sir, you're a ſtranger, but I muſt deal plain with you,
That ſuit of cloaths muſt needs come odly to you.

Anſ. I dare not ſay which way, that's my affliction.

La. Is not your worſhip's name ſignior Brandino, ſir?

Bra. It has been ſo, theſe threeſcore years and upwards.

La. I heard there was a robbery done laſt night,
Near to your houſe.

Anſ. You heard a truth then, ſir,
And I the man was robb'd.

La. Ah, that's too groſs.
Send him away for fear of farther miſchief,
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

Bra. I want but aid.

Enter two or three ſervants.

La. Within there.

Bra. Seize upon that impudent thief,

Anſ. Then hear me ſpeak.

Bra. Away;
I'll neither hear thee ſpeak, nor wear thoſe cloaths again:
To priſon with the varlet.

Anſ. How am I puniſh'd?

Bra. I'll make thee bring out all, before I leave thee. [*Exit with Anſaldo.*

La. You've took an excellent courſe with this bold villain, ſir.

Bra. I am ſworn for ſervice to the commonwealth, ſir,
What are theſe, learned ſir?

Enter

Enter Stratio, Silvio, and Fidelio.

La. Oh, they're my patients.
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.
Stra. 'Tis farewel gout almoſt, I thank your worſhip.
La. What now, you cannot part ſo ſoon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.
Stra. But moſt happily,
I can go near to leap, ſir.
La. What! you cannot?
Away I ſay, take heed, be not too vent'rous though,
I've had you but three days, remember that.
Stra. Thoſe three are better than three hundred, ſir.
La. Yet again;
Stra. Eaſe takes pleaſure to be known, ſir.
La. You with the rupture there *hernia in ſcrotum*,
Pray let me ſee your pace this morning, walk, ſir,
I'll take your diſtance ſtrait; 'twas *F. O.* yeſterday:
Ah ſirrah, here's a ſimple alteration,
Secundo gradu, you *F. U.* already,
Here's a moſt happy change; be of good comfort, ſir,
Your knees are come within three inches now.
Of one another; by to-morrow noon,
I'll make 'em kiſs, and joſtle.
Sil. 'Bleſs your worſhip.
Bra. You've a hundred prayers in a morning, ſir.
La. 'Faith we have a few to paſs away the day with:
Taylor, you had a ſtitch.
Fid. Oh good your worſhip,
I have had none ſince Eaſter: were I rid
But of this whorſon palſy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.
La. No, that's hard,
I never mark'd ſo much.
Fid. It comes by fits, ſir.
La. Alas poor man: what would your worſhip ſay now
To ſee me help this fellow at an inſtant?

Bra.

Bra. And make him firm from ſhaking?
La. As a ſteeple,
From the diſeaſe on't.
Bra. 'Tis to me miraculous.
La. You, with your whoremaſter diſeaſe, come hither;
Here, take me this round glaſs, and hold it ſtedfaſt.
Yet more, ſir, yet, I ſay; ſo.
Bra. Admirable.
La. Go, live, and thread thy needle.
Bra. Here, Martino:
'Las poor fool, his mouth is full of praiſes,
And cannot utter 'em.
La. No, what's the malady?
Bra. The fury of a tooth.
La. A tooth? ha, ha,
I thought't had been ſome gangrene, fiſtula,
Canker, or ramex.
Bra. No, it's enough as 'tis, ſir.
La. My man ſhall eaſe that ſtreight, ſit you down there, ſir,
Take the tooth ſirrah, daintily, inſenſibly:
But what's your worſhip's malady, that's for me, ſir?
Bra. Marry, pray look you ſir: your worſhip's counſel
About mine eyes.
La. Sore eyes? that's nothing too, ſir.
Bra. By'rlady, I that feel it think it ſomewhat.
La. Have you no convulſions? pricking aches, ſir, ruptures, or apoſtemates?
Bra. No, by my faith, ſir,
Nor do I deſire to have 'em.
La. Thoſe are cures,
There do I win my fame, ſir: quickly, ſirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither: do you make water well, ſir?
Bra. I'm all well there.
La. You feel no grief i'th' kidney.
Bra. Sound, ſound, ſound, ſir.
La. Oh, here's a breath, ſir, I muſt talk withal,

One

One of theſe mornings.

Bra. There I think, i'faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to paſs, ſir.

Mar. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that.
It is the next beyond it; there, there, there.

Occ. The beſt have their miſtakings: now I'll fit you, ſir.

Bra. What's that, ſweet ſir, that comforts with his coolneſs?

La. Oh ſovereign geer: wink hard, and keep it in, ſir.

Mar. Oh, oh, oh.

Occ. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, ſir.

Mar. Auh, ho.

Occ. Spit out, I told you he was gone, ſir.

Bra. How chears Martino?

Mar. Oh, I can anſwer you now, maſter,
I feel great eaſe, ſir.

Bra. So do I, Martino.

Mar. I'm rid of a ſore burden, for my part, maſter,
Of a ſcal'd little one.

La. Pleaſe but your worſhip now,
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man ſhall cure you, ſir,
At twice i'your own chamber.

Bra. Shall he ſo, ſir?

La. I will uphold him in't.

Mar. Then will I do't, ſir.

La. How lively your man's now?

Mar. Oh, I'm ſo light methinks,
Over I was.

Bra. What is it contents your worſhip?

La. Ev'n what your worſhip pleaſe, I am not mercenary.

Bra. My purſe is gone, Martino.

La. How, your purſe, ſir?

Bra. 'Tis gone i'faith: I've been among ſome raſcals.

Mar. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master, you care not
What company you run into.

Bra. Lend me some money: chide me anon, I prithee.
A pox on 'em for vipers, they ha' suck'd blood of o'me.

Mar. Oh, master!

Bra. How now, man?

Mar. My purse is gone too.

Bra. How? I'll never take warning more of thee while I live then; thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit to give good counsel to thy master, that can't not keep from ill company thy self.

La. This is most strange, sir: both your purses gone!

Mar. Sir, I'd my hand on mine, when I came in.

La. Are you but sure of that? oh, would you were.

Mar. As I'm of ease.

La. Then, they're both gone one way, be that your comfort.

Bra. Ay, but what way? that, sir?

La. That close knave in your cloaths has got 'em both,
'Tis well you've clapt him fast.

Bra. Why that's impossible.

La. Oh tell me, sir: I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand, and look one full i'th' face,
As I may do your worship, and your man now.

Mar. Nay, that's most certain, master.

Bra. I will make
That rascal in my cloaths answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd; get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.

Mar. That's an ill token, master.

Bra. That's all one, sir,
She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.

Begone,

Begone, make haſte again; and meet me part o'th' way.

Mar. I'll hang the villain,
And't were for nothing but the ſowſe he gave me.
[*Exit.*

Bra. Sir, I depart aſham'd of my requital,
And leave this ſeal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulneſs.

La. No, I beſeech you, ſir.

Bra. Indeed you ſhall, ſir.

La. Oh, your worſhip's word, ſir.

Bra. You ſhall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal. [*Exit.*

La. Clear ſight be with you, ſir;
If conduit-water, and my hoſteſs milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous toothdrawer;

Occ. There was no fear of me; I've often told you
I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i'th' ſecond year.

La. Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth.
And me afraid of thee: what have we there, ſirs?

Occ. Some threeſcore dollars 'ith' maſter's purſe,
And ſixteen in the clerk's, a ſilver ſeal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.

La. Warrants! where be they? the beſt news came yet.
'Mas, here's his hand, and here's his ſeal, I thank him,
This comes moſt luckily: one of our fellows
Was took laſt night, we'll ſet him firſt at liberty,
And other good boys after him: and if he
In th' old juſtice's ſuit, whom he robb'd lately,
Will come off roundly, we'll ſet him free too.

Occ. That were a good deed, 'faith, we may in pity.

La. There's nothing done meerly for pity now-a-days;

Money,

Money or ware muſt help too.

SONG, in parts by the Thieves.

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth.
Who complains his fate's amiſs,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee,
Can have but all, and ſo have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town and city,
He has lands that was born witty.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus V. Scæna I.

Enter Philippa and Violetta.

Phil. HOW well this gentleman keeps his promiſe too?
Sure there's no truſt in man.

Viol. There's all Franciſco's.

That's my opinion, miſtreſs: Fools, or falſe ones.
He might have had the honeſty yet, i'faith,
To ſend my maſter's cloaths home.

Phil. Ay, thoſe cloaths.

Viol. Colliers come by the door every day, miſtreſs;
Nay, this is market-day too, Poulterers, butchers,
They would have lain moſt daintily in a panyer,
And kept veal from the wind.

Phil. Thoſe cloaths much trouble me.

Viol. 'Faith, and he were a gentleman as he ſeem'd to be.
They would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he ſhould have ſmall deſire to keep 'em.

Phil. 'Faith, and leſs pride to wear 'em, I ſhould think wench,

Unleſs

Unleſs he kept 'em as a teſtimony
For after-times, to ſhew what miſery
He paſt in his young days, and then weep over 'em.

Enter Martino.

Viol. Weep, miſtreſs? nay ſure methinks, he ſhould not weep for laughing.

Phil. Martino? Oh, we're ſpoil'd, wench; are they come then?

Mar. Miſtreſs, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you; comfort your heart, what have you to breakfaſt, miſtreſs; you ſhall have all again, I warrant you.

Phil. What ſays he, wench?

Viol. I'm loth to underſtand him.

Mar. Give me a note of all your things, ſweet miſtreſs,
You ſhall not loſe a hair, take't of my word,
We have him ſafe enough.

Phil. Alas, ſweet wench,
This man talks fearfully.

Viol. And I know not what yet;
That's the worſt, miſtreſs.

Mar. Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the raſcal has broke ope my deſk or no,
There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have ſerv'd me this ſeven year, oh, and my fig-cheeſe,
The fig of everlaſting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it, I'll make haſte
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, miſtreſs,
Groſly, and beaſtly; how do you think, i'faith?

Phil. I know not, ſir.

Mar. Troth, in my maſter's cloaths:
Would any thief but a beaſt been taken ſo?

Phil. Wench, wench.

Viol. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, miſtreſs.

Phil. Did he confeſs the robbery?

Mar. O no, no, miſtreſs;

He's

He's a young cunning raſcal, he confeſs'd nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My maſter's purſe and mine, but confeſs'd nothing ſtill.
Phil. That's but ſome ſlanderous injury rais'd againſt him.
Came not your Maſter with you?
Mar. No, ſweet miſtreſs.
I muſt make haſte and meet him, pray diſpatch me then.
Phil. I have look'd over all with ſpecial heedfulneſs;
There's nothing miſs'd, I can aſſure you, ſir,
But that ſuit of your maſter's.
Mar. I'm right glad on't,
That ſuit would hang him, yet I would not have hanged him in that ſuit though; it will diſgrace my maſter's faſhion for ever, and make it as hateful as yellow bands. [*Exit.*
Phil. O what ſhall's do, wench?
Viol. 'Tis no marvel, miſtreſs,
The poor young Gentleman could not keep his promiſe.
Phil. Alas, ſweet man, he's confeſs'd nothing yet, wench.
Viol. That ſhews his conſtancy, and love to you, miſtreſs:
But you muſt do't of force, there is no help for't,
The truth can neither ſhame nor hurt you much;
Let 'em make what they can on't, 'twere ſin and pity, i'faith,
To caſt away ſo ſweet a gentleman,
For ſuch a pair of infidel hoſe and doublet.

Enter Anſaldo.

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.
Phil. Thou ſay'ſt true, wench.
Viol. Oh, oh, they're come again, miſtreſs.
Phil. Signior Anſaldo?
Anſ. The ſame; mightily croſs'd, lady,
But paſt hope, free'd again by a doctor's means,
A man of art, I know not juſtly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my releaſe between 'em.

Phil.

Phil. Met you not
My husband's man?

Anſ. I took ſuch ſtrange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.

Phil. Oh, moſt welcome.

Viol. But how ſhall we beſtow him now we have him, miſtreſs?

Phil. Alas, that's true.

Viol. Martino may come back again.

Phil. Step you into that little chamber ſpeedily, ſir,
And dreſs him up in one of my gowns and head-tires,
His youth will well endure it.

Viol. That will be admirable.

Phil. Nay do't, do't quickly then, and cut that ſuit
Into an hundred pieces, that it may never be known again.

Viol. A hundred? nay ten thouſand at the leaſt, miſtreſs.
For if there be a piece of that ſuit left as big as my nail,
The deed will come out, 'tis worſe than a murder,
I fear 'twill never be hid.

Phil. Away, do your endeavour, and diſpatch, wench, [*Exit. Violetta and Anſaldo.*
I've thought upon a way of certain ſafety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,
Without ſuſpicion now: I've heard o'th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought ſix months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and ſhe being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort,
Marry in concluſion match they did together,

Enter Brandino with a writing.

Would I'd a copy of the ſame concluſion:
He's come himſelf now, if thou be'ſt a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy ſpeed, I'll delay time
With all the means I can: oh, welcome, ſir.

Bra.

Bra. I'll ſpeak to you anon, wife, and kiſs you ſhortly,
I'm very buſy yet: *Cockſey-down, memberry,*
Her mannor-houſe at *Well-dun.*

Phil. What's that, good ſir?

Bra. The widow's, your ſweet ſiſter's deed of gift;
She's made all her eſtate over to me, wench:
She'll be too hard for 'em all: and now come buſs me,
Good luck after thieves handſel.

Phil. Oh 'tis happy, ſir,
You have him faſt.

Bra. I ha' laid him ſafe enough, wench.

Phil. I was ſo loſt in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

Bra. What's that, ſweet blood?

Phil. He, and his villains, ſir,
Robb'd a ſweet gentlewoman laſt night.

Bra. A Gentlewoman?

Phil. Nay, moſt uncivilly and baſely ſtript her, ſir.

Bra. Oh, barbarous ſlaves!

Phil. I was ev'n fain for woman-hood's ſake,
(Alas) and charity's, to receive her in,
And cloath her poor wants in a ſuit of mine.

Bra. 'Twas moſt religiouſly done: I long for her;
Who have I brought to ſee thee, think'ſt thou, woman?

Phil. Nay, ſir, I know not.

Bra. Gueſs, I prithee heartily:
An enemy of thine.

Phil. That I hope you have not, ſir.

Bra. But all was done in jeſt: he crys thee mercy,
Franciſco, ſirrah.

Phil. Oh, I think not on him.

Bra. That letter was but writ to try thy conſtancy,
He confeſs'd all to me.

Phil. Joy on him, ſir,

Enter Franciſco.

So far am I from malice, look you, ſir;
Welcome, ſweet ſignior; but I'll never truſt you, ſir.

Bra.

Bra. Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.
Fra. Methinks, I enter now this houſe with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietneſs of conſcience,
I wear no guilty bluſh upon my cheek,
For a ſin ſtampt laſt midnight: I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuſe him inwardly,
With any ſcornful thought made of his ſhame:

Enter Martino.

What a ſweet being is an honeſt mind?
It ſpeaks peace to itſelf, and all mankind.
Bra. Martino.
Mar. Maſter.
Bra. There's another robbery done, ſirrah,
By the ſame party.
Mar. What's your worſhip's mocks,
Under correction.
Phil. I forgot to tell thee,
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.
Mar. O pagan!
This fellow will be ſton'd to death with pipkins;
Your women in the ſuburbs will ſo maul him
With broken crewzes, and pitchers without ears,
He will never die alive, that's my opinion.

Enter Aufaldo (as Martia) and Violetta.

Phil. Look you your judgments, gentlemen, your's eſpecially,
Signior Franciſco, whoſe meer object now
Is woman at theſe years, that the eye-ſaint I know
Amongſt young gallants; huſband, you have a glimpſe too;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
Bra. By'rlady better, wench: an eye, and a half, I-tro,
I ſhould be ſorry elſe.
Phil. What think you now, ſirs,
Is't not a goodly manly gentlewoman?
Bra. Beſhrew my heart elſe, wife.
Pray ſoft a little, ſignior, you're but my gueſt; remember I'm

I'm maſter of the houſe, I'll have the firſt buſs.
Phil. But huſband, 'tis the courteſy of all places
To give a ſtranger ever the firſt bit.
Bra. In woodcock or ſo, but there's no heed to be taken in mutton;
We commonly fall ſo roundly to that, we forget our ſelves:
I'm ſorry for thy fortune, but thou't welcome, lady.
Mar. My maſter kiſſes, as I've heard a Hackney-coachman
Chear up his mare; chap, chap.
Bra. I have him faſt, lady, and he ſhall lye by't cloſe.
Anſ. You cannot do me a greater pleaſure, ſir.
Bra. I'm happily glad on't.
Fra. Methinks, there's ſomewhat whiſpers in my ſoul,
This is the hour, I muſt begin my acquaintance
With honeſt love, and baniſh all looſe thoughts;
My fate ſpeaks to me from the modeſt eye
Of yon ſweet gentlewoman.
Phil. Wench, wench.
Viol. Piſh, hold in your breath, miſtreſs,
If you be ſeen to laugh, you'll ſpoil all preſently;
I keep it in with all the might I have — puh.
Anſ. Pray what young gentleman's that, ſir?
Bra. An honeſt boy, i'faith,
And came of a good kind: do'ſt like him, lady,
I would thou hadſt him, and thou beeſt not promis'd,
He's worth ten thouſand dollars.
Viol. By this light, miſtreſs, my maſter will go near to make a match anon; methinks I dream of admirable ſport, miſtreſs.
Phil. Peace, thou art a drab.
Bra. Come hither now, Franciſco,
I've known the time I've had a better ſtomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.
Fra. That face deſerv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than laſt night's rudeneſs ſhew'd.
Anſ. We cannot be
Our chooſers, ſir, in our own deſtiny.

Fra.

Fra. I return better pleas'd, than when I went.
Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?
Anſ. Most true, forsooth,
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.
Mar. And that's the mother's half.
Anſ. There's my hand for you.
Mar. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living;
Oh sweet lemon-peel,
Fra. May I request a modest word or two, lady,
In private with you?
Anſ. With me, sir?
Fra. To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
Or unbeseeming privacy, which heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I'll intreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.
Anſ. Why so, I am content, sir. [*Exit Fra. & Anſaldo.*
Bra. So am I, lady—.
Mar. Oh, master, here's a rare bedfellow for my mistress to-night,
For you know we must both out of town again.
Bra. That's true, Martino,
Mar. I do but think how they'll lye telling of tales together,
The prettiest!
Bra. The prettiest, indeed.
Mar. Their tongues will never leave wagging, master.
Bar. Never, Martino, never. [*Exeunt.*
Phil. Take heed you be not heard.
Viol. I fear you most, mistress.
Phil. Me, fool? ha, ha.
Viol. Why look you mistress: faith you're faulty, ha, ha.
Phil. Well said, i'faith; where lies the fault now, gossip?
Viol. Oh, for a husband; I shall burst with laughing else,
This house is able to spoil any maid.

Phil.

Phil. I'll be reveng'd now ſoundly of Franciſco,
For failing me when time was.
Viol. Are you there, miſtreſs? I thought you would not forget that,
However, a good turn diſappointed is ever the laſt thing
That a woman forgives, ſhe'll ſcarce do't when ſhe's ſpeechleſs,
Nay, though ſhe hold up her whole hand for all other injuries,
She'll forgive that but with one finger.
Phil. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.
Viol. But that may marr your hopes too, if our gentlewoman be known to be a man.
Phil. Not as I'll work it;
I would not loſe this ſweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's abſence,
Which is the ſweeteſt benefit next to this:

Enter Anſaldo.

Why how now, ſir, what courſe take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.
Anſ. Faith with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in: I ha' no receipt for it.
But, pray, in ſadneſs, ſay, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings,
He will receive no anſwer.
Phil. Would he would not, ſir.
Anſ. Says I'm ordain'd for him; meerly for him;
And that his wiving fate ſpeaks in me to him:
Will force on me a jointure ſpeedily
Of ſome ſeven thouſand dollars.
Phil. Would thou had'ſt 'em, ſir: I know he can if he will.
Anſ. For wond'rous pity, what is this gentleman?
Phil. 'Faith, ſhall I tell you, ſir,
One that would make an excellent honeſt husband
For her that's a juſt maid at one and twenty;
For on my conſcience he has his maidenhead yet.
Anſ. Fie, out upon him, beaſt.
Phil. Sir, if you love me,

Give

Give way but to one thing I ſhall requeſt of you.

Anſ. Your courteſies you know may lay commands on me.

Phil. Then at his next ſollicitings, let a conſent
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble ſport, ſir,
We'll get jointure and all; but you muſt bear
Yourſelf moſt affable to all his purpoſes.

Anſ. I can do that.

Phil. Ay, and take heed of laughing.

Enter Franciſco.

Anſ. I've 'bide the worſt of that already, lady.

Phil. Peace, ſet your countenance then; for here he comes.

Fra. There is no middle continent in this paſſion;
I feel it here, it muſt be love or death,
It was ordain'd for one.

Phil. Signior Franciſco,
I'm ſorry 'twas your fortune, in my houſe, ſir,
To have ſo violent a ſtroke come to you:
The gentlewoman's a ſtranger; pray be counſell'd, ſir,
'Till you hear further of her friends and portion.

Fra. 'Tis only but her love that I deſire,
She comes moſt rich in that.

Phil. But be adviſ'd though,
I think ſhe's a rich heir, but ſee the proof, ſir,
Before you make her ſuch a generous jointure.

Fra. 'Tis mine, and I will do it.

Phil. She ſhall be your's too,
If I may rule her then.

Fra. You ſpeak all ſweetneſs.

Phil. She likes your perſon well, I tell you ſo much,
But take no note I ſaid ſo.

Fra. Not a word.

Phil. Come, lady, come, the gentleman's deſertful,
And, o'my conſcience, honeſt.

Anſ. Blame me not, I am a maid, and fearful.

Fra. Never truth came perfecter from man.

Phil. Give her a lip-taſte,

Enter

Enter Brandino and Martino.

That ſhe herſelf may praiſe it.

Bra. Yea, a match, i'faith: My houſe is lucky for 'em. Now Martino.

Mar. Maſter, the widow has the day.

Bra. The day?

Mar. She's overthrown, my youngſter.

Bra. Precious tidings.

Clap down four woodcocks more.

Mar. They're all at hand, ſir.

Bra. What both her adverſaries too?

Enter Valeria, Ricardo, and two Suitors.

Mar. They're come, ſir.

Bra. Go, bid the cook ſerve in two geeſe in a diſh.

Mar. I like your conceit, maſter, beyond utterance.

Bra. Welcome, ſweet ſiſter; which is the man muſt have you.

I'd welcome no body elſe.

1 *Suit.* Come to me then, ſir.

Bra. Are yo' he' i'faith, my chain of gold? I'm glad on't.

Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have ſo proſecuted things againſt me.
But I ha' reſolv'd myſelf, 'tis done to ſpight me.

Ric. O dearth of truth!

2 *Suit.* Nay, do not ſpoil thy hair;
Hold, hold I ſay, I'll get thee a widow ſomewhere.

Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What ſhall man hope?

2 *Suit.* 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honeſt meaning amongſt widows;
But ſince your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it faſt;
Every thing now muſt have a felling firſt:
Do I come near you, widow?

Val. No indeed, ſir,
Nor ever ſhall I hope: and for your comfort, ſir,
That ſought all means t'entrap me for my wealth,

Had

Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had loſt your labour, all your aim and hopes, ſir:
Here ſtands the honeſt gentleman my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Bra. Ay, that ſhe has, i'faith, I thank her, gentlemen,
Look you here, ſirs,

Val. I muſt not look for pleaſures,
That give more grief if they prove falſe, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

1 *Suit.* Have you ſerv'd me ſo, widow?

2 *Suit*, I'm glad thou haſt her not, laugh at him, honey; ha, ha.

Val. I muſt take one that loves me for myſelf:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

1 *Suit.* Yes, by my faith: I muſt have lordſhips too, widow.

Val. How ſir?

1 *Suit.* Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em,
But I muſt have ſomewhat without lying, or being
In the tenure or occupation of Mr. ſuch a one: ha?
Thoſe are fine things indeed.

Val. Why, ſir, you ſwore to me it was for love.

1 *Suit.* True; but there's two words to a bargain, ever,
All the world over, and if love be one,
I'm ſure money's the other; 'tis no bargain elſe:
Pardon me, I muſt dine, as well as ſup, widow.

Val. Cry mercy, I miſtook you all this while, ſir;
It was this antient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

2 *Suit.* What of me, widow?

Val. Alas, I have wronged you, ſir; 'twas you that ſwore
You lov'd me for myſelf!

2 *Suit.* By my troth, but I did not:
Come, father not your lies upon me, widow:
I love you for yourſelf? ſpit at me, gentlemen,

If ever I'd ſuch a thought: fetch me in widow!
You'll find your reach too ſhort.

Val. Why, you have enough, you ſay.

2 *Suit.* Ay, but I will have my humour too; you never think of that, they're coach horſes, they go together ſtill.

Val. Whom ſhould a widow truſt; I'll ſwear 'twas one of you
That made me believe ſo: 'maſs, think 'twas you, ſir,
Now I remember me.

Ric. I ſwore too much,
To be believ'd ſo little.

Val. Was it you then?
Beſhrew my heart for wronging of you.

Ric. Welcome bleſſing,
Are you mine faithfully now?

Val. As love can make me.

1 *Suit.* Why this fills the commonwealth ſo full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine ſhall do.

Val. But now I think on't; we muſt part again, ſir.

Ric. Again?

Val. Your're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myſelf nothing too; we muſt not hold,
Want on both ſides makes all affection cold:
I ſhall not keep you from that gentleman;
You'll be his more than mine; and when he liſt,
He'll make you lie from me in ſome four priſon,
Then let him take you now for altogether, ſir;
For he that's mine, ſhall be all mine, or nothing.

Ric. I never felt the evil of my debts,
'Till this afflicting minute.

2 *Suit.* I'll be mad once in my days: I have enough to cure me, and I will have my humour; they're now but deſperate debts again, I never look for 'em.
And ever ſince I knew what malice was,
I always held it ſweeter to ſow miſchief,
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleaſure.
I'll give him his bonds as 't were in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:

Then

Then will they never agree; that's a ſure point.
He'll give her a black eye within theſe three days,
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallontide,
And break the little houſhold-ſtuff they have,
With throwing at one another: O, ſweet ſport.
Come widow, come, I'll try your honeſty,
Here to my honey I've made many proffers,
I fear they're all but tricks: here are his debts, gentlemen:
How I came by 'em I know beſt myſelf.
Take him before us faithfully for your huſband,
And he ſhall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

Val. Elſe may all faith refuſe me.

2 *Suit.* Tear 'em, honey,
'Tis firm in law, a conſideration given:
What with thy teeth? thoul't ſhortly tear her ſo,
That's all my hope, thou'd'ſt never had 'em elſe,
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I'm now at liberty, widow.

Val. I'll be ſo too,
And then I come to thee: give me this from you, brother.

Bra. Hold ſiſter: ſiſter.

Val. Look you, the deed of gift, ſir; I'm as free:
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

Ambo Suit. How's that?

Val. You're bob'd; 'twas but a deed in truſt,
And all to prove thee, whom I have found moſt juſt.

Bra. I'm bob'd among the reſt too: I'd have ſworn
It had been a thing for me, and my heirs forever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I had been paſt redemption.

1 *Suit.* How am I cheated?

2 *Suit.* I hope you'll have the conſcience now to pay me, ſir.

Ric. Oh wicked man, ſower of ſtrife and envy, open not thy lips.

2 *Suit.* How, how's this?

Ric. Thou haſt no charge at all, no child of thine own

But two thou got'ſt once of a ſcouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i'th' hoſtal:
Thou haſt ten thouſand pound to bury thee,
Hang thyſelf when thou wilt, a ſlave go with thee.

2 *Suit.* I'm gone, my goodneſs comes all out together.
I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter Violetta.

Viol. O maſter, gentlemen: and you ſweet widow,
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not.
If ever you be, ſure, to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Val. Why, what's the matter, wench?

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Bra. Speak, ſpeak.

Viol. Ha, a marriage, a marriage, I cannot tell't for laughing: ha, he.

Bra. A marriage, do you make that a laughing matter?

Enter Franciſco and Anſaldo.

Viol. Ha: Ay, and you'll make it ſo when you know all.
Here they come, here they come, one man married to another,

Val. How! man to man?

Viol. Ay, man to man, i'faith.
There'll be good ſport at night to bring 'em both to bed;
Do you ſee 'em now, ha, ha, ha.

1 *Suit.* My daughter Martia!

Anſ. Oh my father: your love, and pardon, ſir.

Val. 'Tis ſhe indeed, gentlemen.

Anſ. I have been diſobedient, I confeſs,
Unto your mind, and heaven has puniſh'd me
With much affliction ſince I fled your ſight;
But finding reconcilement from above
In peace of heart; the next I hope's your love.

1 *Suit.*

1 *Suit.* I cannot but forgive thee now I ſee thee;
Theu fled'ſt a happy fortune of an old man,
But Franciſco's of a noble family,
Though he be ſomewhat ſpent.

Fra. I lov'd her not, ſir,
As ſhe was yours, for I proteſt I knew't not,
But for herſelf, ſir, and her own deſervings,
Which had you been as foul, as you've been ſpightful,
I ſhould have lov'd in her.

1 *Suit.* Well, hold your prating, ſir,
You're not like to loſe by't.

Phil. Oh Violetta, who ſhall laugh at us now?

Viol. The child unborn, miſtreſs.

Anſ. Be good.

Fra. Be honeſt.

Anſ. Heaven will not let you ſin, and you'd be careful.

Fra. What means it ſends to help you, think and mend,
You're as much bound as we, to praiſe that friend.

Phil. I am ſo, and I will ſo.

Anſ. Marry you ſpeedily,
Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beaſt elſe.

Viol. Ay, by my troth ſhould I, I've much ado to forbear
Laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Enter Martino.

Mar. O maſter, miſtreſs, and you gentiles all;
To horſe, to horſe preſently, if you mean to do your country any ſervice.

Bra. Art not aſham'd, Martino, to talk of horſing ſo openly.
Before young married couples, thus.

Mar. It does concern the common-wealth and me,
And you maſter, and all: the thieves are taken.

Anſ. What ſay'ſt, Martino?

Mar. Law, here's common-wealth's-man,
The man of art, maſter, that cupt your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant raſcal; and his man

That

That drew my tooth, an excellent purſe-drawer;
I felt no pain in that, it went inſenſibly:
Such notable villanies are confeſt.--

Bra. Stop there, ſir:
We'll have time for them: Come gentle-folks,
Take a ſlight meal with us: but the beſt chear
Is perfect joy, and that we wiſh all here.——

Exeunt.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

A Sport, only for Chriſtmas, is the play,
This hour preſents to you; to make you merry,
Is all th'ambition 't has; and fulleſt aim,
Bent at your ſmiles, to win itſelf a name:
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with ſports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

EPILOGUE.

Stay, ſtay, ſir, I'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid believe it,
But we muſt come to our deſires in order,
There's duties to be paid, e'er we go further;
He that without your likings, leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace.
And that's not handſome truſt me now,
Our rights being paid, and your love's underſtood,
My widow, and my meat, then does me good;
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true,
For my report, pray let her hear't from you.

FINIS.

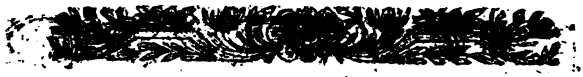
A

Match at Midnight:

A

COMEDY.

MR. William Rowley *liv'd in the Reign of* James *and* Charles *the Firſt; and was ſome time a Student at* Pembroke-Hall *in* Cambridge. *He was well reſpected by the Poets his Cotemporaries, and join'd with ſeveral of them in their Writings. He is ſaid, particularly, to have been aſſiſted by* Shakeſpear *in his* Birth of Merlin: *How truly I will not determine; but I think there ſeems to be but little of* Shakeſpear *in it, beſides his Name in the Title-Page. And as the Play was not printed till ſome Years after* Shakeſpear's *Death, his Name might probably be inſerted in the Title-Page by the Author, or Book-ſeller, with a View to promote the Credit, or Sale of the Piece. Our Author wrote, beſides this Comedy,* All's loſt by Luſt, *a Tragedy:* A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd; A Shoemaker's a Gentleman, *Comedies:* The Birth of Merlin, *and the* Witch of Edmonton, *Tragi-Comedies.*



Dramatis Perſonæ.

3 *Captain* Carvegut.
4 *Lieutenant* Bottom.
Ancient Young.
Blood-hound, *a Uſurer.*
Alexander Blood-hound, } *His two ſons.*
Tim. Blood-hound, }
Randall, *A Welchman.*
Ear-lack, *a ſcrivener.*
1 *Sir* Marmaduke Many-minds.
2 *Sir* Janus Ambodexter.
Sim. *the Clown.*
John, *Servant to the Widow.*
Jarvis, *the Widow's Huſband, diſguiſed like her ſervant.*
A Smith.
Buffie, *a Conſtable.*
Watch.

WOMEN.

Widow.
Moll, Blood-hound's *Daughter.*
Widow's *Maid.*
Mrs. Coote, *a Bawd.*
Sue, *a Whore.*

A

Match at Midnight:

A

COMEDY.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter, as making themſelves ready, Tim. Blood-hound, *and* Sim *the man.*

Sim. Good-morrow, maſter *Tim.*

Tim. Morrow *Sim*, my father ſtirring, *Sim?*

Sim. Not yet, I think; he heard ſome ill news of your brother Alexander laſt night, that will make him lie an hour extraordinary.

Tim. Hum: I'm ſorry the old man ſhould lye by the hour; but oh, theſe wicked elder brothers, that ſwear refuſe

refuſe them, and drink nothing but wicked ſack; when we ſwear nothing but niggers noggers, make a meal of a bloat herring, water it with four ſhillings beer, and then ſwear we have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Sim. Here was goody Finny, the fiſh-woman, fetch'd home her ring laſt night.

Tim. You ſhould have put her money by itſelf, for fear of wronging the whole heap.

Sim. So I did, ſir, and waſh'd it firſt in two waters.

Tim. All theſe petty pawns, ſirrah, my father commits to my managing, to inſtruct me in this craft, that when he dyes, the commonwealth may not want a good member.

Enter Miſtreſs Mary.

Sim. Nay, you are curſt as much as he already.

Mary. Oh, brother, 'tis well you are up.

Tim. Why, why?

Mary. Now you ſhall ſee the dainty widow, the ſweet widow, the delicate widow, that to-morrow morning muſt be our mother-in-law.

Tim. What the widow Nagge.

Sim. Yes, yes, ſhe that dwells in Black-fryars, next to the ſign of the fool laughing at a feather.

Mary. She, ſhe, good brother make yourſelf handſome, for my father will bring her hither preſently.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I thought he had been ſick and had not been up, *Sim.*

Sim. Why ſo did I too, but it ſeems the widow took him at a better hand, and rais'd him ſo much the ſooner.

Tim. While I tie my band, prithee ſtroke up my foretop a little: niggers, an' I had but dreamed of this an hour before I wak'd, I wou'd have put on my Sunday cloaths: 'ſnails, my ſhoes are as pale as the cheek of a ſtew'd pander; a clout, a clout, *Sim.*

Sim. More haſte the worſe ſpeed; here's ne'er a clout now.

Tim. What's that lies by the books?

Sim. This, 'tis a ſumner's coat.

Tim.

Tim. Prithee lend's a ſleeve of that, he had a noble on't laſt night, and never paid me my bill-money.

Enter old Bloodhound, the widow, her maid, and man.

Blood. Look, look, up and ready; all is ready, widow. He is in ſome deep diſcourſe with *Sim*, concerning monies out to one or another.

Wid. Has he ſaid his prayers, ſir?

Blood. Prayer before providence! When did ye know any thrive and ſwell that uſes it? He's a chip o'th' old block; I exerciſe him in the trade of thrift, by turning him to all the petty pawns. If they come to me, I tell them I have given over brokering, moyling for muck and traſh, and that I mean to live a life monaſtic, a praying life; pull out the tail of Creſſus from my pocket, and ſwear 'tis call'd charity's looking-glaſs, or an exhortation to forſake the world.

Maid. Dainty hypocrite! (*Aſide.*)

Wid. Peace.

Blood. But let a fine fool that's well feather'd come, and withal good meat. I have a friend, it may be, that may compaſſionate his wants. I'll tell you an old ſaw for't, over my chimney yonder,

A poor man ſeem to him that's poor,
And prays thee for to lend;
But tell the prodigal, not quite ſpent,
Thou wilt procure a friend.

Wid. Truſt me, a thrifty ſaw.

Blood. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers: Give me theſe witty politic ſaws, and indeed my houſe is furniſh'd with no other.

Wid. How happy ſhall I be to wed ſuch wiſdom!

Blood. Shalt bed it, ſhalt bed it, wench; ſhalt ha't by infuſion. Look, look!

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Save ye, maſter *Tim.*

Tim. Who's this, goodman File the Blackſmith? I thought

thought it had been our old collier: Did you go to bed with that dirty face, goodman File?

Smith. And rise with it too, sir?

Tim. What have you, bumming out there, goodman Fyle?

Smith. A vice, sir, that I would fain be furnish'd with a little money upon.

Tim. Why, how will you do to work then, goodman Fyle?

Smith. This is my spare vice, not that I live by.

Tim. Hum: You did not buy this spare vice of a lean courtier, did ye?

Smith. No, sir, of a fat cook that 'strain'd of a smith for's rent.

Sim. Oh, hard-hearted man of grease!

Tim. Nay, nay, *Sim*, we must do't sometimes.

Blood. Ha, thrifty whoreson!

Tim. And what wou'd serve your turn, goodman Fyle?

Smith. A noble, sir.

Tim. What, upon a spare vice, to lend a noble?

Sim. Why, sir, for ten groats you may make yourself drunk, and so buy a vice outright for half the money.

Tim. That is no noble vice, I assure you.

Sim. How long wou'd you have it?

Smith. But a fortnight; 'tis to buy stuff, I protest, sir.

Tim. Look you, being a neighbour, and born one for another.

Blood. Ha, villain, shalt have all.

Tim. There is five shillings upon't, which at the fortnight's end, goodman Fyle, you must make five shillings and sixpence.

Smith. How, sir?

Tim. Nay, an' it were not to do you a courtesy-----

Blood. Ha, boy!

Smith. Well, an' it were not for earnest necessity. Ha, boys, I come, I come, you black rascals, let the cans go round. [*Exit Smith.*

Tim. And then I had forgot three pence for my bill, so there is four pence and nine pence, which you are to tender back; five shillings and six pence, goodman Fyle at the end of the fortnight. *Tim.*

Tim. *Sim*, becauſe the man's an honeſt man, I pray lay up his vice, as ſafe as it were our own.

Sim. And if he miſs his day, and forfeit, it ſhall be yours and your heirs for ever.

Blood. What, diſburſing money, boy? Here is thy mother-in-law.

Sim. Your noſe drops, 'twill ſpoil her ruff.

Tim. Pray, forſooth---what's a clock?

Maid. Oh, fie upon him, miſtreſs, I thought he had begun to ask you bleſſing. [*aſide.*

Wid. Peace, we'll have more on't. [*aſide. Walks towards him.*

Tim. I wonnot kiſs, indeed.

Sim. An' he wonnot, here are thoſe that will, forſooth.

Blood. Get you in, you rogue. [*Exit Sim.*

Wid. I hope you will, ſir: I was bred in Ireland, where the women begin the ſalutation.

Tim. I wonnot kiſs, truly.

Wid. Indeed you muſt.

Tim. Wou'd my girdle may break if I do.

Wid. I have a mind.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I wonnot.

Blood. Nay, nay, now his great oath's paſt, there's no talk on't;

I like him ne'er the worſe; there's an old ſaw for't.

A kiſs firſt, next the feeling ſenſe,
Crack ſay the purſe-ſtrings, out fly the pence.

But he can talk though; whoſe boy are you, *Tim?*

Tim. Your boy, forſooth, father.

Blood. Can you turn and wind a penny, *Tim?*

Tim. Better than yourſelf, forſooth, father.

Blood. You have look'd in the church-book of late; how old are you, *Tim?*

Tim. Two and twenty years, three months, three days, and three quarters of an hour, forſooth, father.

Wid. He has arithmetic.

Blood. And grammar too; what's Latin for your head,

head, Tim?

Tim. Caput.

Wid. But what for the head of a block?

Tim. Caput blockhead.

Blood. Do you hear, your ear?

Tim. Aura.

Blood. Your eye?

Tim. Oculus.

Blood. That's for one eye; what's Latin for two?

Tim. Oculus, oculus.

Wid. An admirable accidental grammarian, I proteſt, ſir.

Blood. This boy ſhall have all; I have an elder rogue that ſucks and draws me; a tavern academian; one that proteſts to whores, and ſhares with highway lawyers; an arrant unclarify'd rogue, that drinks nothing but wicked ſack.

Enter Sim, and Alexander drunk.

Sim. Here's a gentleman would ſpeak with you.

Blood. Look, look, now he's come for more money.

Wid. A very hopeful houſe to match into, wench; the father a knave, one ſon a drunkard, and t'other a fool. [*aſide.*

Tim. O monſter father! Look, if he be not drunk; the very ſight of him makes me long for a cup of ſix.

Alex. Pray, father, pray to God to bleſs me; [*to Tim.*

Blood Look, look; takes his brother for his father.

Sim. Alas, ſir, when the drink's in, the wit's out; and none but wiſe children know their own fathers.

Tim. Why, I am none of your father, brother; I am Tim, do you know Tim?

Alex. Yes, umph---for a coxcomb.

Wid. How wild he looks! Good ſir, we'll take our leaves.

Blood. Shalt not go, 'faith, widow: you cheater, rogue, muſt I have my friends frighted out of my houſe by you? Look he ſteal nothing to feaſt his bawds. Get you out, ſirrah! there are conſtables, beadles, whips, and

and the college of extravagants, eclipt Bridewell, you rogue; you rogue there is, there is----mark that.

Alex. Can you lend me a mark upon this ring, ſir? and there ſet it down in your book, and, umph---mark that.

Blood. I'll have no ſtolen rings pick'd out of pockets, or taken upon the way, not I.

Alex. I'll give you an old ſaw for't.

Blood. There's a rogue mocks his father; ſirrah, get you gone. Sim, go let looſe the maſtiff.

Sim. Alas, ſir, he'll tear and pull out your ſon's throat.

Blood. Better pull't out, than a halter ſtretch it: Away, out of my doors, rogue, I defy thee.

Alex. Muſt you be my mother-in-law?

Wid. So your father ſays, ſir.

Alex. You ſee the worſt of your eldeſt ſon, I abuſe no body.

Blood. The rogue will fall upon her.

Alex. I will tell you an old ſaw.

Wid. Pray, let's hear it.

Alex. An old man is a baſeful of bones,
And who can it deny?
By whom (umph) a young wench lyes and groans,
For better company.

Blood. Did you ever hear ſuch a raſcal? Come, come, let's leave him: I'll go buy thy wedding ring preſently; you're beſt be gone, ſirrah: I am going for the conſtable, ay, and one of the church-wardens; and now I think on't, he ſhall pay five ſhillings to the poor for being drunk, twelve-pence ſhall go into the box, and t'other four my partner and I will ſhare betwixt us: There's a new path to thrift, wench; we muſt live, we muſt live, girl.

Wid. And at laſt die for all together.

Sim. 'Tis a diamond.

Tim. You'll be at the fountain after dinner?

Alex. While 'twill run, boy.

Tim.

Tim. Here's a noble now, and I'll bring you t'other as I come by to the tavern; but I'll make you ſwear I ſhall drink nothing but ſmall-beer.

Alex. Niggers naggers, thou ſhalt not; there's thine own oath for thee; thou ſhalt eat nothing an' thou wilt, but a poach'd ſpider, and drive it down with ſyrrup of toads. [*Exit.*

Tim. Ah! prithee, Sim, bid the maid eat my breakfaſt herſelf.

Sim. H'as turn'd his ſtomach, for all the World like a puritan's at the ſight of a ſurplice. But your breakfaſt ſhall be devour'd by a ſtomach of a ſtronger conſtitution, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter captain Carvegut and lieutenant Bottom.

Capt. No game abroad this morning? This coxcomb park, I think be paſt the beſt; I have known the time the bottom 'twixt thoſe hills has been better fledg'd.

Lieut. Look out, captain, there's matter of employment at foot o'th' hill.

Capt. A buſineſs?

Lieut. Yes, and hopeful; there's a morning bird; his flight ſeems for London, he halloo's and ſings ſweetly, prithee let's go and put him out of tune.

Capt. Thee and I have crotchets in our pates; and thou knoweſt two crotchets make one quaver; he ſhall ſhake for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Randall.

Rand. Did hur not ſee her true loves,
As hur came from London?
Oh, if hur ſaw not hur fine prave loves,
Randall is quite undone.

Well, was never mortal man in Wales cou'd have wag'd praver, ſiners, and nimblers, than Randals have done, to get ſervice in Londons: whoope, where was hur now? juſt upon a pridge of ſtone, between the legs of a couple of pretty hills, but no more near mountains in Wales, than Clim of the Clough's bowe, to her cozen

David's harp. And now hur prattle of Davie, I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingſton, a couple of hur t'other cozens ſaint Nicholas clarks, the morning was ſo red as an egg, and the place ferry full of dangers, perils, and bloody buſineſſes by reports: augh her ſwords was trawn, cod pleſs us and hur cozen Hercules was not ſtand againſt too; which ſhall hur take, if they take Randals, will rip Randals cuts out; and then Randals ſhall ſee Paul's ſteeples no more; therefore her will go directly under the pridge, here was but ſtanding to knees in little fine cool fair waters; and by cat if hur have Randals out, her ſhall come and fetch Randals and her will, were her nineteen Nicholas clarks. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieu. Which way took he?

Capt. On ſtraight, I think.

Lieu. Then we ſhould ſee him, man; he was juſt in mine eye when we were at foot o'th' hill, and to my thinking, ſtood here looking towards us upon the bridge.

Cap. So thought I, but with the cloud of duſt we rais'd about us, with the ſpeed our horſes made, it ſeems we loſt him; now I could ſtamp and bite my horſes ears off.

Lieu. Let's ſpur towards Coomb-houſe, he ſtruck that way; ſure he's not upon the road.

Capt. 'Sfoot, if we miſs him, how ſhall we keep our word with Saunder Bloodhound in Fleetſtreet, after dinner, at the fountain? he's out of caſh, and thou know'ſt by Cutter's law, we are bound to relieve one another.

Lieu. Let's ſcour towards Coomb-houſe, but if we miſs him!

Capt. No matter, do'ſt ſee yonder barn o'th' left hand?

Lieu. What of that?

Capt. At the weſt end, I tore a piece of board out, And ſtuft in cloſe amongſt the ſtraw, a bag

Of

Of a hundred pound at leaſt, all in round ſhillings:
Which I made my laſt night's purchaſe from a lawyer.

Lieu. Doſt know the place to fetch it again?

Capt. The torn board is my land mark, if we miſs this,
We make for that, and whilſt that laſts---oh London,
Thou labyrinth that puzzleſt ſtricteſt ſearch,
Convenient inns of court, for highway lawyers,
How with rich wine, tobacco, and ſweet wenches,
We'll canvaſs thy dark caſe?

Lieu. Away, let's ſpur. [*Exit.*

Enter Randal.

Rand. Spur, did hur call hur? have made Randals ſtand without poots, in fery pittiful pickles; but hur will run as nimbles to Londons, as creyhound after rabbits. And yet now hur remember what her cozens talkt, was ſome wiſer and ſome too. Randals heard talk of parn upon left hand, and a prave bag with hundred pounds in round ſhillings, cod pleſs us; and yonder was parns, and upon left hands too: now here was queſtions and demands to be made, why Randals ſhould not rob them would rob Randals? hur will go to parns, pluck away pords, pull out paggs, and ſhew her cozen a round pair of heels, with all hur round ſhillings, mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieu. The rogue rife right, and has outſtript us. This was ſtaying in Kingſton with our unlucky hoſteſs, that muſt be dandled, and made drunk next her heart; ſhe made us ſlip the very cream o'th' morning; if any thing ſtand aukward, a woman's at one end on't.

Cap. Come, we've a hundred pieces good yet in the barn; they ſhall laſt us and ſaunder a month's mirth at leaſt.

Lieu. Oh theſe ſweet hundred pieces! how I will kiſs you, and hugg you, with the zeal a uſurer does his baſtard money, when he comes from church. Wer't not for them, where were our hopes? But come, they ſhall

ſhall be ſure to thunder in the taverns. I but now, juſt now, ſee pottle pots thrown down the ſtairs, juſt like ſerjeants and yeomen, one i'th' neck of another.

Capt. Delicate viſion! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Randall.

Rand. Hur have got hur pag and all by the hand, and hur had ferily thought in conſcience, had not bin ſo many round fillings in whole worlds, but in wales; 'twas time to ſupply hur ſtore, hur had but thirteen-pence halfpenny in all the worlds, and that hur have left in hur little white purſe, with a rope her found py the parn, juſt in the place hur had this. Randals will be no ſerving mans now, hur will buy hur prave parrels, prave ſwords, prave taggers, and prave feathers, and go a wooing to prave comely pretty maid. Rob Randals! becat, and hur were ten dozen of couzens, Randals rob hur, mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieu. A plague of Friday mornings! the moſt unfortunate day in the whole week.

Capt. Was ever the like fate? 'ſfoot, when I put it in, I was ſo wary, though it were midnight, that I watch'd till a cloud had maſk'd the moon, for fear ſhe ſhould have ſeen't.

Lieu. O luck!

Capt. A gale of wind did but creep o'er the bottom, and becauſe I heard things ſtir, I ſtayed; 'twas twelve ſcore paſt me.

Lieu. The pottle pots will ſleep in peace to night.

Capt. And the ſweet clinks.

Lieu. The clattering of pipes.

Capt. The Spaniſh fumes.

Lieu. The more wine boy, the nimble anon, anon, ſir.

Capt. All to night will be nothing; come, we muſt ſhift.

'Sfoot, what a witty rogue 'twas, to leave this fair thirteen-pence-halfpenny, and this old halter, intimating aptly,

Had

Had the hangman met us there, by theſe preſages,
Here had been his work, and here his wages.

Lieu. Come, come, we muſt make friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bloodhound, Tim, and Sim.

Blood. There ſirrah, there's his bond; run into the Strand, 'tis ſix weeks ſince the tallow chandler fetch'd my hundred marks, I lent him to ſet him up, and to buy greaſe; this is his day, I'll have his bones for't elſe, ſo pray tell him.

Tim. But are a chandler's bones worth ſo much, father?

Blood. Out, coxcomb!

Sim. Worth ſo much! I know my maſter will make dice of them; then 'tis but letting maſter *Alexander* carry them next Chriſtmas to the temple, he'll make a hundred marks a night of them.

Tim. 'Maſs, that's true.

Blood. And run to maſter ear-lacks the informer, in Thieving-lane, and aſk him what he has done in my buſineſs. He gets abundance, and if he carry my cauſe with one falſe oath, he ſhall have Moll; he will take her with a little. Are you gone, ſir?

Tim. No, forſooth.

Blood. As you come by Temple-bar, make a ſtep to th' devil.

Tim. To the devil, father?

Sim. My maſter means the ſign of the devil:
And he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a ſaint holds him by the noſe.

Tim. Sniggers, what does the devil and a ſaint both in a ſign?

Sim. What a queſtion's that? what does my maſter, and his prayer-book o' ſunday, both in a pew?

Blood. Well, well, ye gipſy, what do we both in a pew?

Sim. Why make a fair ſhew, and the devil and the ſaint does no more.

Blood. You're witty, you're witty; call to the man o'th' houſe, bid him ſend in the bottles of wine to-night, they

they will be at hand i'th morning,---will you run, ſir?

Tim. To the devil as faſt as I can, ſir; the world ſhall know whoſe ſon I am. [*Exit.*

Blood. Let me ſee now, for a poeſy for the ring: Never an end of an old ſaw, 'tis a quick widow, Sim, And wou'd have a witty poeſy.

Sim. If ſhe be quick, ſhe's with child, whoever got it you muſt father it, ſo that you come o'th' nick, for the widow's quick, there's a witty poeſy for your quick widow.

Blood. No, no, I'll have one ſhall ſavour of, of a ſaw.

Sim. Why then, 'twill ſmell of the painted cloth.

Blood. Let me ſee, a widow witty---

Sim. Is paſtime pretty, put in that for the ſport's ſake.

Blood. No, no, I can make the ſport. Then an old man.

Sim. Then will ſhe anſwer, if you cannot a younger can,
And look, look, ſir, now I talk of the younger,
Yonder's antient Young come over again, that
Mortgag'd ſixty pound *per annum* before he went,
I'm deceiv'd if he come not a day after the fair.

Blood. Mine almanack.

Sim. A prayer-book, ſir.

Blood. A prayer-book for devout beggars I hate, look I beſeech thee, fortune now befriend me, and I will call the plaguy whore in, let me ſee, ſix months.

Ant. Yes, 'tis he certain, this is a buſineſs muſt not be ſlackened, ſir.

Sim. Look I beſeech thee, we ſhall have oatmeal in our pottage ſix weeks after.

Blood. Four days too late, Sim; four days too late Sim.

Sim. Plumbs in our pudding a Sunday, plumbs in our pudding.

Ant. Maſter Bloodhound as I take it.

Blood. You're a ſtranger, ſir, you ſhall be witneſs, I ſhall be rail'd at elſe, they will call me devil; I pray you

you how many months from the firſt of May, to the ſixth of November following?

Ant. Six months and four days juſt.

Blood. I aſk, becauſe the firſt of May laſt, a noble gentleman, one antient Young ——

Ant. I am the man, ſir?

Blood. My ſpectacles, Sim; look, Sim, is this ancient Young?

Sim. 'Twas ancient Young, ſir.

Blood. And is 't not ancient Young?

Sim. No, ſir; you have made him a young ancient. (*Aſide.*

Blood. Oh Sim, a chair; I know him now, but I ſhall not live to tell him.

Ant. How fare you, ſir?

Sim. The better for you, he thanks you, ſir. (*Aſide.*

Blood. Sick, ſick, exceeding ſick.

Ant. O'th ſudden? ſtrange!

Sim. A qualm of threeſcore pounds a year come over his ſtomach, nothing elſe. (*Aſide.*

Blood. That you, beloved! you, who of all men i'th' world, my poor heart doted on! whom I loved better than father, mother, brother, ſiſter, uncles, aunts; what would you have? that you ſhould ſtay four days too late!

Ant. I have your money ready;
And ſir, I hope your old love to my father.

Blood. Nay, nay, I am noble, fellow, very noble, a very rock of friendſhip; but, but, I had a houſe and barn burnt down to the ground, ſince you were here.

Ant. How?

Blood. How, burn'd; aſk Sim?

Sim. By fire, ſir; by fire.

Blood. To build up which, for I am a poor man, a poor man, I was forced by courſe of law to enter upon your land, and ſo for leſs money than you had of me, I was fain to ſell it to another. That by four days ſtay, a man ſhould loſe his blood! our livings! our blood! O my heart! O my head!

Ant. Pray take it not ſo heinous, we'll go to him: I'll buy it again of him, he won't be too cruel.

Blood. A dog, a very dog; there's more mercy in a pair of unbrib'd bailiffs. To ſhun all ſuch ſollicitings, he's rid to York; a very cut-throat rogue! but I'll ſend to him.

Ant. An honeſt old man, how it moves him? this was my negligence: good Sim, convey him into ſome warmer room, and I pray, how ever fortune (ſhe that gives ever with the dexterity ſhe takes) ſhall pleaſe to faſhion out my ſufferings, yet for his ſake, my deceas'd father, the long friend of your heart, in your health, keep me happy.

Blood. Oh right honeſt young man! Sim.

Sim. Sir.

Blood. Have I done't well?

Sim. The devil himſelf could not have done't better.

Blood. I tell thee an old ſaw, ſirrah; he that diſſembles in wealth ſhall not want; they ſay dooms-day is coming, but think you not on't. This will make the pot ſeeth, Sim.

Ant. Good ſir, talk no more, my mouth runs over, ſleep, awake, worthy beggar, worthy indeed to be one, and am one worthily---how fine it is to wanton without affliction! I muſt look out for fortunes, over again; no, I have money here, and 'tis the curſe of merit, not to work when ſhe has money: there was a handſome widow, whoſe wild mad jealous huſband died at ſea; let me ſee, I am near Black friars, I'll have one ſtart at her, or elſe---

Enter Bloodhound's daughter Mol, with a bowl of beer.

Mol. By my troth 'tis he! Captain Young's ſon. I have loved him even with languiſhings, ever ſince I was a girl: but ſhould he know it, I ſhould run mad, ſure. What handſome gentlemen travel and manners make? my father begun to you, ſir, in a cup of ſmall beer.

Ant. How does he, pray?

Moll. Pretty well now, ſir.

Ant.

Ant. 'Mafs 'tis ſmall indeed---you'll pledge me?
Moll. Yes, ſir.
Ant. Pray will you tell me one thing?
Moll. What is't?
Ant. Which is ſmaller, this beer or your maidenhead?
Moll. The beer a great deal, ſir.
Ant. Ay, in quality.
Moll. But not in quantity?
Ant. No.
Moll. Why?
Ant. Let me try, and I'll tell you.
Moll. Will you tell me one thing before you try?
Ant. Yes.
Moll. Which is ſmaller, this beer or your wit?
Ant. O, the beer, the beer.
Moll. In quality?
Ant. Yes, and in quantity.
Moll. Why then I pray keep the quantity of your wit, from the quality of my maidenhead, and you ſhall find my maidenhead more than your wit.
Ant. A witty maidenhead, by this hand?

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Actus II. Scæna 1.

A table ſet out. Enter two ſervants, Jarvis and John, as to cover it for dinner.

John. IS my miſtreſs ready for dinner?
Jar. Yes, if dinner be ready for my miſtreſs.
John. Half an hour ago, man.
Jar. But prithee ſir, is't for certain? for yet it cannot ſink into my head, that ſhe is to be married to-morrow.
John. Troth, ſhe makes little preparation; but it may be, ſhe wou'd be wedded, as ſhe wou'd be bedded, privately.

Jar. Bedded, call you it, and ſhe be bedded no better than he'll bed her, ſhe may lie tantaliz'd and eat wiſhes.

John. Pox on him, they ſay he's the arranteſt miſer, we ſhall never live a good day with him.

Jar. Well, and ſhe be ſnipt by threeſcore and ten, may ſhe live fixſcore and eleven, and repent twelve times a day, that's once an hour. [*Exit.*

Enter Widow.

Widow. Set meat o'th' board.

John. Yes.

Wid. Why do's your fellow grumble ſo?

John. I do not know.
They ſay you're to marry one that will feed us
With horſe-plumbs, inſtead of beef and cabbage.

Wid. And are you griev'd at that?

John. No, but my friends are.

Wid. What friends are griev'd?

John. My guts.

Wid. So it ſeems, you begun clown---

John. Yes, and ſhall conclude coxcomb, and I be fed with herring bones. 'Sfoot, I ſay no more; but if we do want as much bread of our daily allowance, as wou'd dine a ſparrow, or as much drink as would fox a fly, I know what I know.

Wid. And what do you know, ſir?

John. Why, that there goes but a pair of ſheets between a promoter and a knave; if you known more, take your choice of either.

Wid. 'Tis well, ſet on dinner.

Enter Jarvis with a rabbit in one hand, and a diſh of eggs in the other, and the maid.

Jar. O miſtreſs, yonder's the mad gallant, maſter Alexander Bloodhound, entered into the hall,

Wid. You ſhould have kept him out.

Maid. Alas, ne'er a wench in town could do't, he's ſo nimble, I had no ſooner opened the door, but he thruſt in e'er I was aware.

Enter

Enter Alexander.

Alex. And how does my little handſome, dainty, delicate, well-favour'd, ſtraight, and comely delicious bewitching widow?

Jar. 'Sfoot, here's one runs diviſion before the fiddlers.

Wid. Sir, this is no ſeaſonable time of viſit.

Alex. 'Tis pudding time, wench, pudding time; and a dainty time, dinner time, my nimble-ey'd witty one. Woot be married to-morrow, ſirrah? *(Sets to Table.)*

Jar. She'll be mad to-morrow, ſirrah.

Alex. What, art thou a fortune-teller?

Jar. A chip of the ſame block, a fool, ſir.

Alex. Good fool, give me a cup of cool beer.

Jar. Fill your maſter a cup of cool beer.

Alex. Piſh, I ſpoke to the fool.

Jar. I thought you'd brought the fool with you, ſir.

Alex. Fool, 'tis my man; ſhalt ſit i'faith, wench.

Wid. For once, I'll be as merry as you are mad, and learn faſhions. I am ſet, you ſee, ſir, but you muſt pardon me, our rudeneſs; Friday's fare for my ſelf, a diſh of eggs and a rabbit, I look'd for no ſtrange faces.

Alex. Strange! mine's a good face, i'faith, prithee buſs.

Jar. Why here's one comes to the buſineſs now.

Alex. Sirrah, woot have the old fellow?

Wid. Your father? yes.

Alex. I tell thee thou ſhalt not; no, no, I have ſuch----*this rabbit's raw too.*

Jar. There's but one raw bit, ſir.

Alex. Thy jeſter ſure ſhall have a coat.

Wid. Let it be of your own cut, ſir?

Alex. Nay, nay, nay; two to one is extremity---but as I was telling thee, I have ſuch a huſband for thee, ſo knowing, ſo diſcreet, ſo ſprightly: fill a cup of claret; ſo admirable, in deſires; ſo excellently deſerving, that an old man, fie, fie, prithee---here's to thee.

Wid. The man's mad, ſure.

Var. Mad! by this hand, a witty gallant.

John. Prithee peace, ſhalt hear a ſong.

Enter antient Young.

Wid. What cope's-mate's this trow? who let him in?

Jar. By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding. He came unbidden, and brought his ſtool with him.

John. Look miſtreſs, how they ſtare one at another?

Jar. Yes, and ſwell like a couple of gibb'd cats, met both by chance i'th dark, in an old garret.

Wid. Look, look, now there's no fear of the wild beaſts, they have forgot their ſpleens, and look prettily; they fall to their paſture, I thought they had been angry, and they are hungry.

Jar. Are they none of duke Humphrey's furies, do you think that they devis'd this plot in Paul's to get a dinner?

Wid. Time may produce as ſtrange a truth.
Let's note them.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Hur loved hur once, hur loved hur no more,
Saint Tavie ſo well as hur loved hur then.

Wid. Another bur! this is the cook-maid's leaving open the door, and this is the da ntieſt diſh ſhe has ſent in, a widgin in Welch ſauce----pray let's make a merry day on't.

Rand. Augle Randals comes in very good times, you keep ordinaries hur think, what have you ſet a eat before gallants there?

Jar. They will eat him for the ſecond courſe. (*Aſide.*) Theſe are ſuitors to my miſtreſs, ſure things that ſhe flights; ſet your feet boldly in, widows are not caught as maids kiſs, faintly; but as maſtiffs fight, valiantly.

Rand. Is hur ſo, I pray bid hur miſtreſs obſerve Randals for valours, and prave adventures?

Ant. Some beer.

Wid. Let them want nothing.

Ant. Here widow.

Wid.

Wid. I thank you, ſir.

Alex. Some Wine.

Jar. Here is wine for you, ſir.

Ran. Randals will not be outprav'd I warrant hur.

Alex. Here widow.

Wid. I thank you too, ſir.

Rand. Sounds, ſome Metheglings here.

Wid. What does he call for?

Jar. Here are ſome eggs for you, ſir.

Ran. Eggs man, ſome Metheglings, the wine of Wales.

Jar. Troth, ſir, here's none i'th' houſe; pray make a virtue of neceſſity, and drink to her in this glaſs of claret.

Rand. Well, becauſe hur will make a great deals of neceſſities of virtues, mark with what a grace Randals will drink to hur miſtreſs.

Maid. He makes at you, forſooth.

Wid. Let him come, I have ever an Engliſh virtue to put by a Welſh.

Rand. O noble widows, hur heart was full of woes.

Ant. No noble Welchman, hur heart was in hur hoſe. *(Takes away his cup.)*

Rand. 'Sounds, was that hur manners, to take away Randals cups?

Ant. No, it ſhewed ſcurvy.

Alex. Take't you at worſt, then.

Ant. Whelp of the devil, thou ſhalt ſee t'y ſite for't.

Jehu. Jar. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Rand. Let hur come, let hur come, Randals will redeem reputations, hur warrant hur.

Wid. Redeem your wit, ſir: firſt for you ſir, you are a ſtranger;---- but you, fie maſter Bloodhound!---

Ant. Ha! Bloodhound! good ſir, let me ſpeak with you.

Ran. 'Sounds, what does Randals amongſt ploodhounds? good widows, lend hur an ear.

Alex. Ancient Young! how falſe our memories have play'd through long continuance? But, why met here,

man? Is Mars ſo bad a pay-maſter, that our antients fight under cupid's banner?

Ant. Faith, this was but a ſudden ſtart begotten from diſtraction of ſome fortunes; I purſue this widow but for want of wiſer work.

Jar. The Welchman labours at it.

Rand. A pair of a hundred of ſeeps, thirty prave cows, and twelve dozen of runts.

Wid. Twelve dozen of gooſe.

Rand. Give hur but another hark?

Alex. He has the mortgage ſtill, and I have a handſome ſiſter; do but meet at the fountain in Fleetſtreet, after dinner; O, I will read thee a hiſtory of happineſs, and thou ſhalt thank me.

Ant. Ay, read all's well, or weapons.

Alex. A word, *Jarvis*?

Ran. Oh prave widows, hur will meet hur there, hur knows hur times and hur ſeaſons, hur warrant hur; Randals will make theſe prave gallants hang hurſelfs in thoſe garters of willow-garlands apout hur pates; mark hur now, and remember. [*Exit.*

Ant. Adieu ſweet widow; for my ordinary----(*Kiſſes her.*)

Wid. 'Twas not ſo much worth, ſir.

Ant. You mean, 'twas worth more then; and that's another handſomely begg'd.

Wid. You conclude women, cunning beggars, then.

Ant. Yes, and men good benefactors. My beſt wiſhes wait on ſo ſweet a miſtreſs---will you walk? [*Exit.*

Alex. I'll follow you. Woo't think on't ſoon at night, or not at all?

Jar. I wou'd not have my wiſhes wrong'd, if I ſhould bring it about handſomely, you can be honeſt?

Alex. Can, doſt conclude me a ſattin cheat?

Jar. No, a ſmooth gallant, ſir. Do not you fail to be here ſoon at nine, ſtill provided, you will be honeſt; if I convey you not under her bed, throw me a top o'th' teſter, and lay me out o'th' way like a ruſty bilboe.

Alex.

Alex. Enough; drink that. Farewel widow; fate, the deſtinies, and the three ill-favoured ſiſters, have concluded the means, and when I am thy huſband---

Wid. I ſhall be your wife.

Alex. Do but remember theſe croſs capers then, you bitter ſweet one.

Wid. Till then adieu, you bitter ſweet one.

Jar. This dinner would have ſhew'd better in bedlane, and ſhe at the other ſide, holdeth her whole neſt of ſuitors play. What art decks the dark labyrinth of a woman's heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Mary Bloodhound, and Sim.

Moll. Marry old Earlack! is my father mad?

Sim. They're both a concluding on't yonder, to-morrow's the day; one wedding dinner muſt ſerve both marriages.

Moll. Oh Sim! the Antient, the delicate Antient; there's a man, and thou talk'ſt of a man; a good face, a ſparkling eye, a ſtraight body, a delicate hand, a clean leg and foot, ah ſweet Sim! there's a man worth a maidenhead.

Enter Bloodhound and Earlack.

Sim. But I ſay, maſter Earlack, the old man, a foot like a bear, a leg like a bedſtaff, a hand like a hatchet, an eye like a pig, and a face like a winter pigmie; there's a man for a maidenhead.

Moll. Oh look, look; Oh alas, what ſhall I do with him?

Sim. What? why, what ſhall fifteen do with ſixty and twelve? make a ſcreen of him, ſtand next the fire, whilſt you ſit behind him, and keep a friend's lips warm. Many a wench would be glad of ſuch a fortune.

Blood. Your oath ſtruck it dead then, o' my ſide?

Ear. Five hundred deep of your ſide, i'faith, father.

Blood. Mol, come hither, Mol; I hope Sim has diſcover'd the project.

Ear. And to-morrow muſt be the day, Moll; both of a day, one dinner ſhall ſerve; we may have ſtore of little ones; we muſt ſave for our family.

Mol. Good ſir, what raſhneſs was parent to this madneſs? marry an old man!---Earlack the informer!

Blood. Madneſs---You're a whore.

Ear. Is ſhe a whore, Sim?

Sim. She muſt be your wife, I tell---

Blood. An arrant whore, to refuſe maſter Innocent Earlack of Rogue-land! that for his dwelling. Next that he doth inform now and then againſt enormities, and hath been blanketed, it may be, pump'd in's time; yet the world knows he does it not out of need; he's of mighty means, but takes delight now and then to trot up and down, to avoid idleneſs, you whore.

Sim. Good ſir!

Ear. Pray, father!

Mol. This wound wants oil. [*aſide.*] Good ſir, in all my paths,
I will make you my guide; I was only ſtartled
With the ſuddenneſs of the marriage,
In that I knew, that this deſerving gentleman
And I had never ſo much conference,
Whereby this coal of Paphos, by the rhetoric
Of his love-ſtealing, heart captivating language,
Might be blown into a flame.

Ear. Does ſhe take tobacco, father?

Blood. No, no, man; theſe are out of ballads; She has all the garland of good-will by heart.

Ear. 'Snails, ſhe may ſing me aſleep o'nights then, Sim?

Sim. Why, right, ſir, and then 'tis but tickling you o'th' forehead with her heels, you are awake again, and ne'er the worſe man.

Mol. Is he but five year older than yourſelf, ſir?

Ear. Nay, I want a week and three days of that too.

Blood. I'll tell thee an old ſaw for't, girl, *Old ſay he be, old blades are beſt, young hearts are never old.*

Ear. Ah, ha!

Blood.

Blood. Gold is great glee, gold begets reſt, what fault is found in gold:

Sim. I will anſwer preſently, ſir, with another ſaw.

Blood. Let's ha't, let's ha't.

Ear. Mark, Moll.

Sim. Young, ſay ſhe be young, *Young mutton's ſweet, content is above gold, if like an old cock he with young mutton meet, he feeds like a cuckold.*

Blood. A very pretty pithy one, I proteſt; look, an' Moll do not laugh: 'ſhalt have a pair of gloves for that. What leather doſt love?

Sim. Calf, ſir; ſheep's too ſimple for me.

Blood. Nay, 'tis a witty notable knave; he ſhould never ſerve me elſe.

Enter John with a letter.

John. My miſtreſs remembers her love, and requeſts you would inure her ſo much to your patience, as to read that.

Blood. Love letters, love-lies: doſt mark, *Sim*, theſe women are violent, Sim; whilſt I read the lie, do you rail to him upon the brewer; ſwear he has deceiv'd us, and ſave a cup of beer by't.

Sim. I will not ſave you a cup at that rate, ſir.

Ear. I can make thee a hundred a year jointure, wench. At the firſt, indeed, I began with petty buſineſſes, wench; and here I pick'd and there I pick'd: but now I run through nothing but things of value.

Moll. Sir, many thoughts trouble me; and your words carry ſuch a weight, that I will chuſe a time, when I have nothing elſe to do, to think on 'em.

Ear. By my troth, ſhe talks the wittieſt, an' I cou'd underſtand her.

Blood. Oh, nimble, nimble widow, I am ſorry we have no better friends; but, pray commend me, tho' in a blunt dry commendation, at the time and place appointed; I wonnot fail. I know ſhe has a neſt of ſuitors, and wou'd carry it cloſe, becauſe ſhe fears ſurprizal.

Ear. What news, father?

Blood. Shalt lie there all night, ſon.

Ear. Was that the firſt news I heard on't?

Blood. I muſt meet a friend i'th' dark ſoon; let me ſee, we lovers are all a little mad; do you and Moll take a turn or two i'th' garden, whilſt Sim and I go up into the garret and deviſe, till the gueſts come.

Sim. He's a little mad. I had beſt hang him upon the croſs beam in the garret. *Exit.*

Ear. Come, Moll, come Molkin; we'll even to the Camomile bed, and talk of houſhold ſtuff; and be ſure thou remembereſt a trade.

Mol. Pleaſe you go before, ſir?

Ear. Nay, an old ape has an old eye; I ſhall go before, an' thou woo't ſhew me a love-trick, and lock me into the garden. I will come diſcreetly behind, Moll.

Moll. Out upon him, what a ſuitor have I got! I am ſorry you're ſo bad an archer, ſir.

Ear. Why bird, why bird?

Moll. Why, to ſhoot at buts, when you ſhou'd uſe prick-ſhafts, ſhort ſhooting will loſe you the game, I aſſure you, ſir.

Ear. Her mind runs ſure upon a Fletcher or a Bowyer; howſoever I'll inform againſt both; the Fletcher for taking whole money for piec'd arrows, the Bowyer for horning the headmen of his pariſh, and taking money for his pains. *Exeunt.*

Enter in the tavern, Alexander, the captain, lieutenant, Sir Short-heels, a whore, miſtreſs Cook, a bawd.

Alex. Some rich Canary, boy.

Draw. Anon, anon, ſir.

Alex. Poſſible! Thus cheated of an hundred pieces!
A handſome halter, and the hangman's wages popt in the place: what an acute wit we have in wickedneſs?

Cap. 'Tis done, and handſomely.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's a pottle of rich canary, and a quart of neat claret, gentlemen; and there's a gentleman below, he

he ſays he is your brother, maſter Bloodhound: he appointed to meet you here.

Capt. The expected thing, that bought the Briſtol ſtone.

Alex. Send him up, prithee; remember how it muſt be carry'd.

Bawd. I am her grandmother; forget not that by any means.

Alex. And pray remember that you do not mump as if you were chewing bacon, and ſpoil all.

Bawd. I warrant you.

Enter Ancient.

Alex. And hark.

Draw. Are theſe the company, ſir?

Anc. Yes, but thoſe I like not; theſe are not they; I'll ſtay i'th' next room till my company come.

Draw. Where you pleaſe, ſir; pray, follow me: *Exit.*

Capt. I hear him coming up gingerly.

Alex. Oh he tramples upon the boſom of a tavern with that dexterity, as your lawyers clerks do to Weſtminſter-hall upon a dirty day with a pair of white ſilk-ſtockings. Brother Tim, why now you're a man of your word, I ſee. *Enter Tim.*

Tim. Nay, I love to be as good as my ſay. See, brother, look, there's the reſt of your money upon the ring. I cannot ſpend a penny, for I have ne'er a penny left. What are theſe, what are theſe?

Alex. Gallants of note and quality; he that ſits taking tobacco is a captain, captain Carvegut.

Tim. He will not make a capon of me, will he?

Alex. Are you not my brother?

Alex. He that pours out the ſparkling ſprightly claret, is a lieutenant under him, lieutenant Bottom. He was a ſerjeant firſt.

Tim. Of the Poultry, or of Woodſtreet?

Alex. A ſerjeant of the field, a man of blood.

Tim. I'll take my leave, brother, I am in great haſte.

Alex. That delicate ſweet young gentlewoman---

Tim.

Tim. Fough, this tobacco!

Alex. That bears the bluſh of morning upon her cheeks, whoſe eyes are like a pair of talking twins.

Tim. She looks juſt upon me.

Alex. I think you are in haſte.

Tim. No, no, no, pray.

Alex. Whoſe lips are beds of roſes, betwixt which there ſteals a breath ſweeter than Indian ſpices.

Tim. Sweeter than ginger.

Alex. But then to touch thoſe lips----You ſtay too long, ſure.

Tim. Piſh, I tell you I do not; I know my time: Pray, what's her name?

Alex. But 'tis deſcended from the ancient ſtem, the great Tributie, Lindabrides her name; that ancient matron is her reverend grannom.

Tim. Niggers, I have read of her in the mirror of knighthood.

Alex. Come, they ſhall know you.

Tim. Nay, brother.

Alex. I ſay they ſhall.

Tim. Let me go down and waſh my face firſt.

Alex. Your face is a fine face: My brother, gentlemen!

Capt. Sir, you're victoriouſly welcome.

Tim. That word has e'en conquer'd me.

Lieut. I deſire to kiſs your hand, ſir.

Tim. Indeed but you ſhall not, ſir; I went out early, and forgot to waſh them.

Bawd. Precious dotterill!

Capt. Sir, I ſhall call it a courteſy, if you ſhall pleaſe to vouchſafe to pledge me.

Tim. Four or ſix!

Capt. 'Tis rich canary, it came from beyond the ſeas.

Tim. I will do no courteſy at this time, ſir; yet for one cup I care not, becauſe it comes from beyond the ſeas. I think 'tis outlandiſh wine.

Sue. Look, how it glides!

Bawd. Now, truly, the gentleman drinks as like one maſter Widgin a kinſman of mine.

Lieut.

Lieut. Pox on you, heilding.

Tim. I ha' heard of that Widgin, I ha' been taken for him; and now I think on't, a cup of this is better than our four ſhilling beer at home.

Lieut. You muſt drink another, ſir; you drank to no body.

Tim. Is it the law, that if a man drinks to no body, he muſt drink again?

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay; fill his glaſs.

Tim. Why, then I will drink to no body once more, becauſe I will drink again.

Alex. Did I not tell you! More wine there, drawer.

Sue. This pageant's worth the ſeeing, by this hand.

Tim. Methinks this glaſs was better than t'other, gentlemen.

Capt. Oh, ſir, the deeper the ſweeter ever.

Tim. Do you think ſo, ſir.

Lieut. Ever that when you drink to no body.

Tim. Why, then, I pray give me t'other cup, that I may drink to ſomebody.

Bawd. I have not drank yet, ſir.

Alex. Again, ye witch! Drink to the young gentlewoman.

Tim. Miſtreſs Lindabrides,

Sue. Thanks, moſt ingenious ſir.

Enter Ancient.

Anc. She's a little ſhame-fac'd; the deeper the ſweeter, forſooth.

Tim. Pox on you for a coxcomb.

Anc. I'th' next room I have ſeen and heard all.---Oh noble ſoldiers.

Tim. Here boys, give us ſome more wine. There's a hundred marks, gallants; 'tis your own, an' do but let me bear an office amongſt you. I know as great a matter has been done for as ſmall a ſum. Pray, let me follow the faſhion.

Capt. Well, for once take up the money: Give me a cup of ſack. And give me your hand, ſir; and becauſe

cauſe our Flemiſh corporal was lately choak'd at Delph with a flap dragon, bear you his name and place, and be henceforth call'd Corporal Cod's-head. Let the health go round.

Tim. Round! An' this go not round!---Some wine there, tapſter. Is there ne'er a tapſter i'th' houſe?

[*Ancient ſhews himſelf.*

Alex. My worthy friend, thou'rt maſter of thy word. Gentlemen, 'tis Ancient Young; you're ſoldiers, come, come, ſave-cap, compliment in cup. Prithee, ſit down.

Anc. Are you a captain, ſir?

Capt. Yes.

Anc. And you a lieutenant?

Capt. Yes.

Anc. I pray where ſerv'd you laſt?

Capt. Why, at the battle of Prague.

Anc. Under what colonel? In what regiment?

Capt. Why, let me ſee: but come in company: let's ſit, ſir. True ſoldiers ſcorn unneceſſary diſcourſe, eſpecially in taverns.

Anc. 'Tis true, true ſoldiers do; but you are tavern-rats.

Cap. How?

Alex. Prithee!

Anc. Foul food that lies all day undigeſted,
Upon the queaſy ſtomach of ſome tavern,
And are ſpew'd out at midnight.

Tim. Corporal Cod's-head's health, ſir.

Anc. In thy face, fool.

Tim. This is cruel, Ancient.

Anc. You are but the worms of worth,
The ſons of ſhame and baſeneſs,
That in a tavern dares out-ſit the ſun,
And rather than a whore ſhall paſs unpledg'd,
You'll pawn your ſouls for a ſuperfluous cup,
Though you caſt it into the reckoning.
The true ſoldier is all over man.
Noble and valiant; wiſdom is the mould,

In

In which he casts his actions. Such a discreet temperance
Doth daily deck his doings, that by his modesty
He's guess'd the son of merit, and by his mildness
Is believed valiant. Go, and build no more
These airy castles of hatch'd fame, which fools
Only admire and fear you for: The wise man
Derides and jeers as puffs really of
Virtue and valour! (Those fair twins
That are born, breathe, and die together) then
You'll no more be call'd butterflies, but men:
Think on't, and pay your reckoning. *Exit.*

Capt. Shall we suffer this, Saunder?

Alex. I must go after him.

Sue. Kill him, an' there be no more men in Christendom.

Alex. I know my sister loves him, and he swears he loves her,---and by this hand it shall go hard if he have her not, smock and all. Brave, excellent man! With what a strength of zeal we admire that goodness in another, which we cannot call our own! *Exit.*

Lieut. He's a dead man, I warrant him.

Capt. But where's our corporal? corporal, corporal. [*Looks out.*

Tim. Well, here's your corporal, an' you can be quiet.

Sue. Look, an' he have not insconst himself in a wooden castle.

Tim. Is he gone that call'd us butterflies?

Bawd. Yes, yes, h'as taken wing, and your brother's gone after him, to fight with him.

Tim. That's well, he cannot in conscience but do us the courtesy to kill him for us. Come, gallants, what shall we do? I'll never go home to go to bed with my guts full of four shillings beer, when I may replenish them with sack.---Ha, now am I as lusty; methinks we two have blue beards: Is there ne'er a wench to be had? Drawer, bring us up impossibilities, an honest whore and a conscionable reckoning.

Lieu. Why, here's all fire wit, whether he will or no.

Sue.

Sue. A whore! O tempting handſome, ſir; think of a rich wife rather.

Tim. Tempting handſome, ſir; ſhe's not married, is ſhe, gentlemen?

Cap. A woodcock ſpring'd! let us but keep him in this bacchanalian mift till morning, and 'tis done.

Tim. Tempting handſome, ſir! I've known a woman of handſome tempting fortunes, throw herſelf away upon a handſome tempting, ſir.

Lieu. Hark you, ſir; if ſhe had, and cou'd be tempted to't, have you a mind to marry: wou'd you marry her?

Tim. Oh, and a man were ſo, worthy tempting, ſir.

Lieu. Give me but a piece from you.

Tim. And when will you give it me again?

Lieu. Pray give me but a piece from you. I'll pay this reckoning into the bargain; and if I have not a trick to make it your own, I'll give you ten for't---here's my witneſs.

Tim. There 'tis, ſend thee good luck with 't, and go drunk to bed.

Lieu. Do not you be too raſh, for ſhe obſerves you, and is infinitely affected to good breeding.

Tim. I wonnot ſpeak, I tell you, till you hold up your finger, or fall a whiſtling.

Capt. Come, we'll pay at bar, and to the Mitre in Breadſtreet; we'll make a mad night on't. Pleaſe you, ſweet ladies, but to walk into Bread ſtreet, this gentleman has a fooliſh ſlight ſupper, and he moſt ingenuouſly profeſſes, it would appear to him, the meridian altitude of his deſired happineſs, but to have the table deck'd with a pair of perfections, ſo exquiſitely refulgent.

Tim. He talks all ſack, and he will drink no ſmall beer.

Bawd. Pray lead, and he ſhall follow.

Sue. Bleſs mine eyes, my heart is full of changes. [*Exit.*

Tim. Oh, is it ſo, I have heard there be more changes in a woman's heart in an hour, than can be rung upon ſix bells in ſeven days. Well, go thy ways, little doſt thou

thou think how thou ſhalt be betrayed, within this four and twenty hours; thou ſhalt be mine own wife, fleſh and blood, by father and mother, O tempting handſome, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter John and the maid.

John. BUT ſirrah, canſt tell what my miſtreſs means to do with her ſuitors?

Maid. Nay, nay, I know not, but there is one of them worth looking after.

John. Which is he, I prithee?

Maid. Oh John, maſter Randall, John.

John. The Welchman?

Maid. The witty man, the pretty man, the ſinging man; he has the daintieſt ditty, ſo full of pith, ſo full of ſpirit, as they ſay.

John. Ditties! they are the ends of old ballads.

Maid. Old ends, I am ſure they are new beginnings with me.

John. Here comes my miſtreſs.

Enter Widow and Jarvis.

Wid. Who was that knock'd at the gate?

Jar. Why your Welch wooer.

Maid. Alas, the ſight on's eyes is enough to ſinge my little maidenhead; I ſhall never be able to endure him. [*Exit maid.*

Enter Randall.

Rand. *When high King Henry rul'd this land,*
the couple of hur name,
Beſides hur Queen was tearly lov'd,
a fair and princely ——— *widows,*

Hark you, widows; Randals was diſturb'd in cogitations, about lands, ploughs, and cheeſe preſſes in Wales; and

and becat hur have forgot where hur and hur meet ſoom at pright dark evenings.

Wid. Why on the change, in the Dutch walks.

Rand. Oh haw, have hur----but Randals was talk no Dutch, pray meet hur in the Welch walk, was no Welch walk there?

Wid. Fie, no, there are no Welch merchants there.

Rand. 'Maſs, was fery true, was all ſhentlemen in Wales. Hur never ſaw hur ſhamber-maid; pray where was her ſhamber-maid?

Jar. Taken up i'th' kitchen, ſir.

Rand. Can hur make wedding-ped pravely for Randals, and widows?

Wid. Pray tell him, Jarvis, whether ſhe can or no.

Jar. Sir, not to delay, but to debilitate the ſtrength of your active apprehenſion of my miſtreſs's favour.

Rand. Was fery good words.

Jar. Hark in your ear, ſhe will have her neſt feather'd with no Britiſh breed.

Rand. Sounds, was not Brittiſh ſo good as Engliſh?

Jar. Yes, where there's wiſdom, wit, and valour; but as amongſt our Engliſh, we may have one fool, a knave, a coxcomb, and a coward, ſhe bid me tell you, ſhe has ſeen ſuch wonders come out of Wales. In one word, you're an aſs, and ſhe'll have none of you.

Rand. Augh, Saint Tavie, Owen Morgan, and all her couſins, was widow herſelf ſay ſo?

Wid. Good ſir, let every circumſtance make up one anſwer, take it with you.

Jar. And the Roman anſwer is, the Engliſh gooſe, ſir.

Rand. Sounds! hur was kill now, Gog, and Gogmagog, a whole dozen of ſhaints. Make fool of Randals! Randals was wiſht to as prave match as widows; was know one Mary Bloodhound, was ha all, when hur father kick up heels; and becat though hur never ſaw hur, hur will ſend hur love letters preſently, get hur good wills, and go to ſhurch and marry, and hur were eight and thirty, two hundred and nine and fifty widows, mark hur now. [*Exit. Randal.*

Jar.

Jar. He pelts as he goes pitifully.
Wid. Where's Mary?
John. Mary!

Enter Mary.

Wid. Pray go to Aldgate, to my ſempſtreſs for my ruff. I muſt uſe it ſay to-morrow; did you bid her hollow it juſt in the French faſhion cut?
Maid. Yes, forſooth.
Wid. 'Twas well; we have no other proof in uſe, that we are Engliſh, if we do not zany them. Let John go with you.
Maid. Yes, forſooth. [*Exit.*
Jar. But pray, forſooth, how do you mean to diſpoſe of your ſuitors?
Wid. Shall I tell thee? for this, thou haſt given him his cure, and he is paſt care; for old Bloodhound the ſaw-monger, I writ to him, to meet me ſoon at ten in the dark, upon the change; and if I come not by ten, he ſhould ſtay till twelve: intimating ſomething myſtically, that to avoid ſurprizals of other rivals, I mean to go from thence with him to lye at his houſe all night, and go to church with him i'th' morning; when my meaning is only knavery, to make myſelf merry, and let him cool himſelf there till morning.
Jar. And now have I a whimſey, newly jumpt into the coll of ingenious apprehenſion, to ſawce him daintily; that for that. What think you of the gentleman, that brought a ſtool with him out of the hall, and ſat down at dinner with you in the parlour?
Wid. They ſay he's an antient, but I affect not his colours.
Jar. But what ſay you to the mad victorious Alexander?
Wid. A wild mad roarer, a trouble not worth minding.
Jar. He will mind you e'er morning, troth, miſtreſs, *aſide.*] There was a gentleman i'th' next room, that hath a long time loved you, and has watch'd for ſuch an hour, when all was out of doors, to tell you ſo; and none

none being within but you and I, he desires you wou'd hear him speak, and there's an end on't.

Wid. What is he?

Jar. An honest man.

Wid. How know you?

Jar. Why, he told me so.

Wid. And why were you such a fool to take his own word?

Jar. Because all the wit I had cou'd get no body's else.

Wid. A knave will ever tell you he's an honest man.

Jar. But an honest man will never tell you he's a knave.

Wid. Well, sir, your mistress dares look upon the honest man.

Jar. And the honest man dares look upon my mistress. *Exit.*

Wid. 'Tis the roughest, blunteſt fellow.

Yet when I take young Bloodhound to a retired collection of scattered judgment, which often lies disjointed, with the confused distraction of so many; methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right ingenious spirit, veil'd meerly with the vanity of youth and wildness. He looks, methinks, like one that could retract himself from his mad starts, and when he pleased turn tame. His handsome wildness, methinks, becomes him, could he keep it bounded in thrift and temperance. But down these thoughts, my resolve rests here in private.----But from a fool, a miser, and a man too jealous for a little sweetness, Cupid defend me.

Enter like a gentleman very brave, with Jarvis's cloaths in's hand.

Jar. And to a widow wife,
Nobly liberal, and discreetly credulous,
Cupid hath sent me.

Wid. Pray prove, as you appear, a gentleman. Why Jarvis?

Jar. Look you, here's Jarvis hangs by geometry; and here's the gentleman. For less I am not, that afar off

off taken with the fainted praiſes of your wealthy beauty, your perſon, wiſdom, modeſty, and all that can make woman gracious, in this habit ſought and obtained your ſervice.

Wid. For heaven's ſake what's your intent?

Jar. I love you.

Wid. Pray keep off.

Jar. I wou'd keep from you. Had my deſires bodies
How I cou'd beat them into better faſhion,
And teach them temperance. For I rid to find you;
And at a meeting amongſt many dames
I ſaw you firſt: Oh how your talking eyes,
Thoſe active, ſparkling, ſweet, diſcourſing twins,
In their ſtrong captivating motion told me
The ſtory of your heart! A thouſand Cupids
Methought ſat playing on that pair of chryſtals,
Carrying to the ſwiftneſs of covetous fancy,
The very letters we ſpell love with.

Wid. Fie, fie.

Jar. I have ſtruck her to the heart, through my face
Apparelled with this field of gravity,
The neglected roughneſs of a ſoldier's dart.
Theſe diamond-pointed eyes but hither through, and you will ſee a young ſpring on't, but queſtion times fair ones.
They'll confeſs, tho' with a bluſh, they have often found good wine at an old buſh. My blood is young, full of amorous heats, which but branch'd out into theſe luſty veins,
Wou'd play, and dally, and in wanton turnings,
Wou'd teach you ſtrange conſtructions.
Let time and place then, with love's old friend, opportunity, inſtruct you to be wiſe.

Wid. Alas, ſir, where learn'd you to catch occaſions thus?

Jar. Of a lawyer's clerk, wench, that with ſix ſuch catches, leap'd in five years from his desk to his coach, drawn with four horſes.

Wid. Do you mean marriage?

Jar.

Jar. Marriage is a cloying meat; marry who thou woo't to make a ſhew to ſhroud thee from the ſtorms, round headed opinion, that ſways all the world, may let fall on thee: Me, couzen thou ſhalt call. Once in a month, or ſo, I'll read falſe letters from a far diſtant uncle, inſert his commendations to thee, hug thy believing huſband into a pair of handſome horns; look upon him with one eye, and wink upon thee with the other. Woud'ſt have any more?

Wid. The return of ſervants, or ſome friendly viſit will intercept us now; reaſſume your habit, and be but Jarvis till to-morrow morning; and by the potent truth of friendſhip, I will give you plenty of cauſe to confeſs I love you truly, and ſtrongly.

Jar. You're in earneſt.

Wid. On my life, ſerious; let this kiſs ſeal it.

Jar. The ſofteſt wax ever ſeal'd bawdy buſineſs! Now for old Bloodhound; I'll meet you upon the Change, ſir, with a blind bargain, and then help your ſon to a good penny-worth: this night ſhall be all mirth, a miſtreſs of delight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bloodhound, Earlack with letters, Sim and Moll.

Blood. Nay, nay, nay, mark what follows; I muſt bring her home i'th' dark, turn her up to bed, and here ſhe goes to church: my cloak, ſirrah,

Sim. 'Tis a very dark night, ſir; you'll not have a cloak for the rain.

Blood. I'm going to ſteal the widow from I know not how many.

Sim. Nay, then I'll let your cloak for the rain alone, and fetch you a cloak for your knavery,

Blood. To-bed, to-bed---good Sim, what Moll, I ſay.

Moll. Sir.

Blood. I charge you, let not one be up i'th' houſe, but yourſelf, after the clock ſtrikes ten, nor a light be ſtirring; Moll, trick up the green bed-chamber very daintily.

Moll. I ſhall, ſir.

Blood.

Blood. And, well remember'd, Moll; the keys of my compting-houſe are in the left pocket of my coat, above i'th' wicker chair; look to them, and have a care of the black box there I have often told thee of; look to that as to thy maidenhead.

Moll. I ſhall, ſir.

Blood. Pray for me all, pray for me all.

Sim. Have you left out any thing for ſupper?

Blood. Out rogue, ſhall not I be at infinite expence to-morrow; faſt to-night, and pray for me.

Sim. An old devil in a greaſy ſattin doublet, keep you company.

Blood. Ha, what's that?

Sim. I ſay, the ſattin doublet you will wear to-morrow, will be the beſt in the company, ſir.

Blood. That's true, that's true; I come, widow, I come, wench. *Exit Blood.*

Moll. Oh ſweet Sim, what ſhall I do to-morrow? To-morrow muſt be the day, the doleful day, the diſmal day; alas Sim, what doſt thou think in thy conſcience I ſhall do with an old man?

Sim. Nay, you're well enough ſerv'd; you know how your brother, not an hour ago, lay at you to have the Ancient, one that your teeth e'en water at; and yet you cry, I cannot love him, I wonnot have him.

Moll. I could willingly marry him, if I might do nothing but look on him all day, where he might not ſee me; but, to lie with him! alas, I ſhall be undone the firſt night.

Sim. That's true, how will you go to bed elſe? But remember, he is a man of war, an Ancient, you are his colours; now when he has nimbly diſplay'd you, and handſomely folded you up againſt the next fight, then we ſhall have you cry, oh ſweet *Sim*, I had been undone, if I had not been undone.

Moll. Nay, and then the old fellow would mumble me to bed.

Sim. A bed, a bawd with two teeth would not mumble bacon ſo; then he is ſo ſparing, you ſhall wear nothing, but from the brokers at ſecond-hand; when being

ing an Ancient's wife, you shall be sure to flourish.

Moll. Prithee go in and busy the old man with a piece of Reynard the Fox, that he may not disturb us; for at this hour I expect Ancient Young, and my brother.

Sim. Well, I leave you to the managing of Ancient Young, while I go in and flap the old man i'th' mouth with a fox tail. *Exit.*

Enter Alexander and Ancient.

Moll. Look, look, an' he have not brought him just upon the minute. O sweet silken Antient, my mind gives me, thee and I shall dance the shaking of the sheets together.

Alex. Now, you mistress fig-tail, is the wind come about yet? I ha' brought the gentleman; do not you tell him now, you had rather have his room than his company, and so shew your breeding.

Moll. Now, fie upon you; by this light you're the wickedest fellow! My brother but abuses you; pray, sir, go over again, you've a handsome spying wit, you may send more truth over in one of your well-penn'd pamphlets, than all the weekly news we buy for our penny.

Anc. Pox on't, I'll stay no longer.

Alex. 'sFoot, thou shalt stay longer; we'll stay her heart, her guts out.

Moll. Ha, ha, how will you do for a fifter then?

Alex. Prithee, Moll, do, do but look upon him!

Moll. Yes; when I ha' no better object.

Alex. What canst thou see in him thou unhandsome hideous thing, that merits not above thee?

Moll. What wou'd I give to kiss him? [*aside.*

Alex. Has he not a handsome body, streight legg'd, a good face?

Moll. Yes, but his lips look as if they were as hard as his heart.

Anc. 'sFoot, shall try that presently.

Moll. You're basely, sir, condition'd.---Pagh.

Alex. Why, do you spit?

Moll. You may go. By this light he kisses sweetly. [*aside.*

Alex. Do but stay a little, *Moll*, prithee *Moll*, thou know'st

knoweſt my father has wrong'd him; make him amends and marry him.

Moll. Sweet Mr. Spendall, ſpare your buſy breath, I muſt have a wife man, or elſe none.

Alex. And is not he a wiſe man?

Moll. No.

Alex. Why?

Moll. Becauſe he keeps a fool company.

Alex. Why, you are now in's company.

Moll. But birds of a feather will fly together; and you and he are ſeldom aſunder.

Alex. Why, you young witch, call your elder brother fool! But, go thy ways, and keep thy maidenhead till it grow more deſervedly deſpiſed, than are the old baſe boots of a half ſtew'd pander; lead a welch morris with the apes in hell amongſt the little devils,----or when thou ſhalt lie ſighing by the ſide of ſome rich fool, ---remember thou thing of thread and needles, not worth three pence halfpenny.

Moll. Too late, I fear I ha' been too coy; you are to be married then, ſir?

Anc. I am, indeed, ſweet miſtreſs, to a maid
Of excellent parentage, breeding, and beauty.

Alex. I ha' thought of ſuch muſicians for thee.

Anc. But let it not be any way diſtaſteful unto you, that thus I try'd you; for your brother perſwaded me to pretend love to you, that he might perceive how your mind ſtood to marriage, in that, as I gueſs, he has a husband kept in ſtore for you.

Alex. Ay, I have provided a husband for thee, Moll.

Moll. But I'll have no husband of your providing; for alas now I ſhall have the old man, whether I will or no.

Alex. I have ſuch a ſtripling for thee, he wants one eye, and is crooked legg'd; but that was broke at football.

Anc. Alas, we cannot mould men, you know.

Alex. He's rich, he's rich, *Moll.*

Moll. I hate him and his riches: Good ſir, are you to be married in earneſt?

Alex. In earneſt; why, do you think men marry as fencers ſometimes fight, in jeſt? Shall I ſhew her miſtreſs Elizabeth's letter, I ſnatch'd from thee?

Anc. Not, an' thou loveſt me.

Moll. Good brother let me ſee it; ſweet brother, dainty brother, honey brother.

Alex. No, indeed, you ſhall not ſee it, ſweet ſiſter, dainty ſiſter, honey ſiſter.

Moll. Oh, good ſir, ſince ſo long time I have lov'd you, let me not die for your ſake.

Alex. The tide turns.

Anc. Long time loved me?

Moll. Long e'er you went to ſea I did.
I have loved you very long with all my heart.

Alex. Think of Beſs, think of Beſs, 'tis the better match.

Moll. You wicked brother! Indeed I love you better than all the Beſs's in the world; and if to-night I ſhift not into better fortunes, to-morrow I am made the miſerableſt wife, marriage and miſery can produce.

Alex. Is't poſſible?

Moll. Alas, ſir, I am to marry an old man, a very old man, truſt me. If I was ſtrange, 'tis the nicetimorous temper of a maid; you know 'tis againſt our ſex to ſay we love: but rather than match with ſixty and ten, threeſcore and ten times I would tell you ſo, and tell them ten times over too: truth loves not virtue with more of virtuous truth, than I do you, and won-not you love me then? [*weeps.*

Anc. And lie with thee too, by this hand, wench; come, let us have fair weather; thou art mine, and I am thine, there's an end o'th' buſineſs; this was but a trick, there's the projector.

Moll. Oh, you're a ſweet brother!

Alex. And now thou'rt my ſweet ſiſter, I know the old man's gone to meet with an old wench that will meet with him, or Jarvis has no juice in his brains; and while I, i'th' the mean time, ſet another wheel a-going at the widow's, do thou ſoon, about ten, for 'tis to be very convenient dark, meet this gentleman at the Nag's

Nag's head corner, juſt againſt Leadenhall; we lie in Lime-ſtreet, thither he ſhall carry thee; accommodate thee daintily, all night with Mrs. Dorothy, and marry thee i'th' morning, very methodically.

Moll. But I have the charge of my father's keys where all his writings lie.

Anc. How all things jump in a juſt equivalency, to keep thee from the thing of threeſcore and ten; didſt thou not ſee my mortgage lately there?

Moll. Stay, ſtay.

Alex. A white devil with a red fox tail, in a black box.

Moll. But yeſterday my father ſhew'd it me, and ſwears, if I pleas'd him well, it ſhould ſerve to eke out my portion.

Anc. Prove thine old dad a prophet; bring it with thee, wench.

Moll. But now at's parting, he charg'd me to have a care to that, as to my maidenhead.

Alex. Why, if he have thy maidenhead and that in the bargain, thy charge is perform'd. Away, get thee in, forget not the hour, and you had better fight under Ancient Young's colours, than the old man's ſtandard of ſixty and ten.

Moll. Remember this, mad-brain! *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scæna I.

Enter Sue, Tim, Captain, and Bawd.

Tim. HA, ha, ha, grandmother, I'll tell thee the beſt jeſt.

Sue. Prithee, chick.

Bawd. Jeſt, quotha'! Here will be jeſting of all ſides, I think, if Jarvis keeps his word.

Tim. Sirrah, whilſt thou wert ſent for into the next room, up came our ſecond courſe; amongſt others, in

a diſh of Blackbirds, there lay one, that I ſwore was a Woodcock; you were at table, captain.

Cap. That I was, and our brave mad crew, which for my ſake you are pleaſed to make welcome.

Tim. Piſh, we'll have as many more to morrow night; but ſtill I ſwore 'twas a woodcock: ſhe ſwore 'twas a Blackbird; now who ſhall we be try'd by, but ſerjeant Sliceman, captain Carvegut's couſin here, a trifling wager, a matter of the reckoning was laid, the ſerjeant ſwore 'twas a Blackbird; I preſently paid the reckoning, and ſhe clipt off the breaſt preſently, and ſwore 'twas a woodcock, as if any other wou'd paſs after the reckoning was paid.

Bawd. This was a pretty one, I proteſt.

Tim. Made ſure, before ſuch a mad crew of witneſſes, ſirrah, grannum, all's agreed, Sue's----

Sue. Ay, you may ſee, how you men can betray poor maids.

Enter lieutenant.

Lieut. Do you hear, corporal, yonder's ſerjeant Sliceman, and the brave crew that ſupp'd with us have call'd for three or four gallons of wine, and are offering money.

Tim. How! prithee, grannum, look to Dab, do you two but hold them in talk, whilſt I ſteal down and pay the reckoning.

Lieut. Do't daintily, they'll ſtay all night.

Tim. That's it I wou'd have, man; we'll make them all drunk; they'll never leave us elſe; and ſtill as it comes to a crown. I'll ſteal down and pay it in ſpite of their teeth. Remember, therefore, that you make them all drunk; but be ſure you keep me ſober to pay the reckonings.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Bawd. Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis, how I long till I ſee thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Moll Bloodhound, and Sim with a letter.

Moll. There we muſt meet ſoon, and be married to morrow

morrow morning, Sim; is't not a mad brother?

Sim. Yes, and I can tell you news of a mad lover.

Moll. What is he, in the name of Cupid?

Sim. Why, one maſter Randals, a Welchman; I have had ſuch a fit with him; he ſays he was wiſh'd to a very wealthy widow; but of you he has heard ſuch hiſtories, that he will marry you, though he never ſaw you; and that the parboyl'd Ætna of his boſom, might be quench'd by the conſequent paſtime, in the prittiſh flames of his prittiſh blood, he ſalutes you with that love letter.

Moll. This is a mad lover, indeed, prithee read it.

Sim. 'Maſs, h'as writ it in Welch-Engliſh; we had been ſpoil'd elſe, for want of an Interpreter. But this he begins; miſtreſs Maries---

Moll. He makes two Maries ſerve one miſtreſs.

Sim. Ever while you live, 'tis your firſt rule in Welch Grammars, that hur forſake widows, and take maids, was no great wonder, for ſentlemen ever love the firſt cut.

Moll. But not o'th' coxcomb, he ſhould have put in that.

Sim. The coxcomb follows by conſequence, mark elſe, *I Randal Crack, of Carmarde, [illegible] thee Mary Ploodhounds, of Houndſditch, dwelling nea Aldgate, and Piſhop's gate, juſt as between hawk and buzzard.*

Moll. He makes an indifferent wooing.

Sim. And that hur loves Marys ſo monſtrous, yet never ſaw her, was becauſe hur hear hur in all ſosieties ſo ferry fillanouſly commended, but 'ſpecially before one maſter Puſſie, conſtables of hur pariſh, who made hurſelf half fox'd by ſwearing by the wines, that Maries wou'd be monſtrous good marriages for 'Randals.

Moll. Maſter Buſſie, it ſeems, was not idle.

Sim. If Marys can love a Pritain of the Plood of Cadwallader, which Cadwallader was Prute's great grandfather, Randals was come in proper perſons, pring round fillings in hur pockets, get father's good will, and go to ſhurch a ſunday with a whole dozen of Welch harps before

hur. So, hur reſt hur conſtant lovers,
Randal William ap Thomas, ap Tavy, ap Robert, ap Rice, ap Sheffery, Crack.

Moll. Fie, what ſhall I do with all them?

Sim. Why, he ſaid theſe all reſt your conſtant lovers, whereof, for manners ſake, he puts himſelf in the firſt place: he will call here preſently; will you anſwer him by letter or word of mouth?

Moll. 'Troth, neither of either, ſo let him underſtand.

Moll. Will ye not anſwer the love-ſick gentleman?

Moll. If he be ſick with the love of me, prithee tell him I cannot endure him; let him make a virtue of neceſſity, and apply my hate for's health.

Sim. Ay, but I'll have more care of the gentleman, I warrant you; if I do not make myſelf merry, and ſtartle your midnight meeting, ſay *Sim* has no more wit than his godfathers, and they were both head men of this pariſh.

Enter Randal.

Ran. *Farewel widows brave, her ſall ne Randals have,*
Widows was very full of wiles,
Mary Bloodhounds now, Randals make a vow,
Was run for Moll a couple of miles..

Honeſt Simkins, what ſaid Marys to Randal's letters?

Sim. You're a madman.

Rand. Augh, hur was very glad hur was mad.

Sim. The old man has money enough for her, and if you marry her, as if her project take, you may, ſhe'll make you more than a man.

Ran. More than mans; what's that?

Sim. Troth, cannot you tell that? this is the truth on't, ſhe wou'd be married to-morrow to one Ancient Young, a fellow ſhe cannot endure: now, ſhe ſays,

Jar. He's a knight abounding in deeds of charity, his name Sir Nicholas Nemo.

Blood. And wou'd he pop her in at puddle-dock?

Jar. And he cou'd but get her down there.

Blood. By my troth, we ſhall pop him fairly; where is ſhe? where is ſhe?

Jar. Ha, do you not perceive a fellow walk up and down muffled, yonder?

Blood. There is ſomething walks.

Jar. That fellow has dog'd us all the way, and I fear all is fruſtrate.

Blood. I hope not, man.

Bauld. This it is to be in love, if I do not dwindle.

Jar. I know him now.

Blood. 'Tis none of Sir Nicholas's ſpies, is't?

Jar. He ſerves him.

Blood. He wonnot murder me, will he?

Jar. He ſhall not touch you; only, I remember this afternoon, this fellow by what he had gathered by eves-dropping, or by frequent obſervation, aſk'd me privately if there were no meeting betwixt you and my miſtreſs to night in this place; for a widow he ſaid he knew you were to meet.

Blood. Good.

Jar. Now I handſomely threw duſt in's eyes, and yet kept the plot ſwift afoot too; I told him you were here to meet a widow too, whom you long loved, but would not let her know't till this afternoon, naming to him one of my aunts, a widow by Fleet-ditch; her name is miſtreſs Gray, and keeps divers gentlewomen lodgers.

Blood. Good again.

Jar. To turn the ſcent then, and to cheat inquiſition the more ingeniouſly.

Blood. And to bob Sir Nicholas moſt neatly.

Jar. Be ſure all this night, in the hearing of any that you ſhall but ſuſpect to be within hearing, to call her nothing but miſtreſs Coote.

Blood. Or widow Coote.

Jar. Yes, you may put her in ſo; but be ſure you cohere in every particle, with the precedent fallacy, as that you have loved her long, tho' 'till this day,---and ſo as I did demonſtrate.

Blood. But how an' ſhe ſhou'd ſay ſhe is not widow Coote, and that ſhe knows no ſuch woman, and ſo ſpoil all?

Jar. Truſt that with her wit, and my inſtructions. We ſuſpected a ſpy, and therefore ſhe will change her voice.

Blood. Thou haſt a delicate miſtreſs of her.

Jar. One thing more, and you meet preſently; mine aunt has had nine huſbands; tell her you'll hazard a limb and make the tenth.

Blood. Prithee let me alone; and Sir Nicholas were here himſelf, he ſhou'd ſwear 'twere thine aunt.

Jar. Go forwards towards him, be not too full of prattle, but make uſe of your inſtructions.

Blood. Who's there, widow Coote?

Bawd. Maſter Bloodhound, as I take it.

Blood. She changes her voice bravely; I muſt tell thee, true widow, I have loved thee a long time, (look how the rogue looks,) but had never the wit to let thee know it till to day.

Bawd. So I was given to underſtand, ſir.

Jar. Is he not fool'd finely? *(Aſide.)*

John. Handſome, by this hand.

Blood. I like thy dwelling well, upon the Fleet-ditch.

Bawd. A pretty wholeſome air, ſir, in the ſummer time.

Blood. Who would think 'twere ſhe, Jarvis?

Jar. I told you ſhe was tutor'd.

Blood. I'll home with her preſently.

Jar. Faith, and he have any private diſcourſe with her, they diſcover themſelves one to another, and ſo ſpoil the plot. No, by no means, ſir, hazard your perſon with her; the bold rogue may come up cloſe, ſo diſcover her to be my miſtreſs, and recover her with much danger to you.

Blood.

says, if you could meet her privately to-night, between ten and eleven, just at the great cross-way, by the Nag's head tavern at Leadenhall.

Ran. Was high, high pump, there as her turn into Graces-street.

Sim. There's the very place. Now, because you come the welcomest man in the world to hinder the match against her mind with the Ancient, there she will meet you; go with you to your lodging, lie there all night, and be married to you i'th' morning at the Tower, as soon as you shall please.

Ran. Becat hur will go and prepare priests presently; look you, Simkins, there is a great deal of round shillings for hur, hur was very lucky fillings, for came to Randals shust for all the world as fortune was come to fool; tell Marys, hur will meet her, hur warrant her; make many puppy fools of Ancients, and love her very monstrously. [*Exit.*

Sim. Ha. ha, ha! so, so; this midnight match shall be mine; she told me she was to meet the Ancient there. I'll be sure the Ancient shall meet him there; so I shall lie a-bed and laugh, to think if he meet her there, how she will be startled; and if the Ancient meet him there, how he will be cudgell'd: beware your ribs, master Randal. *Exit.*

Enter old Bloodhound.

Blood. I wonder where this young rogue spends the day. I hear he has receiv'd my hundred marks, and my advantage with it, and it may be, he went home since I went out. Jarvis was with me but even now, and bid me watch, and narrowly, for fear of some of my rival spies: For I know she has many wealthy suitors, all love money. This Jarvis is most neat in a love business, and when we are married, because many mouths much meat, I will requite his courtesy, and turn him away: the widow's all I look for.---Nay, let her fling, to see I have her possessions; there's a law for't.

There's thriving in wiving: For when we bury
Wives by half dozens, the money makes merry.

Oh money, money, money, I will build thee
An altar on my heart, and offer thee
My morning longings, and my evening wiſhes,
And hadſt thou life, kill thee with covetous kiſſes.

Enter John and Jarvis.

John. But now and ſhe ſpeak ſhe ſpoils all; or if he call her by my miſtreſs's name; haſt thou not tricks to enjoin them both to ſilence till they come ſure?

Jar. Phaw, that's a ſtale one, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him in her own accent; he ſhall call her by her own name leaving out the bawd, yet ſhe ſhall violently believe he loves her, and he ſhall confidently believe the fame which he requires, and ſhe but preſents.
Fall off, ſhe comes.

Enter Mrs. Coote.

Bawd. Jarvis.

Jar. Here I have diſcovered him, 'tis by his coughs. Remember your inſtructions, and uſe few words; ſay, though till night you knew it not, you will be married early in the morning, to prevent a Vintner's widow, that lays claim to him.

Blood. Jarvis.

Jar. Good old man, I know him by his tongue.

Blood. Is ſhe come? is ſhe come, Jarvis?

Jar. Aſk her if ſhe wou'd live, ſir, ſhe walks a loof yonder.

Blood. We ſhall cozen all her woers.

Jar. Nay, amongſt all of you, we'll cozen one great one, that had laid a pernicious plot this night, with a cluſter of his roaring friends to ſurprize her, carry her down to the water ſide, pop her in at puddle-dock, and carry her to Grave's-End in a pair of oars.

Blood. What, what is his name, I prithee?

Conſt. Oh, I know her very well; make haſte home, 'tis late. Come, come, let's back to Gracechurch, all's well, all's well.

Enter ſeverally Antient and Moll.

Anc. I 'ſcap'd the watch at Biſhopſgate with eaſe, there is ſomebody turning down the church corner towards the Exchange, it may be miſtreſs Mary.

Moll. Antient.

Anc. Yes.

Moll. Are you here again, you have nimbly followed me; what ſaid the watch to you?

Anc. I paſs'd them eaſily, the gates are but now ſhut.

Moll. As we go, I'll tell you ſuch a tale of a Welch wooer, and a lamentable love-letter.

Anc. Yes, Sim told me of ſuch a rat, and where he lodges; I thought I ſhould have met him here.

Moll. Here, out upon him:----But the watches walk their ſtation, and in few words is ſafety. I hope you will play fair, and lodge me with the maid you told me of.

Anc. She ſtays up for us, wench, in the word of a gentleman, all ſhall be fair and civil.

Moll. I believe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at ſeveral doors, Randalls and Maid.

Rand. Sounes was another fire drake walk in ſhange, we'll run pack, was Marys have ſaved hur labours, and was come after Randalls. Marys was Randall that loves hur mightily Marys.

Maid. Maſter Randall.

Rand. How did watch let hur go to Graces-ſtreet?

Maid. They knew me, and let me paſs.

Rand. Well now, hur underſtands Marys loves Randals ſo mighty deal.

Maid. If John have not told him, I'll be hang'd.

Rand. Marys ſhall go with Randals to lodgings, and that hur father work no divorcements, he will lie with hur all to-night, and marry hur betimes next morning: mean time, hur will make lands and livings ſaſt.

Maid.

Maid. How! father? this is a miſtake ſure; and to faſhion it fit for mine own following, I will both queſtion and anſwer in ambiguities, that if he ſnap me one way, I may make myſelf good i'th' other; and as he ſhall diſcover himſelf, I'll purſue the conceit accordingly. *(Aſide.)* But will you not deceive me, many minds are many men's almanacks, the dates of your deſire's out, we ſerve for nothing but to light tobacco.

Rand. *If Randal falſe to Marys prove,*
Then let not Marys Randals love:
For Randals was ſo true as Jove,
And Marys was her joy.
If Randals was not Britain born,
Let Marys Randals prow adorn.
And let her give a foul great horn to Randals,

Hur will love hur creat deal of much hur warrant hur.

Maid. And 'tis but venturing a maidenhead, if the worſt come to the worſt, it may come back with advantage. [*Exit.*

Enter in her night-cloaths, as going to bed, widow and maid.

Wid. Is not Mary come home yet?

Maid. No, forſooth. [*Exit.*

Wid. 'Tis a fine time of night, I ſhall thank her for't; 'tis paſt eleven I am ſure. Fetch the prayer-book lies within upon my bed.

Maid. Yes, forſooth. [*Exit.*

Wid. I wonder what this gentleman ſhou'd be that catch'd me ſo like *Jarvis*, he ſaid he has fitted old Bloodhound according to his quality---but I muſt not let him dally too long upon my daily company; luſt is a hand-wolf, who with daily feeding, one time or other, takes a ſudden ſtart upon his benefactor.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh miſtreſs, miſtreſs.

Wid. What's the matter, wench?

Maid.

Blood. Has he got a dagger?

Jar. And a ſword, ſix foot in length. I'll carry her home for you, therefore not a light be ſtirring; for I know your rivals will watch your houſe; Sim ſhall ſhew us the chamber, we'll conduct her up i'th' dark, ſhut the door to her above, and preſently come down and let you in below.

Blood. There was never ſuch a Jarvis heard of. Bid Sim to be careful, by the ſame token, I told him he ſhould feed to-morrow for all the week after: good night, widow Coote, my man ſtayeth up, we will bob Sir Nicholas bravely. Good-night, ſweet widow Coote, I do but ſeem to part, we'll meet at home, wench. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Adieu, my ſweet dear heart.

Jar. Go you with me; ſo, ſo, I'll cage this cuckow; and then for my young madcap, if all hit right, this morning's mirth ſhall crown the craft o'th' night. Follow me warily.

Bawd. I warrant thee, Jarvis, let me alone, to-right myſelf into the garb of a lady: Oh ſtrange! to ſee how dreams fall by contraries; I ſhall be coach'd to-morrow, and yet laſt night dream'd I was carted. Prithee keep a little ſtate, go Jarvis. [*Exit.*

Enter Randall.

Rand. Was fery exceeding dark, but here is high pumps, ſure here is two couple of croſs ways, and there was the ſtreet where Grace dwells. One hundred pound in mornings in round ſhillings, and wife worth one thouſand e'er hur go to bed. Randals fortunes comes tumbling in, like lawyers fees, huddle upon huddle.

Enter Moll.

Moll. Oh ſweet antient, keep thy word, and win my heart. They ſay, a moon-ſhine night is good to run away with another man's wife; but I am ſure a dark night is beſt to ſteal away my father's daughter.

Rand. Mary.

Moll.

Moll. Oh, are you come, ſir? there's a box of land and livings, I know not what you call it.

Rand. Lands, and livings?

Moll. Nay, nay, and we talk, we are undone. Do you not ſee the watch coming up Gracious-ſtreet, yonder? this croſs way was the worſt place we could have met at; but that is yours, and I am yours; but good ſir, do not blame me, that I ſo ſuddenly yielded to your love, alas you know what a match on't I ſhould have to-morrow elſe.

Rand. Hur means the ſcurvy Antient. *(Aſide.)*

Moll. I'th morning we ſhall be man and wife, and then! Alas I am undone, the watch are hard upon us; go you back through Cornhill, I'll run round about the Change, by the church corner, down Cat-eaten-ſtreet, and meet you at Bartholomew-lane end. *[Exit.*

Rand. Cat's-ſtreet was call hur, ſure Randalls was wrapt in mother's ſmock. *[Exit.*

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Conſt. Keep ſtraight towards Biſhop's-gate, I'm deceiv'd if I heard not ſomebody run that way.

Enter chamber-maid, Hugh with a band box.

Watch. Stay, ſir; here's ſomebody come from Aldgate-ward?

Maid. Alas, I ſhall be hang'd for ſtaying ſo long for this cuff.

Watch. Come before the conſtable, here.

Maid. Let the conſtable come before me and he pleaſe.

Conſt. How, now! where ha' you been pray, dame, ha?

Maid. For my miſtreſs's ruff, at her ſempſtris, ſir; ſhe muſt needs uſe it to-morrow, and that made me ſtay till it was done.

Conſt. Pray who's your miſtreſs, where dwell you?

Maid. With one miſtreſs Wagg in Black-friars, next to the ſign of the feathers and the fool, ſir.

Conſt.

Maid. A man, a man under your bed, miſtreſs.

Wid. A man, what man?

Maid. A neat man, a proper man, a well-favoured man, a handſome man.

Wid. Call up John, where's Jarvis?

Maid. Alas, I had no power to ſpeak; his very looks are able to make a woman ſtand as ſtill as a miller's horſe, when he's loading; oh, he comes, he comes! [*Exit.*

Enter Alexander.

Wid. How came you hither, ſir? how got you in?

Alex. As citizens wives do into maſks, whether I wou'd or no; nay, nay, do not doubt the diſcretion of my conſtitution: I have brought ne'er a groat in my boſom; and by this hand, I lay under thy bed, with a heart as honeſt, and a blood as cold, as had my ſiſter lain at top---will you have me yet?

Wid. You're a very rude uncivil fellow.

Alex. Uncivil! and lay ſo tame while you ſet up your foot upon the bed, to untie your ſhoe! ſuch another word, I will uncivilize that injured civility, which you ſo ſcurvily ſlander, and reward you with an undecency proportionable to your underſtandings. Will you have me, will you marry me?

Wid. You, why to-morrow morning I am to be married to your father.

Alex. What, to ſixty, and I know not how many? that will lie by your ſide, and divide the hours with coughs, as cocks do the night, by inſtinct of nature.

Wid. And provide for his family all day.

Alex. And only wiſh well to a fair wife all night.

Wid. And keep's credit all day in all companies.

Alex. And diſcredit himſelf all night in your company.

Wid. Fie, fie; pray quit my houſe, ſir.

Alex. Your's, 'tis my houſe.

Wid. Your houſe, ſince when?

Alex. Ever ſince I was begotten, I was born to't; I muſt

muſt have thee, and I will have thee; and this houſe is mine, and none of thine.

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. Oh miſtreſs, the ſaddeſt accident i'th' ſtreet yonder.

Wid. What accident, prithee?

Jar. You muſt pardon my boldneſs, in coming into your bed-chamber; there is a gentleman ſlain in a fray at the door yonder, and the people won't be perſwaded, but that he that did it took this houſe. There is the conſtable, church-wardens, and all the head men of the pariſh, be now ſearching, and they ſay they will come up hither to your bed-chamber, but they'll find him. I'll keep them down as long as I can, I can do no more than I can. [*Exit.*

Wid. Are not you the murderer, ſir?

Alex. I ha' been under thy bed, by this hand, this three hours.

Wid. Pray get you down then, they will all come up, and find you here and all, and what will the pariſh think then? pray get you down.

Alex. No, no, no; I will not go down, now I think on't. (*makes himſelf uncaſy.*)

Wid. Why, what do you mean, you will not be ſo uncivil to unbrace you here?

Alex. By theſe buckles I will, and what will they think on't----

Wid. Alas, you will undo me.

Alex. No, no, I will undo myſelf look you.

Wid. Good ſir.

Alex. I will off with my doublet to my very ſhirt.

Wid. Pray ſir, have more care of a woman's reputation.

Alex. Have a care on't thyſelf woman, and marry me then.

Wid. Shou'd they come up and ſee this, what cou'd they think, but that ſome foul uncivil act of ſhame had this night ſtain'd my houſe? and as good marry him as my name loſt for ever.

Alex.

Alex. Will you have me before the other ſleeve goes off?

Wid. Do, hang yourſelf, I will not have you---look, look, if he have not pull'd it off quite, why you won-not pull off your boots too, will you?

Alex. Breeches and all, by this fleſh.

Wid. What, and ſtand naked in a widow's chamber.

Alex. As naked as Grantham ſteeple, or the Strand May pole, by this ſpur; and what your grave pariſhioners will think on't?

Jar. Gentlemen, pray keep down.

Wid. Alas, they are at the ſtairs foot; for heaven's ſake, ſir!

Alex. Will you have me?

Wid. What ſhall I do? no.

Alex. This is the laſt time of aſking, they come up, and down go my breeches, will you have me?

Wid. Ay, ay, ay, alas; and your breeches go down, I am undone for ever.

Alex. Why then kiſs me upon't. And yet there's no cracking your credit; Jarvis, come in, *Jarvis*.

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. I have kept my promiſe, ſir, you've catch'd the old one.

Wid. How catcht, is there nobody below then?

Jar. Nobody but John, forſooth, recovering a tobacco ſnuff, that departed before ſupper.

Wid. And did you promiſe this, ſir?

Jar. A woman cannot have a handſomer cloud, than a hair-brain'd huſband: I will be your cooze, he ſhall be my cuckold. (*Aſide.*)

Wid. I love you for your art. (*Aſide.*)

Jar. Come, come, put on, ſir; I've acquainted you both with your father's intended marriage: I'th' morning you ſhall certify him very early by letter, the quality of your fortunes, and return to your obedience, and that you and your wife, ſtill concealing the parties, will attend him to church. John and I'll be there early, as commanded by my miſtreſs, to diſcharge our attendance:

dance: about goes the plot, out comes the project, and there's a wedding dinner dreſt to your hands.

Alex. As pat as a fat hare to a lean ſhark; we ſhall hunger for't; honeſt Jarvis, I am thy bed-fellow to-night, and to-morrow thy maſter.

Wid. You're a fine man to uſe a woman thus?

Alex. Piſh, come, come.

Fine men muſt uſe fine women thus, tis fit;
Plain truth takes maids, widows are won with wit.

Jar. You ſhall wear horns with wiſdom, that is in your pocket. [*Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scæna I.

Enter Sim and John, paſſing over with a baſon of roſemary, and a great flaggon with wine.

Sim. COme John, carry your hand ſteadily, the gueſts drop in apace, do not let your wine drop on't.

John. 'Tis as I told thee, maſter Alexander, thy miſtreſs eldeſt ſon will be here.

Sim. I pray burn ſome pitch i'th' parlour, 'tis good againſt ill airs, maſter Alexander will be here. [*Exit.*

Enter old Bloodhound, and Jarvis.

Blood. I am up before your ſon Earlack, will Ancient Young be here with a rich wife too? thy miſtreſs is not ſtirring yet, firrah; I'll hold my life the baggage ſlipt to thy miſtreſs, there they have e'en lock'd the door to them and are tricking up one another: oh theſe women! But this rogue Tim, he lay out to-night too; he received my hundred mark, and I fear is murdered: Truſs, truſs, good Jarvis.

Jar. He has been a wooing, ſir, and has fetch'd over the delicateſt young virgin! her father died but a week ſince, and left her to her marriage, five thouſand pound

in

in money, and a parcel of land, worth three hundred *per annum*.

Blood. Nay, nay, 'tis like; the boy had ever a captivating tongue to take a woman---O excellent money, excellent money, miſtreſs of my devotions! My widow's eſtate is little leſs too; and then Sander, he has got a monied woman too, there will be a bulk of money. Tim is pulling, I may tell thee, one that by nature's courſe, cannot live long: t'other, a midnight ſurfeit cuts off, then have I a trick to cozen both their widows, and make all mine. O Jarvis, what a monied generation ſhall I then get upon thy miſtreſs?

Jar. A very virtuous brood.

Blood. Haſt done?

Jar. I have done, ſir.

Blood. I'll in and get ſome muſick for thy miſtreſs, to quicken her this morning; and then to church in earneſt. When 'tis done, where is Sir Nicholas Nemo and his words, that watch ſo for her? Ha, ha, ha; all's mixt with honey, I have mirth, a ſweet young widow and her money. O that ſweet ſaint, call'd money.

Enter Alexander, Widow, Ancient, Moll, and Sim.

Anc. Joy, ay, and a hundred pound a year in a black box to the bargain, given away i'th' dark laſt night, to we know not who, and to be heard of we know not when. 'sFoot, an' this be joy, wou'd we had a handſome ſlice of ſorrow to ſeaſon it.

Alex. By this light 'twas ſtrange.

Moll. Believe me, ſir, I thought I had given it you; he that took it call'd me by my name.

Sim. Did he ſpeak Welch or Engliſh?

Moll. Alas, I know not, I enjoin'd him ſilence, ſeeing the watch coming who parted us.

Sim. If this were not maſter Randals of Randal-hall, that I told you of, I'll be flea'd.

Alex. Be mask'd, and withdraw a while; here comes our dad.

Enter

Enter Bloodhound, Sir Marmaduke Manyminds, Sir Janus Ambodexter, and maſter Buſſy.

Blood. Why, maſter Buſſy, aſleep as thou ſtand'ſt, man?

Sim. Some horſe taught him that; 'tis worth god-a-mercy.

Conſt. I watch all night, I proteſt, ſir; the compters pray for me: I ſend all in cut and long tail.

Sir. Mar. What, what?

Conſt. I ſent twelve gentlewomen, our own neighbours laſt night, for being ſo late but at a woman's labour.

Blood. Alas, ſir, a woman in that kind, you know muſt have help.

Conſt. What's that to me? I am to take no notice of that; they might have let her alone till morning.; or ſhe might have cry'd out ſome other time.

Sir Mar. Nay, nay, maſter Buſſy knows his place, I warrant you.

Enter Alexander, and Ancient Young.

Blood. Son Alexander, welcome, and Ancient Young too; I have heard all.

Alex. You muſt pardon the rudeneſs of the gentlewomen, ſir, in not unmasking; they intreated me to inform you, there are ſome i'th' houſe to whom they wou'd by no means be laid open.

Blood. They are witty, they are witty.

Alex. But, for myſelf, I am now your moſt obedient virtuous *Alexander*.

Blood. Obedience; hang virtue, let her ſtarve; has ſhe money? has ſhe money?

Alex. Two cheſts of ſilver, and two Utopian trunks full of gold and jewels.

Blood. They are all *Alexander*'s women, do you mark?

Sim. Alexander was the conqueror, ſir.

Blood. Come, come, we'll to church preſently: Prithee, *Jaques*, whilſt the muſick plays juſt upon the delicious

cious cloſe, uſher in the brides, the widow, and my Moll. *Exit.*

Sim. I tell you true, gallants, I have ſeen neither of them to-day. Shall I give him the lye?

Blood. They are both lock'd up, i'faith, trimming of one another. Oh, theſe women, they are ſo ſecret in their buſineſs, they will make very coxcombs of us men, and do't at pleaſure too; 'tis well ſaid, friends; play, play, where's Sim?

Anc. How he beſtirs him.

Alex. Yes, he will ſweat by and by.

Sim. Here is the ſign of Sim, ſir.

Blood. Have the gueſts roſemary without?

Sim. They have Roſe the cookmaid without, but they ſay you have miſtreſs Mary within.

Alex. Well ſaid, raſcal.

Blood. Mary's above, goodman blockhead. Call my ſon Earlack, bid him for ſhame make haſte.

Sim. He ſhall make haſte for ſhame. [*Exit.*

Blood. I am ſo buſied, you muſt bear with me, gentlemen; they leave it all to me here.

Conſt. But I will go charge ſome of the inferior gueſts in the king's name to fill ſome wine.

Blood. No, no, good maſter Buſſy, we will firſt uſher the brides.

Enter Sim.

Sim. Oh, gentlemen, where are you? Where are you? Where are you, gentlemen?

Omnes. What's the matter?

Blood. Where's Moll, Sim; the widow, Sim; the dainty widow.

Sim. There is no Moll; there is no dainty young widow, but a damnable bawd we found a-bed with a face like an apple-half roaſted.

Omnes. How's this!

Blood. Why, gentlemen!

Anc. Now it works.

Blood. Jarvis, you're a rogue, a cut-purſe, Jarvis. Run, Sim, call my ſon Earlack; he ſhall put her into the

the Spiritual Court for this.

Sim. Nay, he has put her in there already, for we found him a-bed with her.

Omnes. Poſſible!

Blood. Ha, boys; the informer and the bawd, the bawd and the informer have got a devil betwixt them, gentlemen.

Sim. Nay, ſir, the jeſt was, that they ſhould fall aſleep together, and forget themſelves; for very lovingly we found them together, like the Gemini, or the two winter mornings met together: Look, look, look where they come, ſir, and Jarvis between 'em, juſt like the picture of knavery betwixt fraud and letchery.

Enter Jarvis and Earlack.

Jar. Tim is puling, ſirrah, I may tell it thee, a midnight ſurfeit too may cut off Sander, I'll cozen their wives, make all mine own, and then, Oh Jarvis what a monied generation ſhall I get upon this widow Coote that hath two teeth.

Blood. Did we bring you to muſick with a miſchief Earlack! thou'rt a goat, thou haſt abus'd the beſt bed in my houſe, I'll ſet a ſumner upon thee.

Ear. Bloodhound, thou art a uſurer, and takeſt forty in the hundred, I'll inform againſt thee.

Blood. Are you a bawd, huſſy, ha?

Bawd. Alas ſir, I was merely envied, betrayed by Jarvis, but as I have been bawd to the fleſh, you have been bawd to your money; ſo ſet the hare-pye againſt the gooſe-giblets, and you and I are as daintily match'd as can be, ſir.

Blood. Sim, run to the widow Waggs, tell her we are both abus'd, this Jarvis is a jugler, ſay.

Ant. I can ſave Sim that labour, ſir, I aſſure you the widow is married to your ſon Alexander, and as a confirmation ſhe is come herſelf to witneſs it. (*Diſcovers.*

Alex. Your fair young daughter is wife to this Antient, who is come likewiſe to witneſs it.

Wid.

Wid. The plain truth is, maſter *Bloodhound*, I would entreat you to keep the kennel, the younger dog being of the better ſcent, has borne the game before you.

Alex. We have clap'd hands on't, ſir, and the prieſt that ſhou'd have married you to her, is to marry her to me; ſo, ſiſter, talk for yourſelf.

Blood. Ha, brave tricks and conceits! can you dance, maſter Earlack?

Ear. Ha, ha: the old man's a little mad: but thou art not married, Moll?

Moll. Yes indeed, ſir, and will lie with this gentleman ſoon at night; do you think I wou'd chew raw mutton, when I might ſwallow veniſon? that's none of Venus documents, Monſieur Dotterill?

Ear. Pox of that Venus, ſhe's a whore, I warrant her.

Blood. And were not you the other jugler with Jarvis in this, hey, paſs and repaſs?

Alex. Good ſir be ſatisfied; the widow and my ſiſter ſung both one ſong; and what was't, but *Crabbad age and youth cannot live together*. Now we perſwaded them, and they cou'd not live together, they wou'd never endure to lie together; this conſequently deſcended, there was the antecedent, we clapt hands, ſealed lips, and ſo fell unto the relative.

Sim. This was your bargain upon the Exchange, ſir; and becauſe you have ever been addicted to old proverbs, and pithy ſaws; pray let me ſeal up the miſtake with one that will appear very ſeaſonably.

Blood. And I pray let's hear it, ſir.

Sim. You, a new fangled fowler, came to ſhew your art i'th' dark, but take this truth, you catch'd in truth a cuckow for't.

Enter Tim.

Blood. Heyday, we are cheated by the rule, i'faith; now, ſirrah, they ſay you are to be married too.

Tim. Yes indeed, father, I am going to the buſineſs, and gentlemen all, I am come whether you will or no, to invite you all to my marriage to this gentlewoman,

who, though a good face needs no maſk, ſhe's maſk'd to make a man think ſhe has a ſcurvy face, when I know ſhe has a good face; this is ſack to them, and out of their element.

Blood. But ſirrah, ſetting aſide marriages, where's my hundred marks you went to receive?

Tim. Hum---upon ſuch a match of mine, talk of a hundred mark! this is to drink ignoble four ſhillings beer. A hundred mark! why your lawyer there can clear ſuch a trifle in a term, and his clients ne'er the better.

Blood. Such a match, I pray diſcover her, what is ſhe?

Tim. What is ſhe! here's my brother knows what ſhe is well enough; come hither Dab, and be it known unto you, her name is Lindabrides, deſcended from the emperour Tribatio of Greece, and half neice, ſome ſix and fifty deſcents to the moſt unvanquiſh'd Claridiana.

Alex. Who's this? pox on't, what makes that bawd yonder? [*Unmaſks her.*

Buſſy. I am very much deceived, if I did not ſend this gentlewoman very drunk the other night to the counter.

Tim. I tell thee, pratling conſtable, 'tis a lye; Lindabrides a drunkard!

Alex. Hearkee brother, where lies her living?

Tim. Where, why in Greece.

Alex. In greaſe.

Sim. She looks as if ſhe had ſold kitchen-ſtuff.

Alex. This is a common whore, and you a cheated coxcomb; come hither, you rotten hoſpital, hung round with greaſy ſattin, do not you know this vermine?

Bawd. I wink'd at you, Sue, and you could have ſeen me; there's one Jarvis, a rope on him, h'as juggled me into the ſudds too.

Conſt. Now I know her name too, do not you paſs under the name of Sue Shortheels, minion?

Sue. Go look maſter Littlewit, will not any woman thruſt herſelf upon a good fortune, when it is offered her? *Blood.*

Blood. Sir Marmaduke, you are a juſtice of peace; I charge you in the king's name, you and maſter Ambodexter, to aſſiſt me with the whore and the bawd to Bridewell.

Sir Mar. By my troth we will, and we ſhall have an excellent ſtomach by that time dinner's ready.

Ambodex. Ay, ay, away with them, away with them.

Bawd. Oh this rogue Jarvis. [*Exit.*

Blood. Now, now, you look like a melancholly dog, that had loſt his dinner; where's my hundred marks now, you coxcomb?

Tim. Truly, father, I have paid ſome ſixteen reckonings ſince I ſaw you. I was never ſober ſince you ſent me to the devil yeſterday; and for the reſt of your money, I ſent it to one captain Carvegut; he ſwore to me, his father was my Lord Mayor's cook, and that by Eaſter next you ſhould have the principal, and eggs for the uſe, indeed ſir.

Blood. Oh rogue, rogue, I ſhall have eggs for my money, I muſt hang myſelf.

Sim. Not before dinner, pray ſir, the pyes are almoſt bak'd.

Enter Randal.

Rand. And Marys now was won, and all her puſineſs done, and Randals now was run, hur have made all ſure I warrant hur.

Alex. Look, look, yonder's the conceit, the miſtake happened upon laſt night.

Anc. And the very box at's girdle.

Rand. Cot pleſs hur father Ploodhounds, Randals have robb'd Ancients hur warrant hur.

Anc. Sir, 'tis known how you came by that box.

Rand. Augh was hur ſo, will hear a noble pritain, how hur gull an Engliſh flag?

Anc. And you ought to cry.

Rand. Oh noble *Randals*, as hur meet by Nag's-head, with Marys plood, prave.

Blood. Here's another mad man.

Anc. Hearkee in your ear, you muſt deliver that box to me.

Rand. Hearkee in hur t'other ear, hur will not deliver hur, and hur were nine and forty Ancients, and five and fourſcore flags.

Anc. Let my foe write mine epitaph, if I tear not my birth-right from thy boſom?

Sim. Gentlemen, there's Alegant i'th' houſe, pray ſet no more abroach.

Rand. Nay, let hur come with hur pack of needles, Randals can pox and bob, as well as hur, hur warrant hur.

Blood. What box is that? I ſhou'd know that box.

Alex. I will reſolve you, ſir.; keep them aſunder.

Anc. You will reſtore that box?

Rand. Hur will not reſtore hur, 'twas Mary ploodhounds gave hur the box, Randals have married Mary Ploodhounds and gull'd Ancient, mark hur now.

Wid. Mark him, good ſir, methinks he ſays he has married Mary Bloodhound.

Anc. Hang him, he's mad.

Rand. Souns, make tog of Randals? come out here, Marys.

Look here was Mary Ploodhounds.

Enter maid and Hugh.

Now I pray tumble down of hur marrow-pones, and ſee hur father pleſſing?

Alex. This, why this is your maid, widow.

Ear. This is Mary the widow's maid, man.

Alex. And here is Mary Bloodhound, my cholerick ſiſter of Cadwallader, married to this gentleman, who has a hundred a year dangling at your girdle there.

Wid. I pray, miſtreſs, are you married to this gentleman?

Maid. By ſix i'th' morning forſooth, he took me for Mary Bloodhound, having, it ſeems, never ſeen either of us before, and I being ſomething amorouſly affected, as they ſay, to his Welch ditties, anſwered to her name, lay with him all night, and married him this morning;

morning; ſo that as he took me for her, I took him as he was forſooth.

Sim. She means for a fool, I'm fain to anſwer for you.

Blood. Ha, ha, ha, Cupid this twenty-four hours has done nothing but cut croſs capers.

Alex. Do you hear, Sir Bartholomew Bayard, that leap before you look; it will handſomely become you to reſtore the box to that gentleman, and the magnitude of your deſires, upon this dainty, that is ſo amorouſly taken with your ditties.

Rand. Hur wail in woe, hur plunge in pain.
And yet becat hur do not neither, Randals will prove hurſelf Pritains born, and becauſe hur underſtands Ancients was prave fellows, and great travellers, there is hur box for hur.

Auc. I thank you.

Rand. And becauſe was no remedies, before hur all, here will Randals embrace Marys, and take a puſs. (*kiſſes.*)

Enter Jarvis brave.

Jar. Save you gallants, do you want any gueſt? Call me thy coz, and carry it handſomely. (*To the widow.*)

Blood. Who have we here, trow?

Alex. Doſt thou know the gentleman that whiſper'd to thee?

Wid. Oh wond'rous well, he bid me call him coz, and carry it handſomely.

Jar. Widow, wou'd I were off again.

Wid. Know all, this gentleman has to obtain his luſt, and looſe deſires, ſerv'd me this ſeven months, under the ſhape and name of Jarvis.

Omnes. Poſſible!

Wid. Look well, do you not know him?

Blood. The very face of Jarvis.

Tim. Ay truly father, and he were any thing like him, I would ſwear 'twere he.

Jar. I muſt caſt my ſkin, and am catcht——why coz.

Wid. Come, you're cozen'd,
And with a noble craft. He tempted me
In mine own houſe, and I bid him keep's diſguiſe
But till this morning, and he ſhou'd perceive
I loved him truly; intending here before you
To let him know't, eſpecially i'th' preſence
Of you ſir, that intend me for your wife.

Anc. What ſhould this mean?

Alex. Some witty trick I warrant thee; prithee diſpatch him preſently, that we were at church.

Wid. Firſt, then, know you for truth, ſir, I mean never to marry.

Blood. How, woman?

Sim. She has diſpatch'd you, ſir.

Wid. And for a truth, ſir, know you, I never mean to be your whore.

Alex. This is ſtrange.

Wid. But true, as ſhe whoſe chaſte immaculate ſoul
Retains the noble ſtamp of her integrity,
With an undefac'd perfection----perchance as theſe.
Nay, common fame hath ſcattered, you conceive me,
Becauſe pale jealouſy (Cupid's angry fool)
Was frequent lodger at that ſign of folly,
My huſband's ſoon ſuſpicious heart, that I,
In a cloſe clouded looſeneſs, ſhou'd expoſe him
To that deſperate diſtraction of his fortunes,
That ſent him to the ſea, to nouriſh her
With your vain hope, that the fame of frequent ſuitors
Was but a maſk of looſe 'ſcapes; like men at lotteries,
You thought to put in for one, ſir, but believe me,
You have drawn a blank.

Rand. Becat hur look fery blank indeed,

Wid. Oh my beloved huſband,
However in thy life, thy jealouſy
Sent thee ſo far to find death, I'll be
Married to nothing but thy memory.

Alex. But ſhall the pyes be ſpoil'd then?

Jar. Let her alone, if her huſband do not know this.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Blood. Her huſband I told you was a madman.

Anc.

Anc. Why her husband's dead, sir.

Jar. He is not dead, sir, he had it spread a purpose, he is in England, and in your house: and look, do you not see him?

Wid. Where, where?

Jar. Here, here he is that hath found rash jealousy, Love's joys, and a wife whose discreet carriage
Can intimate to all men a fair freedom,
And to one be faithful. Such a wife I prove,
Her husband's glory, worth a wealthy love.

Wid. You're welcome to my soul, sir.

Blood. By my troth, master Wag, this was a wagg's trick indeed; but I knew you, I remembred you a month ago, but that I had forgotten where I saw you.

Sim. I knew you were a crafty merchant, you help'd my master to such bargains upon the Exchange last night: here has been the merriest morning after it.

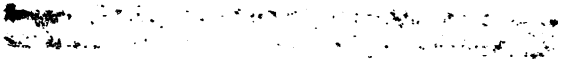
Alex. My pitcher's broke just at the well-head; but give me leave to tell you, sir, that you have a noble wife, and indeed such a one as wou'd worthily feast the very discretion of a wise man's desire; her wit ingeniously waits upon her virtue, and her virtue advisedly gives freedom to her wit: but because my marriage shall seriously proceed, I wed myself, sir, to obedience, and filial regularity, and vow to redeem, in the duty of a son, the affection of a father.

Rand. Becat was as well spoke as Randal hur elf cou'd talk.

Blood. All's forgotten now, my best son Alexander, and that thy wedding want no good company, I invite you all.

Jar. Come my deserving wife,
Wisdom this day remarries us. And gentlemen,
From all our errors we'll extract this truth,
Who vicious ends propose, they stand on wheels,
And the least turn of chance throws up their heels:
But virtuous Lovers ever green do last,
Like laurel which no lightening can blast.

FINIS.



THE

Dumb Knight.

AN HISTORICAL

COMEDY.

By *LEWIS MACHIN.*

THis Author liv'd in the Reign of Charles *the Firſt; his Comedy was acted by the Children of his Majeſty's Revels, and printed in the Year* 1633. *What the Wrong was, which he complains of in the Preface, I cannot learn.*

To the Understanding Reader.

RUmour, that Hydra-*headed monster, with more tongues than eyes, by help of his intelligencer envy, hath made strange constructions on this Dumb Knight, which then could not answer for himself: But now this publication doth unty his tongue, to answer the objections of all sharp critical censures, which heretofore have undeservedly pass'd upon him. And for my part, I protest, the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a mild neglect I have laugh'd at their follies; for I think myself happy, because I have been envy'd, since the best now in grace have been subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and think it great praise to them to detract praise from others that deserve it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath been often approved, I count the wrong but half a wrong, because he knows best how to answer for himself: But I now in his absence make this Apology, both for him and me. Thus leaving you and the book together, I ever rest yours.*

LEWIS MACHIN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King of *Cyprus*.
Phyloclea, his Favourite, the Dumb Knight.
Duke of *Epire*.
Alphonſo.
Florio Prate, an Orator.
Meſhant, *Veloups*, *Drap*, } Clients to *Prate*.
Preſident, Clerk to *Prate*.
Cælio, Marſhal for the Queen.
Chip and *Shavings*, Carpenters.
Heralds, Watchmen, Gentleman-Uſher, Phyſician, Executioner, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Queen of *Sicily*.
Mariana, her Companion, and Siſter to the Duke of *Epire*.
Lollia, Wife to the Orator.
Collaquintida, a Bawd.
Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, *Sicily*.

THE Dumb Knight.

A

COMEDY.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter the King of Cyprus, Phylocles, Florio, and Attendants in arms.

ENough; theſe loud ſounds deaf my paſſions:
How long ſhall love make me a ſlave to hope,
And mix my calm deſires with tyranny?
O Phylocles! this hereſy I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be controul'd.
Phy. Yet may't be bent and ſuppled with extremes,
Since few dare ſee the end of violence.
What makes the skilful leech to uſe the fire,
Or war her engines, or ſtates policy.

But

But to recover things moſt deſperate ?
Revolt is recreant, when purſuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchaſe what we crave.
Cyp. True, my Phylocles, yet my recreant ſoul,
Slav'd to her beauty, wou'd renounce all war,
And yield her right to love, did not thy ſpirit,
Mix'd with my longing, fortify theſe arms.
But I am now reſolv'd, and this ſad hour
Shall give an end to my diſtemperature. [*Summon a parley.*

Enter aloft, the Queen of Sicily, the Duke of Epire, Alphonſo, and Attendants.

Queen. What ſays our tyrant ſuitor, our diſeaſe in love,
That makes our thoughts a ſlave unto his ſword :
What ſays my lord ?
Cyp. Madam attend me, this is my lateſt ſummons :
The many ſuns my ſorrows have beheld,
And my ſad nights of longings, all through hope,
T'enjoy the joy of earth, (your own dear ſelf)
Are grown ſo infinite in length and weight,
That like to wearied Atlas I inforce
Theſe wars as Hercules to bear my load :
Briefly I muſt enjoy you, or elſe loſe
The breath of life, which, to prevent, behold
My ſword muſt be my Cupid, and with feather'd ſteel
Force pity from your breaſt. Your cities walls,
Chidden with my cannons, have ſet ope a path
And boldly bids me enter; all your men of war,
Feebled with famine and a weary ſiege,
Take danger from mine actions ; only yourſelf,
Strong in your will, oppoſe even deſtiny :
And like the giants war offend the heavens.
Which to prevent, do but deſcend and give
Peace to my love-ſuit, and as o'ercome thereby,
I'll yield myſelf your priſoner, and be drawn
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwiſe, behold theſe fatal ſwords
Shall ne'er be ſheath'd, till we be conquerors :
And not reſpecting innocence nor ſex,

The

The cries of infants, nor the pray'rs of age,
All things ſhall periſh, till within my arms
I fold yourſelf my thrall and conqueror.
Qu. Thou may'ſt be maſter of my body's tomb,
But for my ſoul and mind they are as free
As their creation; and with angels wings
Can ſoar beyond thy reach; truſt me, king of Cyprus,
Thoſe coals the Roman Portia did devour
Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms
Yet loſt their ſtings; ſteel holds his temper ſtill,
And theſe are ranſoms from captivity,
But art thou noble? haſt thou one royal thought?
Cyp. Approve me by your queſtion.
Qu. Then briefly thus:
To ſhun the great effuſion of their bloods,
Who feel no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to ſingle combat, two to two,
Refer your right in love?
Cyp. Who are your combatants? We love equality.
Qu. This is the firſt, the Epire duke, a man
Sprung from the line of famous Scanderbeg:
The next Alphonſo, ſprung from noble blood;
Who laden with rich Luſitanian prize,
Hath rode through Syracuſa twice in pomp.
Cyp. Their likings to the motion.
Ep. They are like wrath,
Never unarm'd to beat weak injury.
Alph. Nay more, we are the ſons of deſtiny:
Virtue's our guide, our aim is dignity.
Phy. 'sFoot, king, ſhalt not forſake 'em: this I ſee,
Love, fight, and death, are rul'd by deſtiny.
Cyp. My ſpirit ſpeaks thy motion:
Madam, altho' advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my bent will,
Bow'd to your pleaſure, doth embrace your law.
We do accept the combat, and ourſelf
Will with that duke try fortunes; this my friend,
The more part of myſelf, my deareſt Phylocles,
One of an angel's temper, ſhall with that lord
Try beſt and worſt. The place? the time? the ſword?

Ep. They are your rights, we claim as challengers.

Cyp. And we wou'd lose that 'vantage; but since fame
Makes virtue dulat, we embrace our rights:
The place before these walls, the hour next sun,
The pole-ax and the hand-ax for the fight.

Qu. It is enough;
My hostage is my person and my love.

Cyp. And mine my hope, my faith, and royalty.

Ep. They are of poize sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mariana, Alphonso.*

Cyp. She's gone, my Phylocles: and as she goes, even so
The sun forsakes the heav'ns to kiss the sea,
Day in her beauty leaves us, and methinks
Her absence doth exile all happiness.
Tell me, my Phylocles, nay, prithee tell me true,
Even from that love
Which to us both should lend one sympathy;
Discharge an open breast: dost thou not think
She is the mirror of her beauteous sex,
Unparallell'd, and uncompanioned?

Phy. Envy will say she's rare; then truth must vow
She is beyond compare, sith in her looks
Each motion hath a speaking majesty;
She is herself, compared with herself:
For but herself, she hath no companion.
But when I think of beauty, wit, and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all eye-pleasing harmonies of sight,
Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life-blood of dull earth, O then, methinks,
Fair Mariana hath an equal place,
And if not out-shine, it shews more beautiful.

Cyp. More than my queen?

Phy. More in the gloss of beauty, less in worth,
In wisdom and great thoughts; the one I find
Was made for wonder, the other for admire.

Cyp.

Cyp. Thine equal praiſes make my fancies rich:
And I am pleas'd with thy compariſons,
Things of like nature live in beſt conſent,
Beauty with ſubjects, majeſty with kings.
Then let thoſe two ideas lively move
Spirit, beyond all ſpirit, in our breaſts,
That in the end of our great victory
We may attain both love and majeſty.

Phy. Although my firſt creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my ſoul
Took all their noble beings from the ſword,
And made me only for the uſe of wars;
Yet in this combat ſomething, methinks, appears,
Greater than greateſt glory, and doth raiſe
My mind beyond herſelf:
S'foot methinks Cæſar's Pharſalia,
Nor Scipio's Carthage, nor Emilia's acts
Were worthy chaires of triumph; they o'er men's
Poor mangled bodies, and fire-waſted climes,
Made their triumphant paſſage, but we two
Muſt conquer thoughts and love, more than the gods can do.

Cyp. True, and therein
Conſiſts the glorious garland of our praiſe:
But we neglect th' affairs of preparation. Florio be it your charge
To ſee th' erection of the ſquared liſts,
Fit ground for either army, and what elſe
Belongs unto ſuch royal eminence.

Flo. How near will your majeſty's hand the liſts extend
Unto the city walls?

Cyp. So as the dulleſt eye
May ſee the headfulleſt paſſage in the fight.

Flo. What ſquare or circuit?

Cyp. Threeſcore pace each way.

Flo. Your majeſty ſhall have your will perform'd.

Phy. Do, and you do us grace; and now thou ſun
That art the eye of heaven, whoſe pure ſight
Shall be our guide, and Jove's great chronicler,

Look

Look from thy ſphere,
No guilt of pride, of malice or of blood,
Puts on our armour; only pure naked love
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.

Cyp. Enough, my Phylocles, thine orizons are heard:
Come let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lollia, the wife of Prate the orator.

Lol. Now fie upon't, who would be an orator's wife, and not a gentlewoman, if ſhe could chuſe? a lady is the moſt ſweet laſcivious life, conies and kiſſes, the tire, O the tire, made caſtle upon caſtle, jewel upon jewel, knot upon knot, crowns, garlands, gardens and what not? the hood, the rebato, the French fall, the looſe bodied gown, the pin in the hair, now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change; when we poor ſouls muſt come and go for every man's pleaſure: and what's a lady more than another body, we have legs and hands, and rolling eyes, hanging lips, ſleek brows, cherry cheeks, and other things as ladies have, but the faſhion carries it away.

Enter miſtreſs Collaquintida.

Col. Why how now miſtreſs Prate? i'th' old diſeaſe ſtill, will it never be better, cannot a woman find out kind man amongſt twenty? O the days that I have ſeen, when the law of a woman's wit could have put her huſband's purſe to execution.

Lol. O miſtreſs Collaquintida, mine is even the unnaturalleſt man to his wife.

Col. Faith, for the moſt part, all ſcholars are ſo, for they take ſo upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; and beſides, they are with ſtudy and eaſe grown ſo unweildy, that a woman ſhall ne'er want a ſore ſtomach that's troubled with them.

Lol. And yet they muſt have the government of all.

Col. True, and great reaſon they have for it; but a wiſe man will put it in a woman's hand, what? ſhe'll ſave what he ſpends.

Lol. You have a pretty ruffe, how deep is it?

Col.

Col. Nay this is but ſhallow, marry I have a ruffe is a quarter deep, meaſured by the yard.

Lol. Indeed, by the yard?

Col. By the ſtandard I aſſure you: you have a pretty ſett too, how big is the ſteel you ſet with?

Lol. As big as a reaſonable ſufficient; pity of my life, I have forgot myſelf, if my huſband ſhould riſe from his ſtudy, and miſs me, we ſhould have ſuch a coil.

Col. A coil, why what coil? if he were my huſband and did but thwart me, I would ring him ſo many alarms, ſound him ſo many braſs trumpets, beat him ſo many drums to his confuſion, and thunder him ſuch a peal of great ſhot, that I would turn his brain in the pan, and make him mad with an eternal ſilence.

Lol. O miſtreſs Collaquintida, but my huſband's anger is the worſt favouredſt without all conſcience of any man's in all Sicily, he is even as peeviſh as a ſick monkey, and as waſpiſh as an ill-pleas'd bride the ſecond morning.

Col. Let your wrath be reciprocal, and pay him at his own weapon: but to the purpoſe for which I came, the party you wot of, commends him to you in this diamond, he that met the party you know, and ſaid the parties party was a party of a partly pretty underſtanding.

Lol. O, the Lord Alphonſo.

Col. The very ſame, believe it; he loves you, and ſwears he ſo loves you, that if you do not credit him, you are worſe than an infidel.

Lol. Indeed, miſtreſs Collaquintida, he hath the right garb for apparel, the true touch with the tongue in the kiſs, and he dances well but falls heavily: but my huſband woman, my huſband, if we could put out his cats eyes, there were ſomething to be ſaid, but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a milſtone: beſides, I may ſay to you, he is a little jealous too; and ſee where he comes, we ſhall have a coil now.

Enter

Enter Prate the Orator.

Col. Begin you to pout firſt, for that's a woman's prevention.

Pra. What *Lollia* I ſay, where are you, my houſe looks you, my men lack you, I ſeek you, and a whole queſt of enquiry cannot find you; fie, fie, fie, idleneſs is the whip of thrift, a good houſewife ſhould ever be occupied.

Lol. Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in any body's company.

Prate. Why, what's the matter?

Lol. Why orators wives ſhortly will be known like images on water-ſtairs, ever in one weather-beaten ſuit, as if none wore hoods but monks and ladies; nor feathers but fore-horſes and waiting gentlewomen; nor chains but priſoners and lords officers; nor perriwigs, but players and hot-brains; but the weakeſt muſt to the wall ſtill.

Prate. Go to, you ſhall have what you will.

Lol. Nay, nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might have done otherwiſe, but it matters not, you eſteem me as you do yourſelf, and think all things coſtly enough that covers ſhame, and that a pair of ſilken fore-ſleeves to a ſattin breaſtplate, is a garment good enough for a capitol: but is maſter Wrangle, maſter Tangle, or maſter Troblearo of that opinion? in faith, ſir, no.

There's never a gallant in our ſtate
That goes more rich in gaudy bravery:
And yet I hope for quality of ſpeech,
Audacious words, or quirks or quiddities,
You are not held their much inferior.
Fie, fie, I'm aſham'd to ſee your baſeneſs.

Col. Indeed maſter Prate, ſhe tells you truly; I wonder that you being a proper man, and an orator, will not go brave, according to the cuſtom of the country.

Prate. Go to, neighbour; he that will riſe to the top of a high ladder muſt go up, not leap up: but be patient, wench, and thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee me gallant it with

with the beſt, and for thyſelf my Lollia,
Not Lollia Paulina, nor thoſe blazing ſtars,
Which make the world the apes of Italy,
Shall match thy ſelf in ſun-bright ſplendency.

Lol. Nay verily, for myſelf I care not, 'tis you that are my pride, if you would go like yourſelf I were appeas'd.

Prate. Believe it, wench, ſo I will. But to the purpoſe for which I came: the end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the duke of Epire and Alphonſo for our queen, againſt the king and prince Phylocles: now wench, if thou wilt go ſee the fight, I will ſend and provide thee of a good ſtanding.

Lol. Indeed, for you have ne'er a good one of your own.

Prate. What preſident, I ſay?

Preſ. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prate. Why then I ſay, the villain's belly is like a bottomleſs pit, ever filling and yet empty; at your leiſure, ſir.

Enter Preſident, Prate's man, eating.

Preſi. I can make no more haſte than my teeth will give me leave.

Prate. Well ſir, get you without the town, to the place of the combat, and provide me for my wife ſome good ſtanding, to ſee the conflict.

Preſi. How maſter, how muſt I provide a good ſtanding for you for my miſtreſs? truly, maſter, I think a marrow-bone pie, candid eringoes, preſerved dates, or marmalad of cantharides were much better harbingers; cock-ſparrows ſtew'd, doves brains or ſwans pizzels are very provocative, roaſted potatoes, or boil'd ſkerrets are your only lofty diſhes, methinks theſe ſhould fit you better than I can do.

Prate. What's this, what's this, I ſay? provide me a ſtanding for my wife upon a ſcaffold.

Preſi. And truly, maſter, I think a private chamber were better.

Prate.

Prate. I grant you if there were a chamber convenient.

Preſi. Willing minds will make ſhift in a ſimple hole, cloſe windows, ſtrong locks, hard bed, and ſure poſts, are your only ornaments.

Prate. I think the knave be mad; ſirrah, you chop logick, blockhead; you that have your brain-pan made of dry leather, and your wit ever wetſhod, pack about your buſineſs, or I'll pack your pen and inkhorn about your ears.

Preſi. Well, ſir, I may go or ſo, but would my miſtreſs take a ſtanding of my preferment, I would ſo mount her, ſhe ſhould love ſtrange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why, when, ſir.

Exit Preſident.

And come ſweet wife, and neighbour, let us have your company too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door a herald, and Floria Marſhal for the King, with officers bearing the liſts; at the other door a herald, and Cælio Marſhal for the Queen.

Cæ. Holla, what are you?

Flo. High marſhal for the king. Your character?

Cæ. I likewiſe for the queen: Where lies your equal ground?

Flo. Here underneath theſe walls, and there and there ground for the battles.

Cæ. Place there the queen's ſeat,
And there and there chairs for the combatants.

Flo. Place here the liſts, fix every joint as ſtrong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foot of earth
This day ſhall ſtand two famous monuments;
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burniſh'd with angels luſtre, and with ſtars
Pluck'd from the crown of conqueſt, in which ſhall ſit
Men made half gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tomb of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble minds,

In

In which ſhall ſleep thoſe valiant ſouls in peace,
Whom fortune's hand ſhall only overthrow.
Heaven in thy palm this day the balance hings,
Which makes kings gods, or men more great than kings.
Cæ. So, now let the heralds give the champions ſign
Of ready preparations. [*Ex. Herąlds.*

The cornets ſound, and enter at one end of the ſtage a herald, two pages, one with pole-axes, the other with hand-axes, the duke of Epire and Alphonſo like combatants, the Queen and Mariana and Prate, Lollia, Collaquintida, and Preſident aloft.

Flo. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within theſe liſts?
Epi. I am the duke of Epire, and the mine
Which doth attract my ſpirit to run this marſhal courſe,
Is the fair guard of a diſtreſſed queen,
Would wed to hate and inequality and brutiſh force,
Which to withſtand I boldly enter thus,
And will defail, or elſe prove recreant.
Flo. And what are you, or your intendements?
Alph. I am Alphonſo, marſhal of this realm,
Who, of like-temper'd thoughts and like deſires,
Have grounded this my ſanctimonious zeal,
And will approve the duke's aſſertions,
Or in this field lie ſlain and recreant.
Flo. Enter and proſper as your cauſe deſerves.

The cornets ſound, and enter at the other end of the ſtage a herald, two pages with axes and pole-axes, then the king of Cyprus, and Phylocles, like combatants and their army.

Cæ. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within theſe liſts?
Cyp. I am the king of Cyprus, who led on
By the divine inſtinct of heavenly love,
Come with my ſword to beg that royal maid,

And

And to approve by gift of heaven and fate
She is alone to me appropriate:
Which to maintain I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a king or recreant.

Cæ. And what are you or your intendements?

Phy. I am leſs than my thoughts, more than myſelf,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate;
By name my nature only is obſcur'd,
And yet the world baptiz'd me *Phylocles*;
My entrance here is proof of holy zeal,
And to maintain that, no ſevere diſdain,
Falſe ſhape of chaſtity, nor woman's will,
Neglective petulance, or uncertain hope,
Foul vizard coyneſs, nor ſeducing fame
Should rob the royal temper of true love,
From the deſired aim of his deſires,
Which my beſt blood ſhall witneſs, or this field
Intomb my body made a recreant.

Cæ. Enter and proſper as your cauſe deſerves.

(Draws two ſwords.

Flo. Princes, lay your hands on theſe ſwords points.
Here you ſhall ſwear by hope, by heaven, by Jove;
And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you ſtand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or uſurpation
Of philters, charms, of night-ſpels; characters,
Or other black infernal advantages;
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure valours, or the ſun's pure beams,
T'approve the right of pure affection;
And howſoever your fortunes riſe or fall,
To break no faith in your conditions,
So help you Jove.

All. We ſwear.

Qu. How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward will, for this extreme
Purſuit of blood! believe me, fain I would
Recall mine oath's vow, did not my ſhame
Hold faſt my cruelty, by which is taught
Thoſe gems are prized beſt, are deareſt bought,

Sleep

Sleep my loves ſoftneſs then, waken my flame,
Which guards a veſtal ſanctity; princes behold,
Upon thoſe weapons fits my god of love,
And in their powers my love's ſeverity.
If them you conquer, we are all your ſlaves;
If they triumph, we'll mourn upon your graves.

Ma. Now, by my maiden modeſty, I wiſh
Good fortune to that Phylocles; my mind
Preſages virtue, in his eaglets eyes.
S'foot he looks like a ſparow-hawk, or a wanton fire,
A flaſh of lightning, or a glimpſe of day,
His eye ſteals to my heart, and lets it ſee
More than it would; peace blabb, no ſecreſy,
He muſt have blows.

Flo. Sound cornets, princes reſpect your guards.

Here they fight, and Phylocles overthrows Alphonſo, and Epire overthrows Cypres.

Phy. I crave the queen's conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted ſoul to heaven or hell.
Speak, madam, will you yield, or ſhall he die?

Epy. Neither, bold prince; if thou but touch a hair,
The king's breath ſhall redeem it: madam, your love
Is ſafe in angels guarding, let no fear
Shake hands with doubtfulneſs, you are as ſafe
As in a tower of diamonds.

Phy. O 'tis but glaſs,
And cannot bear this axes maſſineſs.
Duke, thy brave words that ſecond thy brave deeds,
Fill me with emulation: only we two
Stand equal victors; then if thou haſt that tie
And bond of well-knit valour, which unites
Virtue and fame together, let us reſtore
Our captives unto freedom, and we two,
In ſingle combat, try out the maſtery.
Where whoſo falls, each other ſhall ſubſcribe
To every clauſe in each condition.

Epy. Thou art the index of my ample thought,
And I am pleas'd with thine election.
Speak madam, if ever I deſerved grace,

Grace me with your conſent.
Qu. 'Tis all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfect me.
Phy. What ſays his majeſty?
My ſtars are writ in heaven, nor death nor fate
Are ſlaves to fear, to hope or human ſtate.
Cyp. I neither fear thy fortune nor my ruin;
But hold them all beyond all propheſy.
Thou haſt my free conſent, and on thy power
Lies my life's date, or my death's hour.
Epy. Then riſe and live with ſafety.
Phy. Alphonſo, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now thou glorious iſſue of Jove's brain,
That burnt the Telamonian raviſher,
Look from thy ſphere, and if my heart contain
An impure thought of luſt, ſend thy monſters forth
And make me more than earthly miſerable.

Here the Cornets ſound, they fight, and Phylocles overcomes the Duke, the Queen deſcends.

Phy. Yield, recant, or die.
Epy. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yield's a word my tongue could never found;
I ſay thou'rt worthy, valiant, for my death,
Let the Queen ſpeak it, 'tis an eaſy breath.
Qu. Not for the world's large circuit; hold gentle prince,
Thus I do pay his ranſom: low as the ground,
I tender my unſpotted virgin love,
To thy great will's commandment; let not my care,
My woman tyranny, or too ſtrict guard,
In bloody purchaſe take away thoſe ſweets
'Till now have govern'd your amaz'd deſires;
For truſt me king I will redeem my blame,
With as much love, as *Phylocles* hath fame.
Cyp. Thus comes a calm unto a ſea-wrack'd ſoul,
Eaſe to the pain'd, food unto the ſtarv'd,
As you to me, my beſt creation.

Truſt

Truſt me, my queen; my love's large chronicle,
Thou never ſhalt o'er-read, becauſe each day
It ſhall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to do thee grace eternally.
Next whom my Phylocles, my bounteous friend,
Author of life, and ſovereign of my love,
My heart ſhall be thy throne, thy breaſt the ſhrine,
Where I will ſit to ſtudy gratefulneſs.
To you, and you my lords, my beſt of thoughts,
Whoſe loves have ſhew'd a dutious carefulneſs;
To all, free thanks and graces, this unity
Of love and kingdoms, is a glorious ſight.
Mount up the royal champion, muſick and cornets found,
Let ſhouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound.
[*Exeunt.*

Epy. How like the ſun's great baſtard o'er the world
Rides this man mounted engine, this proud prince,
And with his breath ſinges our continents.
Sit faſt, proud Phaeton, for by heaven I'll kick
And plunge thee in the ſea: if thou'lt needs ride,
Thou ſhouldſt have made thy ſeat upon a ſlave,
And not upon mine honour's firmament.
Thou haſt not heard the god of wiſdom's tale,
Nor can thy youth curb greatneſs, till my hate
Confound thy life with villain policy.
I am reſolv'd, ſince virtue hath diſdain'd
To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to prove
A villain fatal, black and ominous:
Thy virtue is the ground of my diſlike:
And my diſgrace, the edge of envy's ſword,
Which like a razor ſhall unplume thy creſt,
And rob thee of thy native excellence.
When great thoughts give their homage to diſgrace,
There's no reſpect of deeds, time, thoughts, or place.

Actus II. Scæna I. Muſick.

Enter Prate, Lollia, Collaquintida, and Preſident.

Prate. COme wife, methought our party ſtood ſtiffly to it.

Preſi. Indeed they were ſtiff whilſt they ſtood, but when they were down, they were like men of a low world, a man might have wound their worſt anger about his finger.

Lol. Go to, ſirrah, you muſt have your fool's bolt in every body's quiver.

Preſi. Indeed, miſtreſs, if my maſter ſhould break his arrow with foul ſhooting or ſo, I would be glad if mine might ſupply the whole.

Prate. I find you kind, ſir.

Preſi. True ſir, according to my kind, and to pleaſure my kind miſtreſs.

Prate. Go to, ſirrah, I will not have your kindneſs to intermeddle with her kind, ſhe is meat for your maſter.

Preſi. And your man, ſir, may lick your foul trencher.

Col. Ay, but not eat of his mutton.

Preſi. Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, miſtreſs Collaquintida.

Prate. Go to, ſirrah, you will be obſcene, and then I ſhall knock you; but to the combat, methought our ſide were the moſt proper men.

Lol. True, and therefore they had the worſe fortune: but ſee, here's the Lord Florio.

Enter Florio.

Flo. Maſter orator, it is the king and queen's majeſty's pleaſure, that you preſently repair unto the court, touching the drawing out of certain articles for the benefit of both the kingdoms.

Prate. My lord, I will inſtantly attend their majeſties.

Flo. Do, for they expect you ſeriouſly. [*Exit Florio, Prate.*

Prate. Wife, you can have my ſervice no longer. Sirrah, Preſident, attend you upon your miſtreſs home: and wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progreſs; ſtep not out of your way to viſit a new goſſip, to ſee a new garden-houſe, to ſmell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tools than may be fit for your modeſty: I would not have you to ſtep into the ſuburbs, and acquaint yourſelf either with monſters or motions, but holding your way directly homeward, ſhew yourſelf ſtill to be a rare houſewife.

Lol. I'faith, i'faith, your black outſide will have a yellow lining.

Prate. Content thee, wife, it is but my love that gives thee good counſel. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter Drap, a Country gentleman.

Drap. Sir, maſter orator, I am bold to trouble you about my ſuit.

Prate. Sir, maſter country gentleman, I am now for preſent buſineſs of the king's.

Drap. You may the better remember me.

Prate. Hey-day, I ſhall mix your buſineſs with the king's.

Drap. No, but you may let his majeſty know my neceſſity.

Prate. Sir, ſir, you muſt not confine me to your ſeaſons, I tell you I will collect mine own leiſures.

Enter Veloups, a citizen.

Vel. Maſter orator, is it your pleaſure I attend you about my diſpatches?

Prate. Sir, it is my pleaſure you diſpatch yourſelf from mine incumbrance; I tell you, I am for inſtant buſineſs of the king's.

Vel. Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

Prate. Bear it till your bones ake, I tell you, I cannot bear it now, I am for new buſineſs.

Drap. Vel. Yet the old ſhould be diſpatch'd, it was firſt paid for.

Prate. If you be gentlemen, do not make me mad.

Drap. Vel. Sir, our ſuits are of great weight.

Prate. If you be chriſtians, do not make me an atheiſt; I ſhall prophane if you vex me thus.

Enter the Lord Mechant.

What more vexation, my lord? my lord, ſave your breath for your broth, I am not now at leiſure to attend you.

Mec. A word, good maſter orator.

Prate. Not a word I beſeech your lordſhip, I am for the king's buſineſs, you muſt attend me at my chamber. [*Exit Prate.*

Mec. Drap, Vel. And every where elſe, we will not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Preſi. Now methinks my maſter is like a horſe-leech, and theſe ſuitors ſo many ſick of the gout, that come to have him ſuck their blood: O 'tis a mad world.

Lol. Go to, ſirrah, you will never leave your crab-tree ſimilies; but pity of me, who have we here?

Enter Alphonſo.

O 'tis the Lord Alphonſo.

Alph. Miſtreſs, God ſave: nay your lip, I am a ſtranger and how doth miſtreſs Collaquintida? O you are an excellent ſeaſoner of city ſtomachs.

Col. Faith my lord, I have done my beſt to make ſomebody reliſh your ſweat meats; but hearkee you, my lord, I have ſtruck the ſtroke, I have done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place, and her conſent.

Alph. Call you that nothing?

Col. A triſle, a triſle, upon her, upon her my lord, ſhe may ſeem a little rough at the firſt; but if you ſtand ſtifly to her, ſhe'll fall: a word with you, maſter Preſident. (*They whiſper.*

Alph. Miſtreſs Prate, I am a ſoldier, and can better act my love than ſpeak it; my ſuit you know by your neighbour, my love you ſhall prove by my merit, to both which my tokens have been petty witneſſes, and my body

body ſhall ſeal and deliver upon thee ſuch a brave confirmation, that not all the orators in Sicily ſhall be able to cancel the deed.

Lol. Truly, my lord, methinks you being witty ſhould be honeſt.

Alph. Nay, wench, if I were a fool, there's no queſtion but I would be honeſt; but to the purpoſe, ſay wench, ſhall I enjoy, ſhall I poſſeſs?

Lol. To enjoy my love, is not to poſſeſs my body.

Alph. Tut wench, they be words of one ſignification, and cannot be ſeparated.

Lol. Nay then, I ſhould wrong my huſband.

Alph. S'foot, thou ſhouldſt but do for him as he does for the whole world; why an orator were a needleſs name, if it were not to defend wrong: then, wench, do as he doth, write by a preſident.

Lol. O my lord, I have a huſband,
A man whoſe waking jealouſy ſurvives,
And like a lion, ſleeps with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine hours are free
From the intelligence of his ſecret ſpies.
I am a very covert Danae,
Thorow whoſe roof ſuſpicion will not let
Gold ſhowers have paſſage, nor can I deceive
His Argus eyes, with any policy:
And yet I ſwear I love you.

Alph. Death of affection, if thou lov'ſt me, as thou ſayſt thou doſt,
Thou canſt invent ſome means for our delight.
The rather ſith it ever hath been ſaid,
That walls of braſs withſtand not willing minds:
And women when they're prone make love admir'd,
For quaint endeavours: come inſtruct thy wit,
And find ſome ſcale to our high height of bliſs.

Lol. Then briefly thus, my lord.
To-morrow doth the ſenate ſit to judge
Cauſes both criminal and of the ſtate;
Where of neceſſity my huſband's place
Muſt be fill'd by himſelf, becauſe his tongue
Muſt gild his clients cauſes. Now if you pleaſe,

All that ſelf-hour, when he is turmoil'd
About thoſe ſerious trifles, to vouchſafe
To viſit me, his abſence and my care
Shall give us liberty of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am aſham'd
My love ſhould thus betray my modeſty;
But make the uſe according to your fancy.

Alph. What hour aſſures his abſence?

Lol. Eight is the lateſt time.

Alph. This kiſs leave my faith with thee, farewel.
Thou haſt given me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing ſhall loſe me time but certain death. [*Exit Alphonſo.*

Preſi. Truly, miſtreſs Collaquintida, you are an excellent piece of ſweet gall.

Lol. Well ſir, will you lead the way homeward?

Preſi. To your bed-chamber, miſtreſs, or your privy lodging? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Phylocles alone.

Phy. Night clad in black, mourns for the loſs of day,
And hides the ſilver ſpangles of the air,
That not a ſpark is left to light the world;
Whilſt quiet ſleep the nouriſher of life
Takes full poſſeſſion of mortality.
All creatures take their reſt in ſoft repoſe
Save malecontents, and we accurſed lovers,
Whoſe thoughts perturbed, make us paſſion's ſlave,
And rob us of the juice of happineſs.
Dear Mariana, ſhap'd in an angel's mould,
Thou thrall'ſt my ſenſes, and inflam'ſt my blood.
Love's power by wiſdom cannot be withſtood.
But ſee the morning ſtar breaks from the Eaſt,
To tell the world her great eye is awak'd,
To take his journey to the weſtern vales:
And now the court begins to riſe with him.

Here paſſes over the ſtage, a phyſician, a gentleman-uſher, and a waiting-maid.

There goes the phyſician, the waiting-maid,

And

And a fine ſtraight-leg'd gentleman-uſher,
The preface to a kirtel all puff paſte.
One that writes ſonnets in his lady's praiſe,
And hides her crimes with flattering poeſy.

Enter Mariana.

But peace amazement, ſee the day of life,
Nature's beſt work, the world's chief paragon.
Madam, one word.

Mar. Ay; ſo now farewel.

Phy. You do miſtake me.

Mar. That yourſelf can tell,
You aſk'd me one word, which I gave, ſaid, ay,
A word of leaſt uſe in a virgin's breath,
Urge not my patience then with fond reply.

Phy. Dear lady, lend an ear unto my voice,
Since each were made for others happineſs:
My tongue's not oil'd with courtly flatterings,
Nor can I paint my paſſions to the life;
But by that power which ſhap'd this heavenly form,
I am your bond-ſlave, forc'd by love's command;
Then let ſoft pity with ſuch beauty dwell.
Madam I love you.

Mar. As I am a virgin ſo do I.

Phy. But madam, whom?

Mar. Myſelf, no lady better.

Phy. But will you love me?

Mar. No, by my chaſtity.

Phy. I hope you do but jeſt.

Mar. Nay, I'll keep mine oath,
Men ſhall abandon pride and jealouſy,
E'er I'll be bound to their captivity;
They ſhall live continent, and leave to range,
But men like to the moon each month muſt change.
Yet muſt we ſeek that naught their ſight diſpleaſes,
And mix our wedlock ſweets with loath'd diſeaſes:
When we conſume ourſelves and our beſt beauty,
All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.

Phy. Judge not ſo hard of all for ſome offenders;
For you are ſubject to the ſelf-ſame crimes.

Of men and women always have been had
Some good of each.
Mar. But for the moſt part bad:
Therefore I'll have none at all, but die a perfect maid.
Phy. That humour like a flower ſoon will fade,
Once did mine own thoughts ſing to that delight,
'Till love and you reform'd my barbarouſneſs:
Therefore dear lady pity my wounded heart.
Mar. A ſurgeon here for this love-wounded man,
How deep's your ulcer'd orifice I pray you tell?
Phy. Quite thorow my heart.
Mar. 'Tis ſtrange and look ſo well;
Yet ladies eyes have power to murder men,
And with one ſmile to make them whole again.
Achilles lance to a hair, but do you love me, prince?
Phy. Dearer than my ſoul.
Mar. Would I could love you.
Phy. Madam, ſo you may.
Mar. As yet I cannot, therefore let me go.
Phy. O do not leave me, grant me but one requeſt,
And here I vow by that divineſt power,
The ſalt-ſeas glorious iſſue, whoſe bright ſphere
Rules my ſick heart, and knows my chaſte intent,
That if you pleaſe to impoſe on me that taſk,
Which neither men nor monſter can atchieve,
Which even angels have a dread to touch,
Deeds which outſtrecht all poſſibility.
S'foot, more than can be thought, and I'll effect,
Or elſe I'll periſh in th'accompliſhment.
Mar. Let your requeſt fit virgin-modeſty,
And you obey your vow, I am content
To give your thoughts contented happineſs.
Phy. 'Tis but a kiſs I aſk, a minute's joy.
Mar. Now Cupid help thee, is thy grief for this,
Keep thy ſtrong vow, and freely take a kiſs
[*He kiſſes her.*
Phy. I have obtain'd my heaven, and in this touch,
I feel the breath of all deliciouſneſs:
Then freely give the ſentence of my work,
Muſter up all the engines of your wit,

Teach

Teach Juno rules beyond maliciouſneſs,
Whate'er it be, I'll die but I'll perform it.
Mar. Thou ſhalt not kill thyſelf, nor fight monſters,
Nor bring the great Turk's beard to ſhew thy zeal:
Thy life thou ſhalt not hazard for my love,
Nor will I tie thee to an endleſs taſk,
But even with eaſe, and gentle tangled knots,
Thou ſhalt untwine thy clue of miſeries.
Phy. Let it have paſſage, madam, give me my doom.
Mar. Then Phylocles knit ſilence to my words,
And mark thy doom: for thus my ſtricter will
Loads grief upon thy vainer levity.
Hence for the ſpace and compaſs of one year,
Thou ſhalt abjure the liberty of ſpeech,
Thou ſhalt not ſpeak for fully twelve months ſpace,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But live like air, with ſilent emptineſs.
Break thou this vow, I'll hold thee for a villain:
And all the world ſhall know thy perjury.
Phy. Be heaven and earth a witneſs of my vow,
And mine eternal ſilence, I am dumb.
Mar. Why ſo, now ſhall I not be troubled with vain chat,
Or idle prate of idle wantonneſs:
For love I cannot, therefore 'tis in vain,
Would all my ſuitors tongues I thus could rein,
Then ſhould I live free from fain'd ſighs and groans,
With, O take pity, 'tis your ſervant moans,
And ſuch harſh ſtuff, that frets me to the heart:
And ſonnets made of Cupid's burning dart,
Of Venus lip, and Juno's majeſty,
Then were I freed from fools and foolery,
In May the cuckows ſing, then ſhe'll come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.
[*Exit Mariana.*

Enter Florio.

Flor. Prince Phylocles, the king would ſpeak with you. [*Speaks louder and louder.*
Prince Phylocles the king would ſpeak with you.
Prince Phylocles the king would ſpeak with you.

Phyloeles ſtrikes Florio and fells him.

Flor. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow,
It is coronation day thorow all my ſcull,
There's ſuch a fatal ringing in my brain,
Has won the ſett, has laid five fingers on;
But 'twas a knaviſh part of him to play ſo:
Hear me ye gods for this my open wrong,
Make ſhort his fingers as you have his tongue. [*Exit Florio.*

Enter Mechant, alone.

Mec. 'Tis not man's fortune, envy, nor neglect,
Which makes him miſerable, but 'tis mean fate,
Even ſole predeſtination, a firm gift
Fix'd to his birth, before the world was made.
For were it otherwiſe, then within our lives,
We ſhould find ſome diſtractions, errors change,
And other toys of much uncertainty:
But my miſhaps are fix'd ſo to my blood,
They have no fire but my creation:
The queen, out of ſuſpicion that my love
Firſt ſet an edge upon the king's deſires,
And made him woo her with a victor's ſword,
Caſts me from favour, ſeizes all my lands,
And turns my naked fortunes to the cold.
The king, made proud with purchaſe of his wiſh,
Neglects my ſufferance for him, and o'erlooks
The low tide of my fortunes; left my woes
Should ſpeak my wrongs to his ingratitude;
The whilſt thoſe lords, whoſe ſupple hams have bow'd
To do me formal reverence, now deſpiſe
And ſlight me in their meaneſt compliments:
O 'tis a torment more than hell yet knows,
To be an honeſt flatterer, or to live
A ſaint in Limbo, which that I may prevent,
I'll be nor beſt nor worſt, but all indifferent.
But here comes a nobleman, I muſt turn petitioner.

Enter Florio.

My lord, may I not ſee the king?

Flor.

Flor. You may not.
His majeſty is now down preſs'd with ſeriouſneſs;
As for your ſuit it is with Prate the orator,
I heard his highneſs give him a ſpecial charge
For your diſpatch with favour.
Mec. O, but he doth neglect,
And ſlights me like his weak orations:
And by your lordſhip's leave, I do not think
His wiſdom worthy of the conference.
Flor. Nay, if you will correct the king's coin, you are not for my conference, farewel. [*Exit Florio.*
Mec. Why, and fare you well; 'sfoot, this is more than ſtrange,
That being griev'd I may not ſay I'm pain'd.

Enter Alphonſo.

But here comes another: Mine honourable lord,
May I not have ſome conference with the king?
Alph. You may not; buſineſs of greater weight
Imports both him and us: nay, pray you ceaſe;
As for your ſuit, 'tis with the orator.
Mec. Yet, methinks, 'twere meet.
Alph. That you would rather trouble him than me.
Mec. It's ſtrange.
Alph. It's ſtrange, indeed, to ſee you wrong your eaſe.
I am not now for idle conferences. Adieu. *Exit Alphonſo.*
Mec. Why this is court-grace to men in miſery.
And thus theſe tail-leſs lions with their roar,
Affright the ſimple herd: O I cou'd now
Turn rebel 'gainſt their pride.

Enter Epire.

But here comes the duke:
My gracious lord vouchſafe to hear my griefs.
Epi. For God's love ceaſe your trouble, we are all
Troubled with griefs of ſtranger qualities.
Mec. Words are no heavy burthen.
Epi. No, had I no other weight;
But we are all preſs'd down with other poiſe:

As

As for your ſuit, it is referr'd to Prate :
And he muſt give you fair diſpatch with favour ;
Which if he ſlight for envy or for bribe,
Repair to me, and I will not forget
To give you eaſe, and chide his negligence ;
Mean ſpace I pray you leave me, for we all
Are troubled now with greateſt miracles.

Mec. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
Study with ſervice to deſerve your favours,
And ſo I take my leave. [*Exit Merchant.*

Enter two Doctors.

Epi. Your own contentments follow you.
Now, gentlemen, what news within, can this dumb wonder ſpeak ?
Have you cut off thoſe lets that ty'd his ſpeech,
And made your fames to ſound through Sicily ?

1 *Doct.* All hopeful means that man or art can find
Have we made trial of, but 'tis in vain :
For ſtill my lord, the cure's invincible.

2 *Doct.* Thoſe organs nature gave to move the tongue,
He fully doth poſſeſs as well as we ;
Which makes us think his ſudden apoplexy
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.

Epi. I ſhould think ſtrangely, had we ſtrange things on earth :
But wonders now are moſt familiar :
But here comes his majeſty, now we ſhall ſee
If this dumb beaſt can ſpeak before the king.

Cornets, and enter Cypres, Queen, Phylocles, Mariana, and attendants.

Cyp. My beſt of friends, my deareſt Phylocles,
Thy griefs run in my ſpirit, make me ſad,
And dull my ſenſe with thine affliction.
My ſoul with thine doth ſympathize in woe,
And paſſion governs him that ſhould rule all.
What ſay you, doctors, is there no hope of help ?

1 *Doct.* No hope, my lord ; the cure is deſperate.

Cyp.

Cyp. Then I am king of grief; for in his words
Found I more muſick than in choirs of angels.
It was as ſilver, as the chime of ſpheres,
The breath of lutes, or love's deliciouſneſs:
Next to my queen, he is my joy on earth:
Nor ſhall the world contain that happy good
Which with my tears I will not woe for him.
My lord of Epire, let it be ſtraight proclaim'd
Through all the cities in our kingdom's verge,
That whoſo will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his work to wiſh'd effectualneſs,
Shall have ten thouſand crowns and our beſt love;
But if he fail in his great enterprize,
His daring is the loſs of preſent life,
Since no man hitherto could do him good,
The next ſhall help him, or elſe loſe his blood.

Epi. Your majeſty ſhall have your will perform'd.

Mar. Not all ſo ſoon, dear brother, what if a woman now
Should turn Æſculapius and reſtore
This dumb Hippolitus? Nay, do not look ſtrange,
I dare avow and undertake the cure.

Epi. You, ſiſter! are you in your wits?

Mar. 'Faith, of the outſide of them, brother; yet a woman's tongue,
Whoſe burthen ſtill is ſuperfluity,
May lend a man an age's compliment.

Cyp. Madam, I wou'd not have you with the lark
Play yourſelf into a day-net; this great cure,
I fear, is far beyond your phyſick's help.

Mar. My lord, you know not how Apollo loves me;
I have been thought as fair as Oenon was,
And dare be bold to claim this miracle.

Cyp. Mariana attend, glory and ruin compaſs thee about,
This hand ſhall raiſe thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all ſtiles of dignity;
This caſt thee down,
Lower than life's misfortune, and overwhelm
Thy beauties with thy grave. Perform, be great:

Fail

Fail, and be worſe than worſt calamity.
Qu. Stay, gentle friend, my love doth bid thee ſtay;
Attempt not, and be ſafe from miſery.
Epi. Siſter, you ſhall not graſp with miſchief thus;
My blood doth challenge intereſt in your ill;
And I conjure you from this deſperateneſs.
Mar. Brother, content yourſelf, words but augment our ſtrife;
I will perform, or elſe my pawn's my life.
Cyp. Proceed, fair virgin.
Mar. Vouchſafe me privacy: now Venus be my ſpeed.
Speak, gentle Phylocles, thine oath's bond I untie,
And give thy vows a free infranchiſement,
Thy well-kept league hath ſhew'd thy ſtrength of truth,
And doth confirm me in my virtuouſneſs:
Thy martyrdom and ſufferance is too long,
And I reſtore it to new liberty.
Then ſpeak, my Phylocles, ſpeak, gentle prince,
To her whoſe love, reſpects, and honours thee.
Cyp. How now, what virtue from thy charms?
Mar. No hope is left, dear Phylocles regard my miſeries,
Unty that wilful let which holds in ſpeech,
And make me happy: through thy noble pity
I ſee the face of mine ill-ſhap'd contempt,
Where like with like hath quit moſt injury:
Then ſpeak, my lord, utter one angel breath
To give me joy, and ſave me from ſtrange death.
What, not a word! hath this ſmall ſilence brought
An utter deteſtation to thy ſpeech?
Wilt thou not hear, nor ſpeak, nor pity me?
The gentle gods move thee to more remorſe.
Cyp. What, wilt not be?
Fond maid thou haſt drawn affliction on thy head,
And thrall'd thyſelf to worſe calamity:
'Till morrow's ſun thy incantations uſe,
But then effectleſs, all hope's deſperate,
Wer't thou my boſom love thou dy'ſt the death;

Beſt

Beſt eaſe for madneſs is the loſs of breath.

[*Exeunt all but Phylocles and Mariana.*

Ma. O Phylocles, I am no court's diſgrace,
No city's proſtitution, country's ſhame,
Nor one ſhall bring Troy's fire unto thy houſe,
Turn not away hard-hearted myrmidon.
See, on my knees I'll follow thee in court,
And make the world condemn thy cruelty.
Yet if my tears may mollify thy heart,
Receive them as the flood of ſtrangeſt tides,
Turn not thy face from her that doats on thee,
Love now hath made me ſubject to thy will,
And pale diſdain hath ta'en revenge on me.
Behold my nerves I'll wear upon this earth,
And fill this room with lamentations.
What, doſt thou ſmile? hath fury ſo much ſway
As even to baniſh poor civility?
Then be thy ſelf, and break thine itching ſpleen:
For I diſdain thy ranſom's victory,
Life thou art weary brought, welcome my death,
Sweet becauſe wiſh'd for, good becauſe my choice;
Yet when I am dead, this of me ſhall be ſaid,
A cruel prince murder'd a loving maid.
And after-ages to th' unborn ſhall tell,
Thy hate, my love, thy envy, and my hell.
Nay, do not ſpeak I charge thee, go, let nothing move thee,
Death is my glory, ſince thou wilt not love me.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scæna 1. *Muſick.*

Enter the duke of Epire and Alphonſo.

Epi. GRief, which controuls the motions of our thoughts,
Reigns in my blood, and makes me paſſion's ſlave.

My

My ſiſter's miſery torments my ſoul,
And breaks my gall when I but think of her:
She was bewitch'd with ſpells to her misfortune,
Or elſe born hapleſs under a low'ring ſtar,
And 'tis her fate to be thus miſerable:
O Phylocles, hadſt thou no other ſcale
To mount thy heaven but by our miſeries?
Muſt all the noble fame of our great houſe
Waſte down her royal pillars to make ſteps
For thee to climb to glory? Well, I ſee
Thou plott'ſt our ſhames in thy great dignity.

Alph. Patience, great lord, methinks theſe ill-rais'd ſtorms
Have not more violence than may be borne;
Come we will both go ſue unto the king,
We there will kneel and pray eternally,
And never riſe till he remit his doom.
It ſhall be ſo, I will unto the king,
To beg great favour for a ſmall offence:
But if ſhe die for this, then king take heed,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand ſhall bleed. *Ex.*

Enter Chip, Shaving, and others with a ſcaffold.

Chip. Come, my hearts, let's make all things ready for the execution; here's a maidenhead muſt be cut off without a feather-bed.

Shav. It's a ſign ſhe deals with ſharp tools, and a cruel headſman.

Chip. If I had been her judge, ſhe ſhould have been toſt to death in a blanket.

Shav. No, I wou'd have had her ſmother'd in a feather-bed.

Chip. They ſay ſhe would not plead at her trial.

Shav. No, that's true, for ſhe had a great deſire to be preſs'd.

Chip. And I have known ſome of her ſex have got that favour to be preſs'd for ſpeaking.

Shav. Then ſhe was unwiſe to hold her tongue, being a woman.

Chip.

Chip. What is her crime that ſhe muſt loſe her head?

Shav. Becauſe ſhe lived honeſt, contrary to the ſtatute.

Chip. There is a great number of my neighbours will never ſuffer for that fault.

Shav. No, nor thou neither, if the truth were known; for my part, I ſhun that danger.

Chip. I think we are all out of danger of the law for that crime.

Shav. I know I am free, for I am a knave if I have not forgot what wench had my maidenhead.

Enter Florio.

Flo. Make room there, his majeſty is coming to the execution.

Chip. Come, now all things are ready, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Epire and Alphonſo.

Epi. Mercy is baniſh'd courts, the king, like flint,
Hardens his royal temper 'gainſt our 'plaints,
And makes our woes moſt unavoidable.
What inauſpicious ſtar reign'd at her birth,
That heaven thus frowns upon her miſery?
And, my good lord, now innocence muſt die,
As white as untrod ſnow or culver down.
King's words are laws, and cannot be withſtood;
Yet 'tis falſe greatneſs which delights in blood.

Alph. Patience, my lord; I do not think this ill
Is yet ſo big, as unrecoverable.
The king doth hold you in moſt choice reſpect,
And whom kings love, they ſtudy to oblige;
Then call your reaſon home, make not this civil war,
To ſuffer, makes woes leſſer than they are.

Epi. How well the ſound can ſalve the ſick-man's grief!
But oh how ill he can digeſt his pills!

Alph. O my good lord, you ſhall not loſe a ſiſter
That is the joy and comfort of your breath;
'Tis not your blood ſhall iſſue from her wound;

But

But mine that runs in rivers from her tears:
And drowns my face in her calamity.
Well, let her periſh, ſince her ſoul is clear,
And for her death, I'll make a maſſacre.

Enter Cypres, Queen, Phylocles, Mariana bound, a guard of halberts, and an executioner.

Cyp. Your ſuits are bootleſs: for my vows have glew'd
And clos'd mine ears, that they retain no ſound
Of your intreaties; and even now the time
Doth run upon his lateſt minutes, and
Save but by ſpeech, there's no recovery.

Qu. Have mercy, good my lord: O let my tears intrude
Betwixt your vows and her calamity;
In her you take from me my beſt of life,
My joy, my comfort, and my play-fellow.

Cyp. Content you, madam, for my vow is paſt,
And is like fate ſtill unrevocable:
Aſcend poor model of calamity.

Mar. As lightly burden'd with the weight of crimes,
As ſpotleſs infants, or poor harmleſs lambs,
Thus I aſcend my heaven, this firſt ſtep lower
Mounts to this next, and thus hath brought
My body's frame unto its higheſt throne;
Here doth her office end, and hence my ſoul
With golden wings of thought ſhall mount the ſky,
And reach a palace of pure ſanctity.
Farewel my ſovereign, madam within your thoughts
Make me a tomb, and love my memory.
Brother farewel; nay, do not mourn my death,
It is not I that die to ſpot our houſe,
Or make you live in after-obloquy;
Then weep no more, but take my laſt adieu,
My virtues, not my faults, preſerve with you.
Laſtly, to you that are my laſt of hope,
Nay, do not hide your eyes, I love them ſtill:
To part friends now is greateſt charity,
O be thy days as fruitful in delights,

As

As Eden in choice-flowers, thine honour's ſuch
As all the world may ſtrive to imitate,
Be maſter of thy wiſhes: only this,
When the ſad nurſe, to ſtill the wrangling babe,
Shall ſing the careful ſtory of my death,
Give me a ſigh from thy heart's pureſt breath:
And ſo farewel.

Exec. Madam, kneel here, forgive me for your death.

Mar. With all my heart, thou art but law's poor hand,
Thus to my death I bow, and as I riſe,
Angels protect my ſpirit in the skies.
[*He offers to ſtrike.*

Phy. Hold, or thine hand ſhall be thine own deſtruction.

Cyp. Never did muſick ſound with better voice,
Unbind the lady.

Flo. The fear of death hath brought her to a ſwoon.

Cyp. Endeavour her recovery.

Epi. Siſter, dear ſiſter, call thy ſpirits back,
Siſter, O ſiſter, hearken to my woes,
Recover breath, and live with happineſs.

Qu. She ſtirs, give way to air that ſhe may breath:
Speak Mariana, thy woes are cancell'd.

Mar. You are not charitable to my moans,
Thus to afflict me with a double puniſhment:
One death for one poor fault might well ſuffice,
They are moſt wretched who twice live and die.

Phy. Madam, to ſave your life, I kill my ſoul;
And ſpeckle that which was immaculate.
Black perjury that open-ey'd diſeaſe,
Which is the plague-ſore of ſociety,
Brands me with miſchief, and proteſts I hold
Nothing within me but unworthineſs:
And all theſe ills are your creation.

Ma. Which to waſh off, lo here I yield myſelf,
An humble ſacrifice to love and thee:
All my beſt hopes, my fortunes, and my love,

My

My faith, my ſervice, and my loyalty,
Shall as thy ſlaves attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my ſuffrages.
Cyp. Receive her Phylocles, for it pleaſeth us.
Phy. But not me, my thrice royal ſovereign;
I'd rather wed a ſooty Blackamore,
A leper, monſter, incubus, or hag,
A wretch deform'd in nature, loath'd of men,
Than her that hath bemonſter'd my pure ſoul.
Her ſcorn and pride had almoſt loſt her life,
A maid ſo faulted ſeldom proves good wife.
Qu. What is the reaſon you not love her now,
And were ſo paſſionate in love before?
Phy. Not that I love her leſs, but rather more,
Run I this backward courſe; only my vow,
Since unperform'd craves ſatisfaction;
Which thus I reconcile; when this fair maid
Shall with as ſtrong a love, as firm a zeal,
A faith as conſtant, and ſhame as ſtrong,
Requite my care, and ſhew as ample proof,
In mine extremes, as I have in her death,
Then will I love, enjoy, and honour her;
'Till when, I will not think a loving thought;
Or give the eaſy temper of my mind
To love-ſick paſſion or deliciouſneſs.
Only with thoſe which do adore the ſun,
I'll give her all reſpect and reverence.
Mar. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtful foe,
You have good reaſon thus to capitulate:
Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought,
Muſter your ſtrongeſt powers of ſtricteſt wit,
And when your reaſon's beſt artillery's bent,
Love not my love if 't be not excellent.
Cyp. I have not ſeen a war breed better wit,
Or paſſion draw on more delightfulneſs:
Proceed in your contention, for we boaſt,
That love is beſt which is approved moſt.
But now to revels ſince our tragick ſcene
Is turn'd to comic mirthful conſtancy;
Inſtead of mourning, we will dance and banquet,

And

And fill our empty veins with all delights:
For oft' we find that ſtorms and ſorrows prove,
The beſt fore-runners of a happy love.
[*Exeunt all but Epire.*

Epi. He will, but he will not; loves, but cannot like.
Will and affection in this prince are like
Two buckets which do never both aſcend:
Or thoſe ſtar twins which ſhine not in one ſphere.
O Phlyocles, I ſee thy ſoul grows fat,
And feeds upon the glories of my fame;
But I'll foreſtal thine epileptic fits;
And by my plots breed thy deſtruction.
Revenge now rules as ſovereign of my blood,
And others ruins ſhall advance my good.
Which once attain'd to, I will prove ambitious,
Great men like gods, are ne'er thought vicious.
Now Phylocles ſtand faſt, king guard thy crown,
For by this brain, you both ſhall tumble down. [*Exit.*

Enter Veloups and Drap, Preſident ſitting at his deſk.

Vel. This is his chamber, let's enter, here's his clerk.

Preſi. Fondling, ſaid ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,

Drap. I pray you, ſir, help us to the ſpeech of your maſter.

Preſi. I'll be a park, and thou ſhalt be my deer;
He is very buſy in his ſtudy.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or on dale,
Stay a while, he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when thoſe mounts are dry,
Stray lower where the pleaſant fountains lie.
Go thy way thou beſt book in the world.

Vel. I pray you ſir, what book do you read?

Preſi. A book that never an orator's clerk in this kingdom, but is beholden unto; it is called maid's philoſophy, or Venus and Adonis:
Look you gentlemen, I have divers other pretty books.

Drap.

Drap. You are very well ſtor'd, ſir; but I hope your maſter will not ſtay long.

Preſi. No, he will come preſently.

Enter Mechant.

Vel. Who have we here? another client ſure, crows flock to carcaſes; O, 'tis the Lord Mechant.

Mec. Save you, gentlemen; ſir, is your maſter at any leiſure?

Preſi. *Here, ſit thee down where never ſerpent hiſſes,*
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.
His buſineſſes yet are many, you muſt needs attend a while.

Mec. We muſt attend 'em, even ſnails keep ſtate
When with ſlow thruſt their horns peep forth the gate.
We muſt attend, 'tis cuſtom's fault not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours ſhine:
'Tis ſomewhat 'gainſt my nature to attend,
But when we muſt, we muſt be patient,
A man may have admittance to the king
As ſoon as to theſe long robes, and as cheap.
Come, gentlemen, ſhall we walk?
Thus are the pavement ſtones before the doors
Of theſe great tongue-gilt orators, worn ſmooth
With clients dancing 'fore them.

Vel. It's ſtrange to ſee how the world waits upon them, therein they are the only men now.

Me. O, only; they of all men in requeſt.
Your phyſician is the lawyer for your health:
And moderates unruly humours beſt.
Others are nobody compar'd with him:
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Drap. True, and that's it makes theſe men grow ſo fat,
Swell with rich purchaſes.

Mec. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can work miracles,
And like creators, even of empty nothing,

Erect

Erect a world of goodly livings, fair demeans,
And gallant manners, heap'd one on another.
Vel. They gain indeed exceſſively, and are not like us citizens,
Expos'd to hazard of the ſeas and traffick.
Meſ. Why, here's a fellow now, this orator,
Even Prate, you would little think it, his father was
An honeſt proiner of our country vines;
Yet he's ſhot to his foot-cloath.
Drap. O, he is; he proin'd him well, and brought him up to learning.
Meſ. 'Faith, reaſonable learning, a ſmattering in the Latin tongue,
A little rhetorick, with wrangling ſophiſtry,
Were his preparatives unto his art.
Vel. After theſe preparatives (if you call them ſo)
The phyſick wrought well, for a few years practice
Brought him in wonderous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O ſuch a ſudden riſe,
Hath fortune for her minions; blame him not then
Though he look high on't.
Me. Nay, for his pride, of weaker ſouls term'd ſtate,
It hurts none but himſelf.
Dra. Yet to my ſeeming it is very ſtrange,
That from ſo baſe beginning, men can breath
Such ſoaring fames.
Mec. Strange; it's not ſtrange a whit,
Dunghills and marriſh bogs, dart ſtore of vapours,
And viſcous exhalations, againſt heaven,
Which borrowing luſtre there (though baſely bred)
Seem yet like glorious planets faireſt ſtars:
To the weak eyes of wondring ignorance,
When wiſe men know they are but meteors.
But here comes the orator.

Enter Prate.

Prat. What, preſident, I ſay, come and attend me to the ſenate-houſe.
Pre. I am ready, ſir, if you have *copia verborum*,

I have *copia rerum* in a buckram bag here.

Prat. Your lordſhip's pleaſure.

Mec. Maſter orator, 'tis not unknown, my ſuit.

Prat. Nay, your lordſhip muſt be brief, I'll not attend
The ſhallow ſleight of words, your ſuit, your ſuit.

Mec. The reſtoration of my lands and honours.

Prat. They are confiſcate.

Mec. My lands confiſcate, and my body free?

Prat. My lord, my lord, the queen's more merciful.

Mec. Sir, you forget my place.

Prat. Sir, you forget your faith:
'Twas known unto the queen, the ſtate, and us,
Your malecontented ſpirit, your diſeaſe in duty:
Your diligent perturbance of the peace:
Your paſſages, occurrences, and----

Mec. Sir.

Prat. Sir me no ſirs,
Do not I know you were the chief of thoſe
Which rais'd the war in Sicil? And long ſince
Wrought in the king's loves bloody buſineſs.
Did not you hold fair quarter and commerce
With all the ſpies of Cypres? Fie, I am aſham'd
Blind impudence ſhould make you be ſo bold,
To bare your face before authority.

Mec. But hear me.

Prat. I will hear no reply; go home, repent, pray, and die.
Come, gentlemen, what's your buſineſſes?

Ve. Your confirmation to his highneſs grant, touching our trade with Spain, in which if it pleaſe you to aſſiſt us, we have a thouſand crowns which ſhall attend you.

Prat. O I have you in my memory, the ſuit is great:
And I muſt ſqueeze forth more than a thouſand crowns.
Well, attend me to the ſenate; you ſhall have fair diſpatches. [*Exeunt all but Mechant.*

Mec. I'll not attend the ſhallow ſleight of words,
Go home, repent, pray, and die.
Excellent precepts for an orator's chamber.

Where

Where ſpeech muſt bathe a handful deep in gold,
'Till the poor givers conduit being dry,
The wretch goes home, doth curſe, repent, and die.
It is thy counſel, orator, thy tale breath,
Good only but to ſeaſon infamy.
From this reproach, this incareſſing humour
Hath taught my ſoul a new philoſophy.
I will go home, and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profeſſion;
I will go home, and there new frame myſelf
More thirſtily pernicious to thy ſtate,
Than war or unabated mutiny.
As for my prayers, orator, they are for thee;
Thou haſt a pretty, lovely, witty wife:
O may'ſt thou live, both to be known and know
Thyſelf the greateſt cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it.
May'ſt thou embrace thy ſhame with thankful arms,
Hug thy diſgrace, make thy black poiſon wine,
And cap and crouch to thy diſhonour:
May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
All night in bellmen's mouths, with Paſquil in the day.

Enter Alphonſo unbrac'd.

Alph. Day be my ſpeed, night ſhall not cloak my ſin,
If I have nought to do, its by the ſun,
The light gives leave to all mine idleneſs.
Quick buſineſs and ope eyes ſieze on mine orator,
Whilſt I create him horny preſidents.

Enter Collaquintida.

But here's my bed-broker. Now my great armful of good intelligence, where is my miſtreſs?

Col. Faſt lock'd in her bed with a cloſe ward to devour thee, my brave Paraquito; but huſh, no words; there is a calm before the tempeſt.

Alph. Tut, tell me of no ſtorms; but direct me to her bed-chamber, my noble firelock of a fleſh piſtol.

Col. Follow thy colours, my brave worthy, mount

up thy ſtandard, ſo enter and proſper.

[*She puts Alph. into the orator's houſe.*

Thou haſt a rich room, ſafe locks, ſweet ſheets, a choice armful, with O the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Mec. What's this, what's this. Doth this lord Alphonſo turn the orator to an Antilope? 'Tis more than excellent,
And from the juice of this deſpight I ſuck
Delight more great than all my miſeries;
Obſerve, dear eyes, obſerve.

Col. Nay, go thy way for a camel, or a camelion; thou may'ſt compare with all Europe, Africk, and Aſia; and one that will change tricks tho' thou wer't worthy to be ſchoolmaſter either to Proteus or Aretine: what an excellent gift did God give unto man when he gave him woman, but how much more when that woman was made fair! But oh, the moſt of all when ſhe had wit to uſe every member of her creation. Well, I'll ſtand to't, there's nothing but beauty, uſe, and old age, that puts women of my rank out of requeſt, and yet like old bucklers, tho' few of your gallant cavilleers will wear us, yet many of your ſtale ruffians will employ us, and that's our comfort ſtill.

Mec. Was ever heard a bawd more damnable!
A very mountebank of wench-fleſh, an emperick,
A dog-leech for the putrify'd ſores
Of theſe luſt-canker'd great ones. O I could
Even mad myſelf with railing at their vices;

[*Prate knocks at the door.*

But hark, one knocks, O for the orator,
Heavens I beſeech thee, O for the orator.

Col. How now, who knocks ſo rudely at the door?

Pra. 'Tis I, I ſay, open the door, I am in haſte.

Mec. 'Tis he, juſt heavens 'tis he, 'fore God, the orator.

Col. Soul of my bawdy office; how are we betray'd.
Anon, anon, ſir, what miſtreſs Prate, I ſay;
Ariſe for ſhame, your huſband's at the door,
I come, I come; Lord God how dull you are
When danger's at your heels; riſe quickly.

Prat.

Prat. Open the door, or I will break it ope.

Col. I come, I come; I think he's mad with haſte. What, John; what, Thomas, Robert, where's theſe knaves;
What Julian, Mary, Cicely, ne'er a maid within.

Lo. For God's love ſtay; I'll find the key ſtraightway.

Enter Lollia, and Alphonſo in his ſhirt.

O miſtreſs Colloquintida, what ſhall become of us?

Col. Nay, I'm at my wits end, and am made
Duller than any ſpur-gall'd, tir'd jade.

Alph. 'sFoot, if he enter I will break his neck.

Lo. Not for a world, dear love, ſtep into my cloſet.

Alph. Did ever ſlave come thus unluckily?

Lo. Nay, now's no time for paſſion, good lord, in. [*Exit Alphonſo.*

Enter Prate.

Col Fie, I have almoſt broke my heart with running.

Lo. How now, dear husband, what hath mov'd this haſte?

Prat. I think I was not bleſt this morning when I roſe; for through my forgetfulneſs, I have left behind me in my ſtudy the breviates of all my cauſes; and now the ſenate is fain to dance attendance on my leiſure, fie, fie, fie. *Exit Prate.*

Lo. Nay, if he ſmell nothing but papers, I care not for his dry foot hunting, nor ſhall I need to puff pepper in his noſtrils; but ſee, he comes again.

Enter Prate, and ſtumbling at his wife's bed, ſees Alphonſo's rich apparel lying thereon.

Prat. I think the devil hath laid his horns in my way.

Mec. Yes, and if you had wit you might conjure him out of your wife's cloſet.

Prat. Sancte Benedicite, what have we here! Hath the golden ſnake caſt his skin upon our bed; go to,

wife, I ſmell, I ſmell, methinks your plain rug ſhould not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lo. Husband, either I have fitted you now, or elſe I ſhall never fit you whilſt I breath.
You oft have told me, that like thoſe of your rank,
Who both adorn their credits and themſelves,
Yea, even their cauſes with their coſtly cloaths,
Yourſelf in like ſort would ſtrive to imitate,
And now my neighbour here hath brought this ſuit,
Which if you pleaſe to buy, 'tis better cheap
Than e'er 'twas made by full five thouſand crowns.

Prat. Say'ſt thou me ſo, wench; a kiſs for that i'faith;
'Fore God 'tis a delicate fine ſuit, rich ſtuff, rare work, and of the neweſt faſhion; nay, if the ſenate's buſineſs were never ſo haſty, I will ſtay to try it on; come, help, good wenches, help; ſo, there, there, there.

[*The orator puts on Alphonſo's apparel.*

Mec. 's Foot, will the ox put on the lion's hyde?
He will, he will, 'tis more than excellent,
So gild the tomb that holds but rottenneſs,
Laughter, I fear, will burſt me, look, how he ſtruts,
O God that ever any man ſhould look,
Upon this maumet, and not laugh at him.

Prat. Fit, fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould:
Wife, I will have it, we'll diſpute no price.

Enter Veloups.

Ve. Maſter orator, the ſenate are ſet, and can diſpatch no cauſes through your abſence, therefore they earneſtly intreat your preſence.

Prat. I come, I come, good friend, go, ſay I come. And, wife, ſee that you pay for this ſuit, whatſoe'er it coſt. [*Ex. Prate.*

Mec. Not above making you cuckold, that's the moſt

Lol. What, is he gone?

Col. He is.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo in his Shirt.

Lol. Why, then, come forth, poor naked lord.

Alph. What, is he gone? May the devil and his horns both follow him.

Lol. He is gone; but yet he hath diſcover'd your treaſon.

Alph. How!

Col. Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked ſort as you are, you ſhall do penance thro' the city for your ſin of unchaſtity.

Alph. I pray thee, leave thy woman's phraſe, and ſpeak like a man, plainly, plainly.

Lol. Then plainly thus, he is gone, and hath taken away your apparel.

Alph. Upon what accident?

Lol. This, when your negligence had left your cloaths upon my bed, he eſpied them, task'd me for the owner; I, in excuſe, told him it was a ſuit brought by my goſſip to be ſold; he ſtraight, like a child, proud of a new coat, preſently puts it on, preſently is ſent for to the ſenate, and at this preſent hath left you, that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alph. I would it were waſh'd in the blood of a centaur, that when he puts it off his skin might follow it: but how ſhall I get to my chamber?

Lol. Truly, I know not, except you will wear a ſmock's upper coat.

Alph. What, a petticoat? you mad me with your mirth.

Lol. Then, ſeriouſly, thus; as he hath ta'en your cloaths, you muſt take his; and let the world know you have had more than fidlers fare, for you have meat, money, and cloth.

Alph. 'sFoot, how ſhall I look in this devil's ſuit; ſure I ſhall grow ſick to ſee my ſhape.

Lol. Well, extremity muſt then be your phyſick; but, come, you ſhall attire yourſelf in my chamber.

[*Ex. Alph. Loll. & Coll.*

Mec. Are theſe the winding turns of female ſhames,
Looſe woman's gambols, and the tricks of ſun?

And are we born to bear theſe ſuffrages?
O, he that's ty'd unto a brothel bed,
Feels his worſt hell on earth, and may preſume
There is no ſickneſs like his peſtilence:
Well, what the iſſue of this jeſt will prove,
My wit but yet conceives, and after time
Shall perfect it and give it liberty,
In ſuch ſort, that if it true fire ſtrike,
A world of apes ſhall ſtudy for the like. [*Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Epire alone.

Ep. My thoughts are troubled, joy forſakes me quite,
And all my meditations are revenge:
Ambition and fell murder join in me,
And aid each other to untwine a ſtate,
And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
Now muſt I practiſe court-art flattery,
And wiſely temporize with blackeſt deeds:
I'll ſmile and ſtab, now weep, then laugh, then frown,
And with ſly tricks of ſtate kill all ſuſpicion;
Devils muſt ſeem like angels, ſaith ambition.
The blackeſt thoughts I'll ſtudy to excel,
Crowns and revenge have made men dive to hell.
My plot is currant and it cannot miſs,
Whilſt wiſdom winds me on the clue of bliſs.
The king ſhall kill the queen, that acted right,
I ſoon will turn his brighteſt day to night.
He's ſimple, honeſt, and loves downy reſt,
Then he muſt fall, 'tis policy in ſtate,
To hurl them down are bleſt with happy fate.
Thus each ſhall ſcourge himſelf with his own rod,
Who is all policy avows no God.
Who is within there, ho?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Did your grace call?

Ep. I did, where's the king?

Flo. He's in his privy chamber playing at cheſs.

Ep. Go ſtraight, and tell him I muſt ſpeak with him,
And ſay my buſineſs doth import great haſte.

Flo.

Flo. I go, my lord.

Ep. Be ableſt Mercury; now, mount thee up, my ſpirit,
And ſhew thyſelf a politician;
Let ſlander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,
And let deſtruction be thy period
Of what thou ſpeak'ſt; for this my maxim is,
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliſs.

Enter Cypres, Florio and attendants.

Here comes the king; my lord, we muſt be private,

Cy. Remove your hearings from our conference.
Now, ſpeak, my lord, ſpeak freely, as to heaven.

Ep. Firſt with my knee I kiſs this proſtrate earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue ſhall ſpeak,
So it proceed from love and vaſſalage,
May bear a pardon or forgetfulneſs.

Cyp. You have it; ariſe, diſcharge an open breaſt.

Ep. O, my dread liege, my ſpeech will make you ſad:
(And kings do ſeldom reliſh their diſtaſtes)
And from that ſadneſs ſuch a ſtorm will riſe
As will even drown up all credulity.
O that my loyal heart could cover ſin,
Or that my tongue, inured unto grief,
Might loſe its ſpleen e'er it diſtemper you.
But love, and mine allegiance, bid me ſpeak.

Cyp. Then ſpeak, and do not rack me with delay.

Ep. Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
The firſt that ever made us taſte of grief,
And laſt of whom in torments we complain.
You devils ſhap'd like angels, through whoſe deeds,
Our forked ſhames are made moſt viſible;
No ſoul of ſenſe would wrong bright majeſty,
Nor ſtain their blood with ſuch impurity.

Cy. Nay, good lord, leave this allegorick ſpeech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phraſe.

Ep. Then plainly thus, your bed is preſs'd with luſt;
I know you do not credit, nay, what's more,

I know you hate me for my virtuouſneſs:
Your queen behaves her like a courtezan.
I know you hold me for a vile impoſter;
O fooliſh zeal, that makes me be ſo fond
To leave my faith unto black cenſuring.
O, ſhe hath ſinn'd, and done a double wrong
To you, to her, and ſacred chaſtity.

Cy. Duke, thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind,
Slander is worſe than theft or ſacriledge,
Nay more, than murder, or the height of treaſon,
A ſtep beyond the utmoſt plagues in hell.
Then thou which in that nature wrong'ſt a queen,
Deſerv'ſt a ſcourge beyond their puniſhments,
Virtue ſhould kill thee now.

Ep. Nay, do, my breaſt is bare unto thy ſteel,
Kill me becauſe I love thee and ſpeak true,
Is this the merit of a Roman faith,
For this have I obſerv'd, pry'd in unto,
And ſearch'd each ſecret ſhift of vanity?
Nay, pray you kill me, faith I'll patient ſtand,
Live ſtill a monſter, hold ſhame in your hand.

Cyp. Speak a word more, a king ſhall be thy death.

Ep. Death is a ſlave to him that is reſolv'd,
And my ſoul loaths this ſervile flattery,
Nor will I cover ſuch intemperate ſin,
But to the world make them and that tranſparent,
Unleſs yourſelf will ſeek to right yourſelf.

Cyp. Thou haſt awak'd me, and thy piercing words
Have ſplit my ſenſe in ſunder: yet what ground
Remains whereon to ground ſuſpicion? a cuckold, cuckold, ha!

Ep. Your abſence is the bawd to her deſires,
For their masks, dancing, gaming, banquetting,
Strange private meetings, and all toils in love.
As wanton ſpeeches to ſtir appetite,
And all inchantments that inflame deſire,
When you return, then all is huſh'd and ſtill,
And ſhe demurely walks like virtue's ghoſt:
Before your face ſhe's like a puritan,
Behind your back a bluſhleſs courtezan.

Cyp.

Cyp. O I have drank in poiſon at mine ears,
Which makes my blood boil with unquenched flames.
But ſpeak, who is it that diſhonours me?

Ep. He that you prize a line before your life;
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.

Cyp. Nay, if thou ceaſe to ſpeak, thou hat'ſt my life;
Tak'ſt thou delight to kill me, then forbear:
'sFoot, I am mortal man, kill me, do, do, do.

Ep. Your beſt of friends, your deareſt Phylocles,
Uſurps your bed and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in paradiſe,
And one that's only of a woman's making.

Cyp. Is't poſſible! Can I give faith to this?

Ep. Nay, be but patient, ſmooth your brow a little,
And you ſhall take them as they clip each other,
Even in their height of ſin, then damn them both,
And let them ſink before they ask God pardon,
That your revenge may ſtretch unto their ſouls.

Cyp. To be a cuckold doth exceed all grief.

Ep. To have a pleaſant ſcoff at majeſty.

Cyp. To taſte the fruit forbidden from my tree!

Ep. But he ſhall loſe his paradice for that.

Cyp. The ſlave will make baſe ſongs in my diſgrace.

Ep. And wound your reputation in ſtrange lands.

Cyp. This injury ſads all my joys on earth.

Ep. Horns are not ſhunn'd by wiſdom, wealth, or birth.

Cyp. Watch their cloſe meetings, and then give us notice;
Mean ſpace my love ſhall in thy boſom reſt:
My grief is like my birth, great, great and high:
Give cloſe intelligence; till then, farewel.
Luſt is the broadeſt path which leads to hell.

[*Exit Cyprez.*

Ep. He's gone with black ſuſpicion in his heart:
And his ſoul made a ſlave to jealouſy,
My plots ſhall drive him to his own deſtruction;
And I gain both revenge and dignity.

He ſhall no ſooner put his queen to death,
But I'll proclaim her ſpotleſs innocence;
All men will hate him for ſo vile an act,
And mad with rage depoſe him from his crown.
Then I will be his death, his ſtate doth give,
Kings once depos'd, long after muſt not live;
For like a phœnix rare in jealouſy,
He ſhall conſume himſelf in ſcorching flames,
Whilſt from his aſhes, I a phœnix ſpring:
Many renounce their God to be a King.
And I'll be one to kill men with a frown,
None dare diſpute the actions of a crown. [*Exit.*

Act IV. Scene I. *Muſick.*

Enter Florio and Mechant.

Florio. THE queen is all for revels, her light heart,
Unladen from the heavineſs of ſtate,
Beſtows itſelf upon delightfulneſs.

Mec. She follows her creation and her ſex,
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To ſee the worthy model of a woman,
Who had not been at all but to give life,
And ſtirring ſpleen to man's alacrity,
To ſit o'erwhelm'd with thought, with dark amuſe,
And the ſad ſullenneſs of griev'd diſlike;
As to behold an old man in his furies,
Whoſe well-ſpent youth, hath given his age full ſtrength,
To be his country's beſt phyſician,
To caper to his grave, and with vain gaudies
Trick up his coffin, and upon his tomb,
To leave no knowledge bnt his levity.

Flo. 'Tis true indeed, and nature in herſelf,
Doth give us ſtill diſtaſte in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as baſe to ſee a woman man,
As ſee a man a long rob'd feminine.

Mec.

Mec. Well, we forget ourſelves my lord, what is the muſick ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberts in their hands, the uſhers ſhould have ſeen this room perfum'd, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the queen.

Enter the queen, Mariana, and waiting-women, Phyloclès and other lords, the king diſguiſed like one of the guard at the one end of the ſtage, and the duke ſo likewiſe diſguiſed at the other end of the ſtage.

Qu. Loud muſick there, and let the god of harmony
Raviſh our ſenſes with delightful airs,
Tun'd to the muſick of the higher ſphere,
And with that mortal ſign moſt rarely ſhew
The joys in Jove's high court, to feaſt the gods,
Making that place abound in happineſs.
Come noble Phylocles, I ſeize you firſt,
(Mariana there are choice of other lords),
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.

Mar. Come honeſt lord, 'tis you muſt ſtand to me,
The queen in mine doth challenge intereſt,
And I muſt fly for ſhelter to my friends.

Mec. And I'll be glad to be your coverture.

Mar. O no my lord, not till the weather change.

Mec. Well, when you pleaſe, mean time you do me grace.

Qu. Nay my lord, there's a lady worth the handling:
Sound muſick then, fill earth with heaven's pleaſure.

Cyp. My queen is out of time, though ſhe keep meaſure.

Here they dance the firſt ſtrain.

Epy. Be lucky villain,
Hit now the mark that mine ambition aims at,
Methinks I ſee that lean Italian devil, jealouſy, dance
In his eyes: poſſeſs him ſpirit of rage,
Muffle his underſtanding with black thoughts,
Let paſſion govern reaſon, falſhood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

Epy.

Epy. Thou danceſt on my heart, laſcivious queen,
Even as upon theſe ruſhes, which thou treadeſt:
See how her motions wind about his eyes,
And doth preſent to him her paſſions:
Now doth her moiſtening palm glow in his hand,
And courts him unto dalliance: ſhe dies, 'tis juſt,
She's ſlave to murder that is ſlave to luſt.

Epy. Thou curſe of greatneſs, waking ey'd ſuſpicion,
Now help thy poor friends, murder and ambition.

The firſt ſtrain ends.

Qu. This ſtrain contain'd a pretty change.
Proceed unto the next.

They dance the ſecond.

Cyp. Sin follows ſin, and change on change doth wait,
Thy change doth change my love to cruel hate.

Here in this ſtrain, Mariana came to Phylocles.

Phy. Madam, methinks this change is better than the firſt.

Mar. Ay, if the muſick would not alter it.

Qu. Methinks 'tis worſe, come we will have another ſtrain.

They dance again.

Phy. I'm pleas'd, let us proceed.

Cyp. Rivals in crowns and beds of kings muſt bleed.
Can that fair houſe contain ſo foul a gueſt
As luſt, or cloak inordinate and baſe deſires,
Under ſo fair a coverture? O yes,
Women can blind our ſenſe when we ſee beſt,
And ſet fair landſkips on inconſtancy,
Making us blind with ſeeing. The dance ends,
Your ſins are blackeſt, breach of love and friends.

Epy. Now to the king, blow rage till it flame hate,
A politician thrives the beſt in ſtate.

[*Exit Epyre, and enters to the king again.*

Qu. Come, ſweet prince Phylocles,
Deviſe ſome new delights to ſhorten time;

This

This dulneſs hath no reliſh in my ſenſe,
It hath no pith; and ſloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in beſt conſtitutions.

Mar. Madam, I'll ſtand, that a fair woman muſt be proud or elſe a fool.

Phy. I would fain hear that, i'faith.

Qu. Thy reaſon wench, I pray thee come, diſburſet

Mar. A woman fair, is like a full-blown roſe,

Qu. Which holds the fair no longer than it grows.

Mar. A woman fair, is like the fineſt gold.

Phy. Which kept from uſe, is good though ne'er ſo old.

Mar. Nay, good lord leave a little,
She that is fair is wiſe, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature firſt beſtow it.
Now of this knowledge, if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allow'd
To rank with ſenſeleſs beaſts, ſince careleſs we
For want of pride detract our dignity.
Not knowing it, we know truth in the ſame,
Not to be proud of truth, aſks follies name.
This leſſon ſtill is read in beauties ſchool,
She that is fair and humble, is a fool.
For neither knows ſhe how to hold her good,
Or to keep ſafe the treaſure of her blood.

Qu. A notable declamation.

Mar. Nay madam, by your leave,
Pride gives a luſtre to a woman fair,
Things that are higheſt priz'd, are ever dear.
Why is the diamond the ſaphyrs king,
But for eſteem and rareneſs? both which ſpring
From the ſtone's pride, which is ſo chaſte and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, itſelf is itſelf's guard.
Now what is pride? ſelf-love, our own eſteem,
A ſtrength to make us of ourſelves well deem:
From whence this maxim I collect 'mongſt other,
Who hates herſelf, can never love another.
And to conclude, man's appetite grows dull
To what it may have, empty hope is full,

To

To all our ſex on earth, maid, widow, wife and bride,
They happy live, when they live with chaſte pride.

Cyp. My queen will ſpeak as much for luſt, as ſhe for pride, if the toy take her.

Mec. Your ladyſhip ſows dangerous ſeed abroad.

Mar. But I hope my lord, all grounds are not fruitful.

Qu. Well wench, ſhalt be the proud woman's champion.

Mar. And I'll defend them againſt all men, as at ſingle tongue.

Mec. I had rather fight with a giant, than you at that weapon.

Cyp. My lord go forth, return in your own ſhape, ſay I am coming.

Epi. I go my lord. [*Exit Epire.*

Cyp. I'll note their countenance when they hear of me,
Kings often ſee that which they would not ſee.

Qu. Dancing hath made me weary, what ſport is next?

Phy. What your highneſs will command.

Cyp. She will command you, ſir, to play with her.

Enter Epire.

Epi. Madam, his majeſty is return'd to court.

Qu. Nay then away with revels and with ſports;
Lie huſh, and ſtill this vainer idleneſs,
It now hath loſt his ſpleen, come lords away,
My ſun is riſen, brings a brighter day.
[*Exeunt all but Cypres and Epire.*

Cyp. Darkneſs is thy delight, laſcivious queen,
And thou wouldſt have thy ſun pent up in cloud:
If I be he, O falſeneſs, did I for this,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
Hazard my royal blood for thee to be
My greateſt ſhame, the ſcandal of my blood,
Whilſt rumour crowns me king of infamy?
But I will be reveng'd: watch gentle lord,

When

When next I ſee them, they ſhall taſte of death,
Such power hath baſeneſs over great defame,
That monarchs cannot cover their own ſhame.
[*Exit Cypres.*

Epi. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do ſee an even way to rule,
A crown like a bold champion bids me on,
And fame ſhall chronicle mine enterprize:
The queen being dead, I muſt oppoſe myſelf,
Againſt her tyrant huſband, that's my claim,
And with ſtrong courage ſtand the ſhock of war:
If of myſelf I can withſtand the king,
Then all the land will flock unto mine aid; if not,
The king is God's anointed, my head fits the block,
And that's the worſt, yet future times will tell,
I ſunk not ſlightly, for a crown I fell. [*Exit Epire.*

Enter Mechant and a guard of watchmen.

Mec. Come on my maſters, you know the tenure of the king's command,
And what in this great buſineſs you muſt do,
Which is to keep him ſafe, and not vouchſafe
That any creature ſpeak or viſit him,
'Till he be brought to the preſence of the king.
You muſt not ſtart for bounty nor for threats,
No though he ſay he is a nobleman,
As it may be, he may prove mighty born,
Yet what for that? you muſt perform your office,
Or elſe expect to taſte ſharp puniſhment.

1. *Watch.* Tut, fear not my lord, we that have had Cerberus office ſo many years under a grate, are not to learn now to play either devils, or tyrants, let us but ſee him, and then take no care for his ſafety.

2. *Watch.* Nay, he ſhall be put into ſafe keeping, for my wife ſhall take charge of him.

Enter Alphonſo in the orator's cloaths.

Mec. 'Tis well deviſ'd, ſee where he comes,
He may not ſee my preſence, think upon't,

Your

Your charge is truſty, and of mighty weight.
Parewel. [*Exit Mechant.*

1. *Watch.* Fear not: come my hearts, compaſs him about, and ſeize on him all at once, like ſo many ravens on a dead horſe.

Alph. Now an eternal ſleep, an apoplex, a ſwoon
Sieze on their ſenſes, who in this diſguiſe,
Shall view or note my vile deformity.
I was bewitch'd by ſpells to my misfortune:
Or elſe ſtar-croſs'd with ſome hagg's helliſhneſs.
Sure I ſaid my prayers, ris'd on my right ſide,
Waſh'd hands and eyes, put on my girdle laſt;
Sure I met no ſplea-footed baker,
No hare did croſs me, nor no bearded witch,
Nor other ominous ſign. O then why
Should I be thus damn'd in the devil's nets?
Is't poſſible? this habit that I wear
Should become any man? now of my ſoul,
I loath to ſee myſelf, and willingly
I would even vomit at my countenance.

1. *Wath.* Stand, ſir, we arreſt you.

Alph. Arreſt me, why I injure no man but myſelf.

2. *Watch.* You're the more unkind, he that wrongs himſelf, will not ſtick to wrong the whole world alſo.

1. *Watch.* Nay ſtrive not, for we arreſt you by vertue of the king's commiſſion.

Alph. Well my maſters be careful, you may miſtake me.

2. *Wath.* Indeed it is no marvel, you are ſo like other men.

Alph. Indeed at this time, I am hardly like one of God's making.

1. *Watch.* Faith, and I am ſure you are no man of a good taylor's making, you are but piec'd-work.

Alph. Well, yet I may hap to prove a nobleman.

2. *Watch.* A whoremaſter or an unthrift, away with him, and let no man catechiſe him upon pain of my diſpleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the duke of Epire alone.

Epi. Roul on the chariot-wheels of my dear plots,
And bear mine ends to their desired marks:
As yet there's not a rub of wit, a gulf of thought,
No rocky misconstruction, thorny maze,
Or other let of any doubtfulness:
As yet thy way is smooth and plain,
Like the green ocean in a silent calm.
Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,
That art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thy great deity he doth believe
Falshoods, that falshood's self could not invent,
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
To overwhelm even virtue, truth and sanctity.
Let him go on blest stars, 'tis meet he fall,
Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
But O these shadows have bewitched long,
To threat and not to do, doth malice wrong,
And see, here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen, Mariana, and other ladies.

Qu. My lord the duke, your presence and my wish
Jump in an even line together: come, we must to cards,
I have some crowns I needs must lose to you.

Epi. I humbly beseech your highness pardon me,
I have important business of the king's,
Which doth command mine instant diligence.

Mar. Brother indeed you shall attend the queen,
Another time will serve those state dispatches.

Epi. Sister content you, the affairs of state
Must give their best attendance on the times,
And great occurrents must not lose their minutes.

Mar. Now I'll stand to it, that to be a statesman or a lawyer, is to be of the most thankless occupation that ever was deriv'd from human invention.

Qu. Why I pray thee wench?

Mar.

Mar. Becauſe they beſtow all the laborious toil of the mind until they be forty, that they may live impriſoned in a ſtudy-chamber 'till they be fourſcore, only for this world's mammon, a great name and riches, which like a ſtring between a galley-ſlave's legs, is the only eaſe of their fetters.

Qu. A notable conſtruction of a noble labour: but ſhall we not have your company, my lord?

Epi. My ſervice, madam, but my preſence the king hath employed; only if you pleaſe, I will ſend prince *Phylocles* to your majeſty.

Qu. No creature better, for his ſkill in play
Is equal with our knowledge. Good my lord,
Send him to my privy-chamber preſently.

[*Exit Queen and Mariana.*

Enter Phylocles.

Epi. I will, and ſend affliction after him;
And ſee where he comes: my lord your preſence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care,
I was in queſt for your fair company:
The queen my lord intreats you earneſtly
You will attend her in her privy-chamber.

Phy. Unto what end?

Epi. Only to waſte ſome time at cards with her,
The lazy hours ſtick heavy on her thoughts,
Which ſhe would loſe with ſome forgetfulneſs.

Phy. Faith and play ne'er reliſh'd worſe within my thoughts:
I know not how, but loaden heavineſs
Draws me to be in love with melancholy.

Epi. The fitter for you with more light ſports
To chaſe that blood-conſumer from your breaſt,
Who with a honey-poiſon doth devour,
And kill the very life of livelihood.

Phy. 'Tis true, and therefore ſhall your counſel tutor me,
Where is her majeſty?

Epi. Gone to her privy-chamber, where ſhe doth expect you.

Phy.

Phy. I will attend her preſently. [*Exit Phylocles.*
Epi. Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poor ſhallow lord, by much too virtuous.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Your grace's pleaſure?
Epi. Go tell his majeſty that I muſt ſpeak with him.
Flo. I go.

Enter aloft to cards, the Queen and Phylocles.

Qu. Come my lord take your place, here are cards, and here are my crowns.
Phy. And here are mine, at what game will your majeſty play?
Qu. At mount-ſaint.
Phy. A royal game, and worthy of the name,
And meeteſt even for ſaints to exerciſe:
Sure it was of a womans firſt invention.
Qu. It is not ſaint, but cent, taken from hundreds.
Phy. True, for 'mongſt millions hardly is found one ſaint.
Qu. Indeed you may allow a double game,
But come lift for the dealing, it is my chance to deal.
Phy. An action moſt, moſt proper to your ſex.

Enter Cypres.

Cyp. How now my waking dragon, thou whoſe eyes
Do never fall or cloſe through Lethean ſleep,
What is there a Hercules that dare to touch,
Or enter the Heſperian roſaries?
Epi. Speak ſoftly gentle lord, behold, behold
The filly birds are tangled in your ſnare,
And have no way to 'ſcape your puniſhment:
See how her eyes do court him, and his looks pay to her
Love a double intereſt. Fie, fie, they are to blame.
Qu. What are you my lord?
Phy. Your highneſſes ſervant, but misfortune's ſlave.

Qu.

Qu. Your game I mean.

Phy. Nothing in ſhow, yet ſomewhat in account, Madam, I am blank.

Qu. You are a double game, and I am no leſs, there's and hundred, and all cards made but one knave.

Epi. Mark that, of my life ſhe means your majeſty.

Cyp. True, I know ſhe holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfect in her game;
But my revenge ſhall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foul impudence.

Epi. Nay good my lord obſerve, they will confirm you better.

Qu. What's your game now?

Phy. Four kings as I imagine.

Qu. Nay I have two, yet one doth me little good.

Phy. Indeed, mine are two queens, and one I'll throw away.

Epi. Doth your majeſty mark that?
You are the king that ſhe is weary of,
And my ſiſter the queen that he will caſt away.

Phy. Can you decard, madam?

Qu. Hardly, but I muſt do hurt.

Phy. But ſpare not any to confirm your game.

Epi. Would you have more plain proof of their foul treaſon?
They do not plot your highneſs's death alone.

Cyp. But others which they think depend on me.

Epi. Myſelf and thoſe which do you ſervices,
They are bloody-minded, yet for myſelf,
Were it not for your ſafety, I could wiſh
You would remit and blot theſe errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more virtue.

Cyp. O then thou didſt not love me, nor thy faith
Took hold upon my ſcandals, fie, I'm mad,
Sham'd and diſgrac'd, all wit-ſtung wiſdomleſs.
Within there ho?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Did your majeſty call?

Cyp. Go inſtantly, (nay do not look ſad or pale,
Neither

Neither diſpute with me nor with thy thoughts:
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, effect my will)
Call all my guard, aſcend the queen's privy-chamber,
And in my name, arreſt her and prince Phylocles of treaſon.
Make no delay, but in thy diligence,
Shew how thou doſt reſpect me; arreſted once,
Convey them unto ſtraiteſt priſon: away. [*Exit Florio.*
For you my lord, go inſtantly prepare,
And ſummon all the princes of our land
Unto an inſtant parliament, where we
Will have them both condemn'd immediately,
Without their anſwers, plaints or pitiouſneſs.
Since women's tears do blunt revenge's ſword,
I will not ſee, nor hear them ſpeak one word.
[*Ex. Cypres and Epire.*

Enter Florio and a guard aloft to the queen and Phylocles.

Flo. Madam and prince Phylocles, in the king's name, I arreſt you both of high-treaſon.

Phy. He lies that ſaith I ever knew the word.

Qu. I pray thee do not affright me gentle lord,
Thy words do carry death even in their ſound.

Flo. Madam, I am moſt ſorry 'tis my fortune,
But what I do is by the king's commiſſion.

Qu. Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treaſon?

Flo. I am his inſtrument, but not his counſellor.

Qu. Witneſs my tears that I am innocent.

Phy. Madam be patient, that we do not know,
We have no cauſe to grieve at. As for envies toil,
Let her even break her own gall with deſire,
Our innocence is our prevention.
Be chearful madam, 'tis but ſome villain's ſound,
Made only to amaze, not to confound.
And what muſt we do my lord?

Flo. To priſon are the words of my commiſſion.

Phy. Then lead the way, he hath of grief no ſenſe,
Whoſe conſcience doth not know of his offence.

Actus

Actus V. Scæna I. *Muſick.*

Enter at one door Epire, at another Mariana.

Epire. HOW now mad ſiſter, your dear love is condemn'd;
A ſweet adulterer.

Mar. How, condemn'd before their trial?

Epi. No, they were condemn'd by act of parliament.

Mar. I do not hold thee brother for a man,
For it is reaſonleſs to mock calamity,
If he die innocent, thrice happy ſoul;
If guilty, weep that man ſhould ſo tranſgreſs:
Nature of reaſon thus much doth importune,
Man ſhould partake in grief with man's misfortune.

Epi. For him, if e'er mine eyes weep, may they drop out,
And leave my body blinder than my ſenſe:
Pity my foe, the ruin of my houſe,
My valour's ſcandal, and mine honour's poiſon,
No let him fall, for blood muſt ſtill quench luſt,
Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is juſt.

Mar. Spit out that monſter envy, it corrupts you,
And mildly hear me anſwer for my love.
What did he againſt you was not honourable,
Which you againſt him would not have gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your own thoughts?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you?
Let reaſon weigh this difference, then you'll find,
His honour poizes down his infamy.

Epi. Canſt thou love him that brought thee to thy death?

Mar. No like a god he made me with his breath.

Epi. Did he not win thy love and then reject thee?

Mar. His honour, not his love doth now neglect me.

Ep.

Epi. Fond maid, thy fooliſh dotage doth miſtake him.

Mar. Hell ſhall have mercy, e'er I will forſake him.

Epi. Farewel then ſiſter, friend to my greateſt foe,
Revenge ſtrikes home, being ended with one blow.
[*Exit Epire.*]

Mar. Prevention, thou beſt midwife to misfortune,
Unfold this ugly monſters's treachery;
And let his birth be ominous, ſtruck dead,
E'er it have being in this open world;
Love commands nature, brother pardon me,
Thine envy dies by my love's liberty.
Invention (heart of wit) poſſeſs my brain,
For treaſon is to treaſon her own bane;
And you, bright heavens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may ſhine through falſhoods leprous ſpots;
My life I'll hazard to redeem my love,
Firm conſtancy like rocks can never move.
Be bold then, maiden-heart, in his defence;
He ſaved thy life, thy life's his recompence:
My wit and hopes have furuiſh'd me with all
The helps of art, to bring forth treaſon's fall.
Now to the means: ſome ſay that gold hath power,
To enter without force a gateleſs tower;
And I'll try that, which if it take faſt hold,
I'll never blame them more that doat on gold,
Ho, whoſe within there?

Enter Jailer.

Jail. Who calls, what would you have? I thought you were a woman you were ſo haſty: O madam is it you? I cry you mercy.

Mar. My grief ſpeaks loud ſir, and my ſwift deſire
O'er-rules my tongue, makes it keep time with thought;
I long to ſee a priſoner in this ill-built houſe.

Jail. What priſoner, madam?

Mar. The worthy prince: the famous Phylocles.

Jail. Madam, I dare not, without eſpecial warrant.

Mar. I have my brother's ſtrong commiſſion, hold there is gold.

Jail. This golden calf is an excellent idol, and few of my profeſſion but ſerves it: this dumb god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men; honour to any man, but honeſty to no man: and therefore as for honeſty I mean not to deal with ſo dear a commodity, bu leave it to my better: madam, thoſe ſtairs direct you to his lodging.

Mar. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit Mariana.*

Jail. This is a worthy lady, to give thus much for the bare ſight of a man in affliction, if he were at liberty it were nothing: but being as it is, it is moſt bountiful: but it may be it is for the paſt hours of former recreation: well, let it be what it ſhall be, I am ſure it was not that I ſhould hold this diſputation: but ſee, here ſhe comes again.

Enter Phylocles in Mariana's attire, and Mariana in his.

Phy. Madam my ſoul cannot conſent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carry ſuch ugly ſhape, as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed I will not leave you.

Mar. Will you grow mad? what ſhall your nobler ſpirit,
Which is the ſchool of wiſdom, grow ſo fond,
As to revolt from all our happineſs?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whoſe true events have true proportions;
Then dear lord reſt reſolv'd, the Jailer over-hears:
Live you with ſafety. Moſt worthy maid, farewel.

Phy. Farewel, fair prince: thanks maſter Jailer, and a kind commend.

Jail. As much unto your ladyſhip. So now I'll lock my doors. [*Ex. Mar. Phy. and Jailer.*

Enter Cypres, Mechant, Florio, and attendants.

Cyp. Is our commiſſion, as we gave in charge,
Delivered o'er to the corigidors?

Mec. It is, and with ſuch ſtrictneſs and advice,
For ſpeedy execution of the ſame,

That

That by this time I know they are in the way
Unto their execution; for the hour
Of death doth run upon his lateſt minutes.
Cyp. 'Tis well: for till their ſhameleſs lives have end
There can no comfort creep into my thoughts,
Or ought ſave miſchief keep me company.
Why was I born to this malignity
And lowneſs of baſe fortune? yet my place
Above the level of the vulgars ſight?
O 'tis but to let me know thus much,
That thoſe which lie within the richeſt graves,
Were at the beſt but fortunes glorious ſlaves.
But ſee, here comes my ſhame.

Enter corrigidors, queen, and Phylocles bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.

Qu. My deareſt lord.
Cyp. Paſs and reſpect me not, laſcivious woman!
Thy tears are like the tears of crocodiles,
See how I ſtop mine ears againſt thy plaints,
And glue mine underſtanding from thy charms.
Nay call on him thou haſt offended moſt;
Mercy for me were worſe than cruelty.
Qu. My deareſt dread, my beſt beſt ſovereign,
Whom I have ne'er offended but with zeal
And conſtant love, loyal and honourable,
Vouchſafe me, though a queen, a ſubject's right,
And let me know for what offence I periſh.
Cyp. For thine adulterate and monſtrous luſt,
Shameful, and groſs, and moſt unſufferable.
Qu. Who doth accuſe us?
Cyp. Ourſelf, and our own ſoul that have beheld
Your vile and moſt laſcivious paſſages.
Mar. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge!
Then would I amaze them all with mine aſſertions:
Madam, challenge the law.
Qu. My gracious lord, ſince no deſert in me,
Can merit your belief, nor that your eye
Can rightly judge my pure complection:

Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our country's laws.

Cyp. The tenure of the law you do demand.

Qu. That in the caſe of ſlander, where the proof
Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well-ordered ſword.

Cyp. I look'd for this objection and allow it,
Nor am I unprovided for your beſt
And ſtrongeſt hope in any victory, lords attend on my champion.

Here the noblemen go forth, and bring in the duke of Epire like a combatant.

Qu. Will you my lord approve the king's aſſertion?

Epi. Madam, although againſt the nature of my ſpirit,
And my firſt duty, bound to your allegiance,
Yet now compell'd by duty and by truth,
I muſt of force become your oppoſite.

Qu. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy judgment:
Hath not that arm which now is arm'd againſt me,
That valour, ſpirit, judgment, and that worth,
Which only makes you worthy, ſtood t' approve
More than myſelf will challenge to my virtues?
And are you now baſely turn'd retrograde?
Well, I perceive there's nought in you but ſpleen,
And time's obſervance, ſtill to hold the beſt:
Still I demand the law.

Cyp. And you ſhall have it in the ampleſt manner.

Sound Cornets.

Here the cornets ſound thrice, and at the third ſoand enters Phylocles, diſguiſed like a combatant.

Flo. There is a combatant on the defendant's part, your majeſty's pleaſure.

Cyp. Give him his oath according to the laws.

Flo. Are the fair ends of this your warlike poſture,
To prove the innocence of theſe two condemn'd?
So help you Jove.

Phy.

Phy. They are.
Cyp. Then give the warlike ſignal to the fight.

Here the combat being fought, Phylocles overcomes the duke.
Phy. Thou art my ſlave, either confeſs or die.
Epi. Didſt thou ſpeak true, I would not found a word
To ſave the world from cynders; yet that thou may'ſt
With more reſolved fury murder me,
This I confeſs, 'twas I that only ſtirr'd,
Out of ſtrong falſhood's hate and jealouſy
The king's eternal wrath, and made him think
Untruths, that even untruth would not ſuggeſt:
And all my malice ſprung from that prince Phylocles.
Phy. No, 'twas from me, that ſtill am Phylocles.
Cyp. My Phylocles, my queen! O double pardon me,
My jealouſy, his envy, and your virtues
Are ſprung from ſuch impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me:
My faith in life ſhall make you recompence:
For thee rare Mariana, thou haſt wrought
A work of noble conſtant magnitude.
As for this monſter, this my tempting devil,
Whoſe forfeit life is witneſs to his ſhame:
I give his life and fortunes to the queen.
She whom his malice would have brought to death,
Shall now be judge and juror of his breath.
Mar. In which commiſſion, (madam) let be inroll'd,
He is my brother and my beſt of blood.
Qu. And only that is charter for his life:
Live envious lord, more envious then thou'rt great,
Live to lament thy worſt of wretchedneſs,
Live to repent, ſince this I certain know,
Thine own gaul'd conſcience will be thy worſt woe.

Enter a guard of watchmen with Alphonſo.
1. *Watch.* Come, bring him away, thruſt him forward, though favour and a great purſe were againſt him.

Cyp. How now, what tumult have we there?

2. *Watch.* An't pleaſe your majeſty, we have brought you here a ſlip, a piece of falſe coin: one that is neither ſtampt with true coin for his excuſe, nor with good cloaths for his redemption.

Cyp. Alphonſo! in the name of madneſs, how comes this metamorphoſis? nay ſtand forth, diſcourſe, if thou doſt lie thou art mine enemy.

Mec. Nay more, if thou ſtick in any bogg, and by a trick ſeek to wind out, I will diſcover you.

Alph. This conjuration (believe it my lord) ſhall make me leap out of all fetters, and briefly thus, I have long time loved the fair wife of the orator; and having no opportunity but his abſence at the ſenate, I took that ſeaſon: he out of negligence, omitting his papers, return'd unſeaſonably, found me inſufficiently, and forc'd to take ſanctuary ſtrangely, which however I purchas'd, yet he found mine apparel, and miſtaken in the tenure, reach'd it preſently, put it on immediately: and now in the ſenate-houſe is pleading it ſeriouſly.

Cyp. I cannot blame him, you having got ſo much within his inward garment.

Mec. Of all which my lord, I being (in a ſtrict conceit) a bawdy witneſs; and having both from the orator's ſcorns and delays received many indignities; thought by this diſcovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyp. And you have amply done it; yet this jeſt,
So perfect doth deſerve more memory.
Florio, go bid the orator attend us preſently.
[*Ex. Florio.*
And now to you, Drap and Veloups, I did
Refer you long ſince to the orator.
Yet I note your attention: come there is
Some too cloſe ſifted hardneſs in your hearts:
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not diſburſe:
Come tell me truly, as you look for heaven,
What muſt you pay for your diſpatches?

Drap. & Vel. A thouſand crowns we offer'd willingly.

Cyp. And will your ſuit avail with ſuch diſburſement?

Drap. & Vel. It will, and we moſt richly ſatisfied.

Cyp.

Cyp. We'll ſee the buſineſs perfected.

Drap. & Vel. With all our hearts, and be full joy'd thereat; here are the crowns.

Cyp. You ſhall have your diſparches.

Enter Prate and Florio.

See, here comes the orator. Prate; come hither:
Theſe gentlemen whom long ſince I referr'd
To your diſpatches, are yet unſatisfied.

Prate. Alas, my lord, the ſtate---

Cyp. I know imploys you, yet there's many minutes
May give your beſt cares leiſure; come there is
Some odd diſburſe, ſome bribe, ſome gratulance,
Which makes you lock up leiſure: come tell true,
What bribe muſt they give, what is your utmoſt price?

Prate. But five hundred crowns, of my beſt conſcience.

Cyp. Tut, it is nothing, hold, here's the coin,
And let them have their patents preſently:
Or look to loſe both place and ſovereignty.

Prate. Legions of devils haunt their diligence.

Cyp. Fie, I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for reſpect of wealth, or baſe obſervance,
In ſmalleſt things thus to neglect your cre t.
Why look you, my lords, this orator is no like others of his rank,
Who from their gainiſh and fantaſtick humours,
Go through the ſtreets, ſpotted with peacock's plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Sattins and ſilks, ſo antick garniſhed,
That when their gowns are off, you cannot find
In Italy, a maſter ſhap'd more nice.
But this fellow Prate here's of another ſort,
Cloath'd like himſelf, demure and ſoberly:
Nay, you ſhall ſee him for a preſident.

[*Ungowns the orator.*

Paſſion of mine eye-ſight, who have we here?
This is Alphonſo, there's the orator.

Prate. Heart of impatience, I am then a cuckold!
A ſcorn, a by-word, and a laughing ſtock.

What is my wife turn'd whore? and muſt her depth
Be ſounded by the plumbs of foreigners?
Well, the revenge that I will take for this my ſhame,
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
Cyp. Not for thy life, not for my love, I charge thee:
Thy wife is honeſt, chaſte and virtuous:
Only this wanton lord, with luſt and coin
Hath much attempted, but prevail'd in nought.
For proof, ſee here the crowns he would have given
To have purchas'd her bed's honour, but ſhe would not;
Which I beſtow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou doſt hope my grace to find,
So to thy wife, be loving, gentle, kind.
Prate. Your majeſty may mold me to your pleaſure.
Cyp. I thank you, and will quittance it.
Now Mechant, we reſtore you to your lands,
Your honours and near places, next ourſelf:
To all that feel diſtaſte in any ſore,
We give to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus ſtorms bring gentle ſun-ſhine; and our hands
May, after ſhip-wreck, bring us to ſafe lands.

FINIS.

THE

Muſe's Looking-Glaſs,

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. *Thomas Randolph.*

THomas Randolph *was born at* Houghton *in* Northamptonſhire, *in* 1605, *educated at* Weſtminſter-School, *and became Fellow of* Trinity-College *in* Cambridge. *His Genius to Poetry appear'd even when a Child; and he ſoon grew into ſuch Reputation for Wit, that* Ben. Johnſon *adopted him one of his Sons. His riſing Genius promiſed great Things; but being an excellent Companion, and indulging himſelf too much with thoſe who ſought and delighted in his Company, he was too early cut off; dying in* 1634, *in the* 29*th Year of his Age. This Piece has been always eſteemed an excellent Common-place-book for Dramatick Authors, to inſtruct them in the Art of drawing Characters. It was firſt call'd by the Author* The Entertainment. *The reſt of his Pieces are,* The Jealous Lovers, *a Comedy*; Amyntas, *or,* The Impoſſible Dowry, *a Paſtoral*; *and* Ariſtippus, *or the* Jovial Philoſopher; *to which is added a ſmall Piece call'd*

call'd, The conceited Pedlar, *from whence I took the firſt Hint of the* Toyſhop. *He alſo tranſlated the* Plutus *of* Ariſtophanes, *which he intitled* Heigh for Honeſty, down with Knavery. *His Poems and Plays were all printed together, except this laſt, after his Death, by his Brother.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Roſcius, a Player.
Bird, a Feather-man.
Mrs. *Flower-dew*, a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares.
A deform'd Fellow.
Comedy.
Tragedy.
Mime.
Satire.
Celax.
Dyſcolus.
Deilus.
Aphobus.
Acolaſies.
Anaiſthetus.
Aſotus.
Aneleutherus.
Cannus.
Micropſychus.
Orgylus.
Aorgus.
Alazon.
Eiron.
Philotimia.
Luparus.
Anaiſkintia.
Katapleitus.
Juſtice Nimis, *and Juſtice* Nihil.
Plus *and* Minus, *their clerks.*
Agroicus, a clown.
Bomolochus.
Mediocrity.

THE

THE Muſe's Looking-Glaſs.

A COMEDY.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter Bird *the Feather-man, and Mrs.* Flowrdew, *Wife to a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares; the one having brought Feathers to the Play-houſe; the other Pins and Looking-glaſſes; two of the ſanctify'd Fraternity of* Black-Fryars.

Flow. SEE brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! Not a nook, or corner
In all this houſe of ſin, this cave of filthineſs,
This den of ſpiritual thieves, but it is ſtuff'd,
Stuff'd, and ſtuff'd full as is a cuſhion

With

With the lewd reprobate.
Bird. Siſter, were there not before inns,
Yes, I will ſay inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour ſuch
As travell'd to deſtruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more ſhops of ſatan.
Flow. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and ſnuff at it; yet ſtill,
Still it aboundeth. Had we ſeen a church,
A new built church erected North and South,
It had been ſomething worth the wondring at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Flow. I ſay no works are good;
Good works are merely popiſh, and apocryphal.
Bird. But th'bad abound, ſurround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel how if play-houſes increaſe,
For they are all grown ſo obſcene of late,
That one begets another.
Flow. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard
That in a---Tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you ſell pins.
Flow. Or you ſell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: And their comedies
Will abuſe you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increaſe
By lawful uſury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our falſe wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghoſts muſt walk
Upon their ſtages.
Flow. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghoſts to walk e'er we be dead?
Bird, That's nothiug, Mrs. *Flowrdew,* they will play

The

The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.
Flow. Impiety! O that men endu'd with reaſon
Should have no more grace in them!
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations, as thriving and more honeſt?
Bayliffs, promoters, jaylors, and apparators,
Beadles, and martials men, the needful inſtruments
Of the republick; but to make themſelves
Such monſters! for they are monſters, th'are monſters;
Baſe, ſinful, ſhameleſs, ugly, vile, deform'd
Pernicious monſters.
Flow. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houſes the colleges of tranſgreſſion,
Wherein the ſeven deadly ſins are ſtudied.
Bird. Why then the city will in time be made
An univerſity of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Fryars college, where I wonder
How that prophane neſt of pernicious birds
Dare rooſt themſelves there in the midſt of us,
So many good and well-diſpoſed perſons.
O impudence!
Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning play-houſes.
Bird. For charity, what is't?
Flow. That the globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been conſum'd; the Phœnix burnt to aſhes.
The fortune whipt for a blind whore: Black-Fryars
He wonders how it 'ſcap'd demoliſhing
I'th' time of reformation: Laſtly, he wiſh'd
The bull might croſs the thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be ſoundly beated.
Bird. A good prayer.
Flow. Indeed it ſomething pricks my conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em pins and looking-glaſſes.
Bird. I have their cuſtom too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we which are ſincere profeſſors
Should gain by infidels.

Scene

Scene 2.

Enter Roſcius a Player.

Bird. Mr. Roſcius, we have brought the things you ſpake for.

Roſc. Why, 'tis well.

Flow. Pray ſir, what ſerve they for?

Roſc. We uſe them in our play.

Bird. Are you a player?

Roſc. I am, ſir; what of that?

Bird. And is it lawful?
Good ſiſter, let's convert him. Will you uſe
So fond a calling?

Flow. And ſo impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by ſin!

Roſc. My ſpleen is up: And live not you by ſin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What ſerves your lawful trade of ſelling pins,
But to joint gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, ſtrips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other ſuch-like toys as theſe,
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?
And you ſweet Featherman, whoſe ware tho' light
O'erweighs your conſcience, what ſerves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory? ſpoiling the peacock's tail
T'adorn an idiot's coxcomb: O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis underſtood what we do mean
For good and honeſt! They abuſe our ſcene,
And ſay we live by vice: indeed 'tis true
As the phyſicians by diſeaſes do,
Only to cure them: they do live we ſee
Like cooks by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accuſers. On the ſtage
We ſet an uſurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his ſoul: A prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him: boldly, I dare ſay

There

There has been more by us in ſome one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from ſin
And ſoppiſh humours; hence the cauſe doth riſe,
Men are not won by th'ears ſo well as eyes.
Firſt ſee what we preſent.

Flow. The ſight is able to unſanctify our eyes, and make them carnal.

Roſc. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No, ſiſter, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the ſtrength of this temptation:
Satan ſhall ſee we dare defy his engines.

Flow. I am content.

Roſc. Then take your places here; I will come to you,
And moralize the plot.

Flow. That moralizing
I do approve, it may be for inſtruction.

Scene 3.

Enter a deform'd Fellow.

Deform. Roſcius, I hear you have a new play to day.

Roſc. We want not you to play; Mephoſtopholis, A pretty natural vizard.

Deform. What have you there?

Roſc. A looking-glaſs, or two.

Deform. What things are they?
Pray, let me ſee them. Heaven, what ſights are here?
I have ſeen a devil. Looking-glaſſes call you them?
There is no baſilisk but a looking-glaſs.

Roſc. 'Tis your own face you ſaw.

Deform. My own? thou lieſt:
I'd not be ſuch a monſter for the world.

Roſc. Look on it now with me; what ſee'ſt thou now?

Deform. An angel and a devil.

Roſc. Look on that

The

Thou call'dſt an angel, mark it well, and tell me
Is't not like my face?

Deform. As 't were the ſame.

Roſc. Why ſo is that like thine. Doſt thou not ſee,
'Tis not the glaſs, but thy deformity
That makes this ugly ſhape; if they be fair
That view the glaſs, ſuch the reflections are.
This ſerves the body: The ſoul ſees her face
In comedy, and has no other glaſs.

Deform. Nay, then, farewel; for I had rather ſee
Hell, than a looking-glaſs or comedy.

[*Exit Deform.*

Roſc. And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this glaſs,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to ſee
How ne'er our ſhapes approach divinity.
Ladies, let they who will, your glaſs deride,
And ſay it is an inſtrument of pride:
I will commend you for it; there you ſee,
If you be fair, how truly fair you be:
Where finding beauteous faces, I do know
You'll have the greater care to keep them ſo.
A heavenly viſion in your beauty lies,
Which nature hath deny'd to your own eyes;
Were it not pity you alone ſhould be
Debarr'd of that, others are bleſt to ſee?
Then take your glaſſes, and yourſelves enjoy
The benefit of yourſelves; it is no toy,
Though ignorance at ſlight eſteem hath ſet her,
That will preſerve us good or make us better.
A Country-ſlut, (for ſuch ſhe was, though here
I'th' city may be ſome; as well as there:)
Kept her hands clean, (for thoſe being always ſeen
Had told her elſe how ſluttiſh ſhe had been)
But had her face as naſty as the ſtall
Of a fiſhmonger, or an uſurer's hall
Daub'd o'er with dirt: One might have dar'd to ſay
She was a true piece of Promethean clay,
Not yet inform'd: And then her uncomb'd hair
Dreſs'd up with cobwebs, made her hag-like ſtare.

One

One day within her pail (for country laſſes,
Fair ladies, have no other looking-glaſſes :)
She ſpy'd her uglineſs, and fain ſhe wou'd
Have bluſh'd, if thorough ſo much dirt ſhe cou'd ;
Aſham'd, within that water, that I ſay
Which ſhew'd her filth, ſhe waſh'd her filth away.
So comedies, as poets do intend them,
Serve firſt to ſhew our faults, and then to mend them.
Upon our ſtage two glaſſes oft' there be,
The comic mirror, and the tragedy :
The comic glaſs is full of merry ſtrife,
The low reflection of a country life.
Grave tragedy void of ſuch homely ſports
Is the ſad glaſs of cities and of courts.
I'll ſhew you both : Thalia come and bring
Thy buſkin'd ſiſter, that of blood doth ſing.

Scene 4.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satire.

Com. Why do you ſtop? go on,
Trag. I charge him ſtay.
My robe of ſtate, buſkins, and crown of gold
Claim a priority.
Com. Your crown of gold
Is but the wreath of wealth ; 'tis mine of laurel
Is virtue's diadem : this grew green and flouriſh'd,
When nature pitying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth :
Men looking up to heaven found this that's mine,
Digging to find out hell, they li't on thine.
Trag. I know you've tongue enough.
Com. Beſides, my birth-right
Gives me the firſt poſſeſſion.
Trag. How, your birth-right ?
Com. Yes, ſiſter, birth-right : and a crown beſides,
Put on before the altar of Apollo,
By his dear prieſt Phemonoe ; ſhe that firſt,
Full of her god, rag'd in heroick numbers.

Trag.

Trag. How came it then the magiſtrate decreed
A publick charge to furniſh out my chorus;
When you were fain to appear in rags and tatters,
And at your own expences?

Com. My reward
Came after, my deſerts went before yours.

Trag. Deſerts? yes! what deſerts? when like a gypſy
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then
As a fit ceremony of religion
In my full ſtate contended at the tomb
Of mighty Theſeus.

Com. I before that time,
Did chaunt out hymns in praiſe of great Apollo;
The ſhepherd's deity, whom they reverence
Under the name of Nomius; in remembrance
How with them once he kept Admetus ſheep.
And 'cauſe you urge my poverty, what were you?
'Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your buſkins,
You had no ornaments, no robes of ſtate,
No rich and glorious ſcene; your firſt benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling prieſts of Bacchus;
For which a goat gave you reward and name?

Trag. But ſiſter, who were yours, I pray, but ſuch
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy ſonnets;
In honour of the fine chaſte god Priapus?

Com. Let age alone, merit muſt plead our title.

Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I ſtalk in princes courts; great kings and emperours
From their cloſe cabinets, and council tables
Yield me the fatal matter of my ſcene.

Com. Inferior perſons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitful,)
Yield ſubjects various enough to move
Plentiful laughter.

Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For poetry to aim at.

Com. Yes, laughter is my object: 'tis a property
In man eſſential to his reaſon.

Trag.

Trag. So;
But I move horror; and that frights the guilty
From his dear ſins: he that ſees Oedipus
Inceſtuous, ſhall behold him blind withal.
Who views Oreſtes as a parricide,
Shall ſee him laſh'd with furies too; the ambitious
Shall fear Prometheus vulture; daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the ſight of Tantalus:
And every family, great in ſins as blood,
Shake at the memory of Pelop's houſe.
Who will rely on fortunes giddy ſmile,
That hath ſeen Priam acted on the ſtage?

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with ſhame;
A thing more powerful in a generous breaſt.
Who ſees an eating paraſite abus'd;
A covetous bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant gull
Cheated; a glorious ſoldier knock'd, and baſſl'd;
A crafty ſervant whipp'd; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his ſon;
A ſpruce fantaſtick courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous tradeſman, an over-weening lady,
Or corrupt lawyer rightly perſonated;
But (if he have a bluſh) will bluſh; and ſhame
As well to act thoſe follies as to own them.

Trag. The ſubject of my ſcene is in the perſons
Greater, as in the vices; atheiſts, tyrants,
O'er-daring favourites, traitors, paraſites,
The wolves and cats of ſtate, which in a language
High as the men, and loud as are their crimes,
I thunder forth with terror and amazement
Unto the ghaſtly wondering audience.

Satyre. And as my lady takes deſerved place
Of thy light miſtreſs, ſo yield thou to me,
Fantaſtick Mime.

Mime. Fond Satyre, why to thee?

Sat. As the attendant of the nobler dame;
And of myſelf, more worthy.

Mime. How more worthy?

Sat.

Sat. As one whoſe whip of ſteel can with a laſh
Imprint the characters of ſhame ſo deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud ſin,
That not eternity ſhall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my Lucilius brow,
Each conſcious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill ſoul; while every guilty breaſt
Stood fearful of diſſection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that ſkilful hand;
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of ſin,
By it laid open to the publick ſcorn.
I have untruſs'd the proudeſt; greateſt tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half dead
With expectation of the ſmarting jerk,
Whoſe wound no ſalve can cure: each blow doth leave
A laſting ſcar, that with a poiſon eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th' eternal ulcer to their memories!
What can your apiſh-fine geſticulations,
My manlike-monkey Mime, vie down to this?

Mime. When men through ſins were grown unlike the gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think
My apiſh imitation, brother beadle,
Does as good ſervice to reform bad manners
As your proud whip, with all his ſerks, and jerks.
The Spartans, when they ſtrove t'expreſs the loathſomeneſs
Of drunkenneſs to their children, brought a ſlave,
Some captive Helot, overcharg'd with wine,
Reeling in thus;---his eyes ſhot out with ſtaring.
A fire in his noſe, a burning redneſs
Blazing in either cheek, his hair upright,
His tongue and ſenſes faltring, and his ſtomach
O'erburden'd, ready to diſcharge her load
In each man's face he met. This made 'em ſee
And hate that ſin of ſwine and not of men.
Would I expreſs a complemental youth,
That thinks himſelf a ſpruce and expert courtier,
Bending his ſupple hams, kiſſing his hands,

Honour-

Honouring ſhoeſtrings, ſcrewing his writh'd face
To all the ſeveral poſtures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet ſuch there be that very much pleaſe themſelves
In ſuch like antick humours. To our own ſins
We will be moles, even to the groſſeſt of 'em:
But in another's life, we can ſpy forth
The leaſt of faults, with eyes as ſharp as eagles,
Or the Epidaurean ſerpent: now in me,
Where ſelf-love caſts not her Egyptian miſts,
They find this miſbecoming foppiſhneſs,
And afterwards apply it to themſelves:
This (Satyre) is the uſe of Mimick elves.

Trag. Siſter, let's lay this poor contention by,
And friendly live together; if one womb
Could hold us both, why ſhould we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? On this ſtage
We'll plead a tryal; and in one year contend
Which ſhall do beſt: that paſt, ſhe then that ſhall
By the moſt ſacred and impartial judgment
Of our Apollo, beſt deſerve the bays,
Shall hold th' entire poſſeſſion of the place.

Com. I were unworthy if I ſhould
Appeal from this tribunal; be it ſo:
I doubt not but his cenſure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's ſad and tragical
Dare to approach his preſence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miſery.

Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only ſee,
Not be the ſubject of a tragedy!
Siſter, a truce till then; that vice may bleed,
Let us join whips together.

Com. 'Tis agreed.

Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The maſk which we intended.

Mime. 'Tis my care. [*Exeunt.*

Flow. How did ſhe ſay? a maſs? brother fly hence,
Fly hence, idolatry will overtake us.

Reſt.

Roſc. It was a maſque ſhe ſpake of, a rude dance
Preſented by the ſeven deadly ſins.
Bird Still 'tis a maſs, ſiſter! away, I tell you;
It is a maſs, a maſs of vile idolatry.
Roſc. 'Tis but a ſimple dance, brought in to ſhew
The native foulneſs and deformity
Of our dear ſin, and what an ugly gueſt
He entertains, admits him to his breaſt.

Song and Dance.

Say, in a dance how ſhall we go,
That never could a meaſure know!
How ſhall we ſing to pleaſe the ſcene,
That never yet could keep a mean?
Diſorder is the maſque we bring;
And diſcords are the tunes we ſing.
No ſound in our harſh ears can find a place,
But higheſt trebles, or the loweſt baſe.

Flow. See, brother, if men's hearts and conſciences had not been ſear'd and cauteriz'd, how could they affect theſe filthy harbinger: of hell!
Theſe proctors of Belzebub, Lucifer's link-boys!
Roſc. I pray you ſtir yourſelves within, a while.
[*Exeunt.*

Roſcius ſolus.

And here----unleſs your favourable mildneſs
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's paſt, nor that which is to come
Upon his country; 'tis ſo weak and impotent
It cannot ſtand a tryal; nor dares hope
The benefit of his clergy; but if rigour
Sit judge, muſt of neceſſ[illegible] be condemn'd
To Vulcan or the ſpunge: All he can plead
Is a deſire of pardon; for he brings you
No plot at all, but a meer Olla Podrida,
A medley of ill-plac'd, and worſe-pean'd humours.
His deſire was in ſingle ſcenes to ſhew

How

How comedy preſents each ſingle vice
Ridiculous; whoſe number, as their character,
He borrows from the man to whom he owes
All the poor ſkill he has, great Ariſtotle.
Now if you can endure to hear the reſt,
You're welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by ſome ſign, and---all farewel.
If you will ſtay, reſolve to pardon firſt;
Our author will deſerve it by offending.
Yet if he miſs a pardon, (as in juſtice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,)
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him;
That he picks forth a ſubject of his rhime
May loſe perchance his credit, not his time. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus I.

Actus II. Scæna I.

Roſcius, Bird, Flowrdew.

Roſc. *Receive your places. The firſt that we preſent are the extreams of a virtue neceſſary in our converſation, call'd* Comitas *or courteſy, which, as all other virtues, hath her deviations from the mean. The one Colax, that to ſeem over courteous, falls into a ſervile flattery; the other, (as fools fall into the contraries which they ſhun) is Diſcolus, who hating to be a ſlaviſh paraſite, grows into peeviſhneſs and impertinent diſtaſte.*

Flow. I thought you taught two vices for one virtue.

Roſc. So does philoſophy; but the actors enter,

Colax, Dyſcolus.

Colax. How far they ſin againſt humanity
That uſe you thus! believe me, 'tis a ſymptom
Of barbariſm, and rudeneſs, ſo to vex
A gentle, modeſt nature as yours is.

Dyſc. Why doſt thou vex me then?

Colax. I? heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know ſo vertuous, juſt, and wiſe,
So pious and religious, ſo admir'd,
So lov'd of all?

Dyſc. Wilt thou not leave me then,
Eternal torture? could your cruelty find
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all theſe epithets?
Pious? religious? he takes me for a fool.
Virtuous? and juſt? ſir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you; that you call me juſt,
And vertuous? I'm grown the common ſcoff
Of all the world; the ſcoff of all the world!

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dyſc. So art thou.
Heaven! I'm turn'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous?
But 'tis an impious age; there was a time,
(And pity 'tis, ſo good a time had wings
To fly away,) when reverence was paid
To a grey head; 'twas held a ſacrilege
Not expiable, to deny reſpect
To one, ſir, of your years and gravity.

Dyſc. My years and gravity! why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown ſo rank
As I ſhould ſmell o'th' grave: O times and manners!
Well Colax, well; go on: you may abuſe me,
Poor duſt and aſhes, worm's meat: years and gravity?
He takes me for a carcaſs! what ſee you
So crazy in me? I have half my teeth:
I ſee with ſpectacles, do I not? and can walk too,
With the benefit of my ſtaff: mark, if I cannot!---
But you, ſir, at your pleaſure, with years and gravity
Think me decripid.

Colax. How? decripid, ſir!
I ſee young roſes bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active blood run free and freſh
Thorough your veins.

Dyſc.

Dyſc. I'm turn'd boy again!
A very ſtripling ſchool-boy! have I not
The itch and kibes? am I not ſcabb'd and mangy
About the wriſts and hams?
Colax. Still, Dyſcolus, ——
Dyſc. Dyſcolus! and why Dyſcolus? when were we
Grown ſo familiar? Dyſcolus! by my name?
Sure we are Pylades and Oreſtes! are we not?
Speak, good Pylades.
Colax. Nay, worthy ſir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. I'll find ſome other name
To call you by---
Dyſc. What do you mean to call me?
Fool, aſs, or knave? my name is not ſo bad,
As that I am aſham'd on't.
Colax. Still you take all worſe than it was meant,
You are too jealous.
Dyſc. Jealous? I ha' not cauſe for't, my wife's honeſt;
Doſt ſee my horns? Doſt? if thou doeſt,
Write cuckold in my forehead; do, write cuckold
With Aqua-fortis, do. Jealous! I am jealous---
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous;
Colax. I mean ſuſpicious.
Dyſc. How! ſuſpicious?
For what? for treaſon, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the juſtice: bind me over
For a ſuſpicious perſon: hang me too
For a ſuſpicious perſon! oh, oh, oh,
Some courteous plague ſeize me, and free my ſoul
From this immortal torment! every thing
I meet with, is vexation: and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations;
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils!
Flow. For pity's ſake, fret not the good old gentleman.
Dyſc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you muſt add to my affliction?
Eternal ſilence ſeize you!

Colax. Sir, we ſtrive
To pleaſe you, but you ſtill miſconſtrue us.
Dyſc. I muſt be pleas'd? a very babe, an infant!
I muſt be pleas'd? give me ſome papp, or plumbs;
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horſe,
To ſtill me, do! be pleas'd? wouldſt have me get
A paraſite, to be flatter'd?
Colax. How? a paraſite?
A cogging, flatt'ring, ſlaviſh paraſite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls, below reaſon, will not ſtoop ſo low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no paſſions
Free to themſelves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, deſires,
Nay wiſhes, vows and prayers, diſcourſe and thoughts
Are but another's bondman. Let me tugg
At the Turks gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry. In this ſtate my mind
Is free: a flatterer has nor ſoul nor body:
What ſhall I ſay?—No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveneſs take diſtaſte
At ſuch, whoſe ſervile nature ſtrives to pleaſe you.
'Tis royal in you, ſir.
Dyſc. Ha! what's that?
Colax. A feather ſtuck upon your cloak.
Dyſc. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why ſhould you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lye on flock-beds?
Colax. Pray be pleas'd.
I bruſh'd it off for meer reſpect I bear to you.
Dyſc. Reſpect! a fine reſpect, ſir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nouriſh vermin?
O death, death, death! if that our graves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'em have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object,
But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
A man; I could not then be ſo ridiculous:

My

My ears are overgrown, I am an aſs;
It is my ears they gaze at. What ſtrange harpy,
Centaur or Gorgon am I turn'd into?
What Circe wrought my metamorphoſis?
If I be a beaſt, ſhe might have made me a lion,
Or ſomething not ridiculous! O Acteon,
If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why look they on me elſe? There is within
A glaſs, they ſay, that has ſtrange qualities in it;
That ſhall reſolve me. I will in to ſee
Whether or no, I man or monſter be. [*Exit.*

Scene 2.

To them *Delius*, *Aphobus*.

Bird. Who be theſe? they look like preſumption, and deſpair.

Roſc. And ſuch they are. That is *Aphobus, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other Delius, that from an atheiſtical diſtruſt, ſhakes at the motion of a reed. Theſe are the extreams of fortitude, that ſteers an even courſe between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Flow. Why ſtays this reprobate Colax?

Roſc. Any vice
Yields work for flattery.

Flow. A good doctrine, mark it.

Delius. Is it poſſible? did you not fear it, ſay you?
To me the meer relation is an ague.
Good Aphobus, no more ſuch terrible ſtories;
I would not for a world lie alone to-night:
I ſhall have ſuch ſtrange dreams!

Apho. What can there be
That I ſhould fear? The Gods? If they be good,
'Tis ſin to fear them; if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That muſt affright me?

Delius. Devils! where good Aphobus?
I thought there was ſome conjuring abroad,

'Tis ſuch a terrible wind! O here it is;
Now it is here again! O ſtill, ſtill, ſtill!
Apho. What's the matter?
Deilus. Still it follows me!
The thing in black, behind; ſoon as the ſun
But ſhines, it haunts me: gentle ſpirit, leave me!
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus? what an ugly look it has!
With eyes as big as ſawcers, noſtrils wider
Than barbers baſons!
Apho. 'Tis nothing, Deilus.
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing---
Deil. Where is it, Aphobus!
Apho. ---Is but your ſhadow, Deilus,
Deil. And ſhould we not fear ſhadows?
Apho. No! why ſhould we?
Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us,
To ſteal away the ſubſtance? Watch him, Aphobus.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great ſoul faſt as a center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers; let ſlight cock-boats
Be ſhaken with a wave, while you ſtand firm
Like an undaunted rock; whoſe conſtant hardneſs
Rebeats the fury of the raging ſea,
Daſhing it into froth. Baſe fear doth argue
A low degenerate ſoul.
Deil. Now, I fear every thing.
Colax. 'Tis your diſcretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wiſdom: 'Tis a ſymptom
Of wary providence. His too confident raſhneſs
Argues a ſtupid ignorance in the ſoul,
A blind and ſenſeleſs judgment; give me fear
To man the fort, 'tis ſuch a circumſpect
And wary ſentinel.---
Flow. Now ſhame take thee, for
A lukewarm formaliſt.
Colax. ---But daring valour,

Uncapable

Uncapable of danger ſleeps ſecurely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What, are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That Colax talks of.
Apho. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deil. Why do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more than ſquibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here! s'lid, ſquibs and crackers!
The meer epitomes of the gunpowder-treaſon,
Faux in a leſſer volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded ſtars, it is all one to me,
As if they had been ſhav'd---thus, thus would I
Out-beard a meteor! for I might as well
Name it a prodigy, when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a comet ſay you? nay, I ſaw it:
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
Some certain eminent danger to th' inhabitants
'Twixt thoſe two places: I'll go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that ſerve?---I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.
Deil. I'll to ſome other country,
Colax. There's danger to croſs the ſeas.
Deil. Is there no way, good Colax,
To croſs the ſea by land? O the ſituation!
The horrible ſituation of an iſland!
Colax. You, ſir, are far above ſuch frivolous thoughts,
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.
Colax. Not ſudden death.
Apho. No more than ſudden ſleeps: ſir, I dare die.
Deil. I dare not; death to me is terrible:
I will not die.
Apho. How can you, ſir, prevent it?

Deil. Why,---I will kill myſelf.
Colax. A valiant courſe;
And the right way to prevent death indeed.
Your ſpirit is true Roman!---But your's greater,
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it:
Should heaven fall---
Apho. Why, then we ſhould have larks.
Deil. I ſhall never eat larks again while I breathe!
Colax. Or ſhould the earth yawn like a ſepulchre,
And with an open throat ſwallow you quick?
Apho. 'Twould ſave me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'd rather trouble my executors by the half.
Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Pot-guns to me
Are cannons; the report will ſtrike me dead.
Apho. A Rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin
Is a moſt dangerous weapon; ſince I read
Of Julius Cæſar's death, I durſt not venture
Into a taylor's ſhop, for fear of bodkins.
Apho. O that the valiant giants ſhould again
Rebel againſt the gods, and beſiege heaven,
So I might be their leader!
Colax. Had Encladus
Been half ſo valiant, Jove had been his priſoner.
Apho. Why ſhould we think there be ſuch things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables.
Medeas bull and dragon very tales;
Sea-monſters, ſerpents, all poetical figments:
Nay hell itſelf, and Acheron meer inventions.
Or were they true, as they are falſe, ſhould I be
So timerous as to fear theſe bug-bear Harpies,
Meduſas, Centaurs, Gorgons?
Deil. O good Aphobus,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle.
What ſhall I do, good Colax?
Colax. Sir, walk in:
There is, they ſay, a looking-glaſs; a ſtrange one,
Of admirable vertues, that will render you

Free

Free from enchantments.
Deil. How! a looking-glaſs?
Doſt think I can endure it? why there lies
A man within't in ambuſh to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he preſently
Catch'd at it,
Colax. 'Twas the ſhadow, ſir, of yourſelf;
Truſt me a meer reflection.
Deil. I will truſt thee. [*Exit.*
Apbo. What glaſs is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the idiot
Out of his wits, a glaſs ſo full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye ſuch horrid ſpectacles,
As would amaze even you. Sir, I do think
Your optick nerves would ſhrink in the beholding:
This if your eye endure, I will confeſs you
The prince of eagles.
Apbo. Look to it, eyes! if you refuſe this ſight,
My nails ſhall damn you to eternal night. [*Exit.*
Col. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence;
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

Scene 3.

Acolaſtus, Anaiſthetus.

Roſc. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleaſures, when they are preſent; and a moderate deſire of them being abſent: And theſe are the extreams of that virtue. Acolaſtus a voluptuous epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd deſire ſeeks after all pleaſures promiſcuouſly, without reſpect of honeſt or lawful. The other Anaiſthetus, a meer Anchorite that delights in nothing, not in thoſe legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*

Acolaſt. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wiſh'd but a crane's ſhort neck;
Give me one, nature, long as is a cable,
Or ſounding-line; and all the way a palate,
To taſte my meat the longer. I would have
My ſenſes feaſt together; nature envied us,

In giving ſingle pleaſures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, noſe, and touch, at once
Enjoy their happineſs: lay me in a bed
Made of a ſummer's cloud; to my embraces,
Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
Freſh, plump, and active; ſhe that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too ſtale: And then at the ſame inſtant
My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my ſight
With pictures of Diana, and her nymphs,
Naked, and bathing, drawn by ſome Apelles;
By them ſome of our faireſt virgins ſtand;
That I may ſee whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens moſt my blood and appetite.
Nor ceaſe I here. Give me the ſeven orbs
To charm my ears with their celeſtial lutes;
To which the angels, that do move thoſe ſpheres,
Shall ſing ſome amorous ditty: Nor yet here
Fix I my bounds. The ſun himſelf ſhall fire
The phœnix neſt to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff of eternal nectar. Theſe ſingle, are
But torments; but together, O together!
Each is a paradice. Having got ſuch objects
To pleaſe the ſenſes, give me ſenſes too
Fit to receive thoſe objects: give me therefore
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious ſmell,
A ſtagg's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As ſubtle as the ſpiders, and my taſte
Sharp as a ſquirril's: Then I'll read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promiſes in future,
I'll practiſe in the preſent.

Bird. Heatheniſh glutton!

Flow. Baſe belly-god, licencious libertine!

Anai. And I do think there is no pleaſure at all,
But in contemning pleaſures: happy Niobe,
And bleſſed Daphne, and all ſuch as are
Turn'd ſtocks and ſtones! would I were laurel too,
Or marble, ay, or any thing inſenſible.
It is a toil for me to eat or drink,
Only for nature's ſatisfaction;

Would

Would I could live without it. To my ear
Muſick is but a mandrake. To my ſmell
Nard ſcents of rue, and wormwood: and I taſte
Nectar with as much loathing, and diſtaſte,
As gall, or alloes, or my doctor's potion.
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.
Acola. Come, brother Stoick, be not ſo melancholy.
Anai. Be not ſo fooliſh, brother Epicure.
Acola. Come, we'll go and ſee a comedy, that will raiſe
Thy heavy ſpirit's up.
Anai. A comedy?
Sure I delight much in thoſe toys; I can
With as much patience hear the mariners
Chide in a ſtorm.
Acola. Then let's go drink a while.
Anai. 'Tis too much labour; happy Tantalus,
That never drinks.
Acola. A little venery
Shall recreate thy ſoul.
Anai. Yes, like an itch;
For 'tis no better. I could wiſh an heir,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.
Acola. Why, marry; if your conſcience be ſo tender,
As not to do it otherwiſe; then 'tis lawful.
Anai. True; matrimony's nothing elſe indeed,
But fornication licens'd; lawful adultery.
O heavens! how all my ſenſes are wide ſluices
To let in diſcontent and miſeries!
How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
How bleſt the adders that have no ears!
They never ſee nor hear ought that afflicts them.
But happieſt they that have no ſenſe at all;
That neither ſee, nor hear, taſte, ſmell, nor feel,
Any thing to torment them: ſouls were given
To torture bodies: man has Reaſon too,
To add unto the heap of his diſtractions.
I can ſee nothing, without ſenſe and motion,
But I do wiſh myſelf transform'd into it.

Col. Sir, I commend this temperance; your arm'd ſoul,
Is able to contemn theſe petty baits,
Theſe ſlight temptations, which we title pleaſures,
That are indeed but names; heaven itſelf knows
No ſuch like thing; the ſtars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lie with one another; and you imitate
Thoſe glorious bodies: by which noble abſtinence
You gain the names of moderate, chaſte, and ſober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer;
Pleaſures, that are not man's, as man is man,
But as his nature ſympathies with beaſts:
You ſhall be the third Cato. This grave look
And rigid eye-brow will become a cenſor;
But I will fit you with an object, ſir,
My noble Anaiſthetus, that will pleaſe you.
It is a looking-glaſs, wherein at once
You may ſee all the diſmal groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deſerts,
With what in hell itſelf can diſmal be.

Anai. That is indeed a proſpect fit for me. [*Exit.*

Acol. He cannot ſee a ſtock or ſtone, but preſently
He wiſhes to be turn'd to one of thoſe:
I have another humour; I cannot ſee
A fat voluptuous ſow with full delight,
Wallow in dirt, but I do wiſh myſelf
Transform'd into that bleſſed Epicure.
Or when I view the hot ſalacious ſparrow
Renew his pleaſures with freſh appetite,
I wiſh myſelf that little bird of love.

Colax. It ſhews you a man of a ſoft moving clay;
Not made of flint: nature has been bountiful
To provide pleaſures, and ſhall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a diſcourteous gueſt
That will obſerve a diet at a feaſt.
When nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore ſtor'd the air
With winged creatures; not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us:

Nay,

Nay, I believe the other element too
Doth nurſe ſome curious dainty for man's food;
If we would uſe the ſkill to catch the ſalamander.
Did ſhe do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when ſhe gave ſo many different odours
Of ſpices, unguents, and all ſorts of flowers,
She cry'd not---ſtop your noſes: would ſhe give us
So ſweet a choir of wing'd muſicians
To have us deaf? Or when ſhe plac'd us here,
Here in a paradice, where ſuch pleaſing proſpects,
So many raviſhing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? When ſhe beſtow'd
So powerful faces, ſuch commanding beauties
On many glorious nymphs, was it to ſay
Be chaſte and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleaſures, and at full, were to make nature
Guilty of that ſhe ne'er was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.

Acol. A learned lecture!
'Tis fit ſuch grave and ſolid arguments
Have their reward---here---half of my eſtate
T'invent a pleaſure never taſted yet,
That I may be the firſt ſhall make it ſtale.

Col. Within, ſir, is a glaſs, that by reflection
Doth ſhew the image of all ſorts of pleaſures
That ever yet were acted; more variety
Than Aretine's pictures.

Aco. I'll ſee the jewel;
For tho' to do, moſt moves my appetite;
I love to ſee, as well as act delight. [*Exit.*

Bird. Thoſe are the things indeed the ſtage doth teach,
Dear heart, what a foul ſink of ſins run here!

Flow. In ſooth, it is the common ſhore of lewdneſs.

Scene

Scene 4.

Aſotus, Anelutherus.

Roſc. *Theſe are,* Anelutherus, *an illiberal niggardly uſurer, that will ſell heaven to purchaſe earth: That, his Son* Aſotus, *a profuſe prodigal, that will ſell earth to buy hell. The extremes of liberality, which preſcribes a mediocrity in the getting and ſpending of riches.*

Anel. Come, boy, go with me to the ſcrivener's, go.

Aſot. I was in hope you would have ſaid a bawdy-houſe.

Anel. Thence to th' exchange.

Aſot. No, to the tavern father.

Anel. Be a good huſband, boy, follow my counſel.

Aſot. Your counſel? No, dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow---ſhall we go and roar?
'Slid, father, I ſhall never live to ſpend
That you have got already---Pox of attornies,
Merchants and ſcriveners! I would hear you talk
Of drawers, punks, and panders.

Anel. Prodigal child!
Thou doſt not know the ſweets of getting wealth.

Aſot. Nor you the pleaſure that I take in ſpending it;
To feed on caveare, and eat anchovies!

Anel. Aſotus, my dear ſon, talk not to me
Of your anchovies, or your caveare.
No, feed on widows; have each meal an orphan
Serv'd to your table, or a glibbery heir
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
The gods themſelves feed not on ſuch fine dainties;
Such fatting, thriving diet.

Aſot. Truſt me, ſir,
I am aſhamed, la---to call you father,
Ne'er truſt me, now I'm come to be a gentleman:
One of your havings, and thus cark and care?
Come, I will ſend for a whole coach or two

Of

Of Bank-ſide ladies, and we will be jovial.
Shall the world ſay you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well, do your pleaſure, keep me ſhort of monies;
When you are dead, as dye I hope you muſt,
I'll make a ſhift to ſpend one half at leaſt
E'er you are coffin'd, and the other half
E'er you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better help away with ſome of it?
But you will ſtarve yourſelf, that when you're rotten,
One---Have at all! or, of mine may ſet it flying:
And I will have your bones cut into dice,
And make you guilty of the ſpending of it;
Or I will get a very handſome bowl
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.

Ane. That's not the way to thrive. No, ſit and brood
On thy eſtate; as yet it is not hatch'd
Into maturity,

Aſot. Marry, I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chickens, capons, and hens,
Larks, thruſhes, quails, woodcocks, ſnipes, and pheaſants,
The beſt that can be got for love or money.
There is no life to drinking!

Anel. O yes, yes;
Exaction, uſury, and oppreſſion,
Twenty i'th' hundred is a very nectar.
And wilt thou, waſteful lad, ſpend in a ſupper
What I with ſweat and labour, care and induſtry,
Have been an age a ſcraping up together?
No, no, Aſotus, truſt gray-headed experience;
As I have been an ox, a painful ox,
A diligent, toiling, and laborious ox,
To plough up gold for thee; ſo I would have thee---

Aſot. Be a fine, filly aſs to keep it.

Anel. Be a good watchful dragon to preſerve it.

Colax. Sir, I over-heard your wife inſtructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counſel.
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt

The

The weight of need; that want is virtue's clog;
Of what neceſſity, reſpect, and value
Wealth is; how baſe and how contemptible
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In ſome circumſtances may be allow'd;
As when it has no end but honeſty,
With a reſpect of perſon, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuſe,
Vain injudicious ſpending ſpeaks him idiot.
And yet the beſt of liberality
Is to be liberal to ourſelves; and thus
Your wiſdom is moſt liberal, and knows
How fond a thing it is for diſcreet men
To purchaſe with the loſs of their eſtate
The name of one poor virtue, liberality,
And that too only from the mouth of beggars!
One of your judgment would not, I am ſure,
Buy all the virtue's at ſo dear a rate.
Nor are you, ſir, I dare preſume, ſo fond
As for to weigh your gains by the ſtrict ſcale
Of equity, and juſtice, names invented
To keep us beggars: I would counſel now
Your ſon to tread no ſteps but yours, for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where plenty dwells,
And ſhe ſhall give him honour.

Anel. Your tongue is powerful:
Pray read this lecture to my ſon; I go
To find my ſcrivener who is gone, I hear,
To a ſtrange glaſs wherein all things appear. [*Exit.*

Aſot. To ſee if it can ſhew him his loſt ears.
Now to your lecture.

Col. And to ſuch an one
As you will be a willing pupil to.
Think you I meant all that I told your father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old huncks.
I love a man like you, that can make much
Of his bleſt genius: Miracle of charity!
That open hand becomes thee; let thy father
Scrape like the dunghill cock the dirt, and mire,

To

To find a precious gem for thee, the chicken
Of the white hen to wear. It is a wonder
How ſuch a generous branch as you, could ſpring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widow's houſe the father ſwallows,
The ſon ſhould ſpew a tavern. How are we
Richer than others? not in having much,
But in beſtowing;
And that ſhines glorious in you. The chuffs crowns
Impriſon'd in his truſty cheſt, methinks,
I hear grown out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to ſee the light again. Thou canſt not
Stand in a flood of nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to ſup it; nor can'ſt ſuffer
The golden apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taſte the fruit. 'Tis generous this.
Aſot. Grammercy, thou ſhalt be doctor o' th' chair.
Here---'tis too little, but 'tis all my ſtore,
I'll in to pump my dad, and fetch thee more. [*Exit.*
Col. How like you now my art? Is't not a ſubtle one?
Flow. Now, out upon thee, thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of ſin and ſhame, that ſoweſt cuſhions
Unto the elbows of iniquity.
Col. I do commend this zeal; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cauſe ſo full of goodneſs.
There is a general froſt hath ſeiz'd devotion;
And without ſuch-like ardent flames as theſe,
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, puritan,
That I do glorify, and eſteem reverend,
As the moſt ſanctified, pure, and holy ſect
Of all profeſſors, is by the prophane
Us'd for a name of infamy; a by-word, a ſlander.
That I ſooth vice! I do but flatter them;
As we give children plumbs to learn their prayers,
T'entice them to the truth, and by fair means
Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope he'll become a brother, and make
A ſeparatiſt!
Flow. You ſhall have the devotions

Of

Of all the elders. But this foppiſhneſs
Is wearifome; I could at our ſaint Antlins,
Sleeping and all, ſit twenty times as long.
Roſc. Go in with me to recreate your ſpirits,
(As muſick theirs) with ſome refreſhing ſong,
Whoſe patience our rude ſcene hath held too long.
[*Exit.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus III. Scæna I.

Roſcius, Bird, and Flowrdew.

Bird. I Will no more of this abomination.
Roſc. The end crowns every action, ſtay till that;
A judge that's juſt, will not prejudicate.
Flow. Pray, ſir, continue ſtill the moralizing.

Roſc. *The next we preſent are the extremes of magnificence, who teaches a decorum in great expences, as liberality in the leſſer: One is Banauſus, out of a mere oſtentation vain-gloriouſly expenſive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely baſe and penurious.*

Banauſus, Microprepes.

Ban. Being born not for ourſelves but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do expreſs the majeſty of our ſouls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.
Micro. The world is full of vanity; and fond fools
Promiſe themſelves a name from building churches,
Or any thing that tends to the re-publick;
'Tis the re-private that I ſtudy for.
Banau. Firſt, therefore, for the fame of my republick,
I'll imitate a brave Ægyptian king,

And

And plant ſuch ſtore of onions and of garlick,
As ſhall maintain ſo many thouſand workmen
To th' building of a pyramid, at ſaint Albans;
Upon whoſe top I'll ſet a hand of braſs,
With a ſcrowl in't to ſhew, the way to London,
For the benefit of travellers.

Col. Excellent;
'Tis charity to direct the wandring pilgrim.

Micro. I am church-warden, and we are this year,
To build our ſteeple up; now to ſave charges
I'll get a high-crown'd hat with five low bells,
To make a peal ſhall ſerve as well as Bow.

Col. 'Tis wiſely caſt,
And like a careful ſteward of the church;
Of which the ſteeple is no part, at leaſt
No neceſſary.

Bird. Verily, 'tis true:
They are but wicked ſynagogues, where thoſe inſtruments
Of ſuperſtition and idolatry ring
Warning to ſin, and chyme all in- to the devil.

Banau. And 'cauſe there be ſuch ſwarms of hereſies riſing:
I'll have an artiſt frame two wondrous weather-cocks
Of Gold, to ſet on Paul's, and Grantham ſteeple;
To ſhew to all the kingdom, what faſhion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.

Micro. A wicker chair will fit them for a pulpit.

Col. It is the doctrine, ſir, that you reſpect.

Flow. Inſooth, I have heard as wholeſome inſtructions
From a zealous wicker-chair, as e'er I did
From the carv'd idol of wainſcot.

Banau. Next, I intend to found an hoſpital
For the decay'd profeſſors of the ſuburbs;
With a college of phyſicians too at Chelſea,
Only to ſtudy the cure of the French pox:
That ſo the ſinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

Col.

Col. You have a care, ſir, of your country's health.

Micro. Then I will ſell the lead to thatch the chancell.

Ban. I have a rare device to ſet Dutch windmills
Upon Newmarket heath, and Salisbury Plain,
To drain the fens.

Col. The fens, ſir, are not there.

Ban. But who knows but they may be?

Col. Very right.
You aim at the prevention of a danger.

Micro. A porter's frock ſhall ſerve me for a ſurplice.

Flow. Indeed a frock is not ſo ceremonious.

Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raiſing a cathedral church:
It ſhall be at Hog's-Norton; with a pair
Of ſtately organs; more than pity 'twere
The pigs ſhould loſe their skill for want of practice.

Bird. Organs, fie on them for Babylonian bag-pipes.

Micro. Then for the painting, I bethink myſelf
That I have ſeen in mother Redcap's hall,
In painted cloth the ſtory of the prodigal.

Col. And that will be for very good uſe and moral.
Sir, you are wiſe; what ſerve Ægyptian pyramids,
Epheſian temples, Babylonian towers,
Carian Coloſſus, Trajan's water-works,
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain coſt
Of ignorance and prodigality?
Rome flouriſh'd when her capitol was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages;
Since Parian marble and Corinthian braſs
Enter'd her gaudy temple, ſoon ſhe fell
To ſuperſtition, and from thence to ruin.
You ſee that in our churches glorious ſtatues,
Rich copes, and other ornaments of ſtate,
Draw wondring eyes from their devotion
Unto a wanton gazing; and that other
Rich edifices, and ſuch gorgeous toys
Do more proclaim our country's wealth than ſafety,
And ſerve but like ſo many gilded baits

T'entice

T'entice a foreign foe to our invaſion.
Go in, there is a glaſs will ſhew you, ſir,
What ſweet ſimplicity our grandſires us'd,
How in the age of gold no church was gilded.
[*Exit Micro.*

Ban. O, I have thought on't, I will ſtraightway build
A free-ſchool here in London, a free-ſchool
For th' education of young gentlemen,
To ſtudy how to drink, and take tobacco;
To ſwear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel:
'Twill be the great Gymnaſium of the realm,
The Frontiſterium of Great Britanny.
And for their better ſtudy, I will furniſh them
With a large library of drapers books.

Col. 'Twill put down Bodlies, and the Vatican,
Royal Banauſus! how many ſpheres fly you
Above the earthly dull Microprepes!
I hope to live to ſee you build a ſtews
Shall out-brave Venice: to repair old Tyburn,
And make it cedar. This magnificent courſe
Doth purchaſe you an immortality.
In them you build your honour to remain
Th' example and the wonder of poſterity;
While other hyde-bound churls do grudge themſelves
The charges of a tomb.

Ban. But I'll have one
In which I'll lie embalm'd with Myrrh and Caſſia,
And richer unguents than the Ægyptian kings:
And all that this my precious tomb may furniſh
The land with mummy.

Col. Yonder is a glaſs
Will ſhew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way; you may invent a new,
'Twill make for your more glory.

Ban. Colax, true.

Scene

Scene 2.

Roſc. *Theſe are the extremes of magnanimity.* Caunus, *a fellow ſo highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other* Micropſychus, *a baſe and low-ſpirited fellow, that undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aſpire to thoſe dignities, that otherwiſe his merits are capable of.*

Caunus, Micropſychus.

Cau. I wonder that I hear no news from court.
Col. All hail unto the honourable Caunus.
Cau. The honourable Caunus! 'Tis decreed
I am a privy councillor; our new honours
Cannot ſo alter us, as that we can
Forget our friends; walk with us our familiar.
Mic. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they ſhould put ſo great an honour on me.
Col. Sir, I do know and ſee, and ſo do all
That have not wilful blindneſs, what rare skill
Of wiſdom, policy, judgment, and the reſt
Of the ſtate virtues ſit within this breaſt,
As if it were their parliament; but as yet
I am not, ſir, the happy meſſenger
That tells you, you are call'd unto the helm;
Or that the rudder of Great Brittany
Is put into your hands, that you may ſteer
Our floating Delos, till ſhe be arriv'd
At the bleſs'd port of happineſs, and ſurnam'd
The *Fortunate Iſle*, from you that are the fortunate.
Cau. 'Tis ſtrange that I the beſt experienc'd
The ſkilfulleſt and the rareſt of all carpenters,
Should not be yet a privy councillor!
Surely the ſtate wants eyes; or has drunk Opium,
And ſleeps! but when it wakes it cannot chuſe
But meet the glorious beams of my deſerts
Bright as the riſing ſun, and ſay to England;
England, behold thy light!

Micro.

Micro. Make me a conſtable!
Make me, that am the ſimpleſt of my neighbours,
So great a magiſtrate! So powerful an officer!
I bluſh at my unworthineſs: A conſtable!
The very prince o' th' pariſh! You are one, ſir,
Of an ability to diſcharge it better,
Let me reſign to you.

Cau. How! I a conſtable?
What might I be, in your opinion, ſir?

Micro. A carpenter of worſhip.

Cau. Very well;
And yet you would make me a conſtable.
I'll evidently demonſtrate that of all men
Your carpenters are beſt ſtateſmen; of all carpenters
I being the beſt, am beſt of ſtateſmen too:
Imagine, ſir, the commonwealth a log,
Or a rude block of wood; your ſtateſman comes,
(For by that word I mean a carpenter)
And with the ſaw of policy divides it
Into ſo many boards, or ſeveral orders,
Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other
Inferior boards, call'd vulgar; fit for nothing
But to make ſtiles, or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on: this adds unto the log,
Call'd common-wealth, at leaſt ſome ſmall perfection;
But afterwards he planes them, and ſo makes
The common-wealth, that was before a board,
A pretty wainſcot; ſome he carves with titles,
Of lord, or knight, or gentleman; ſome ſtand plain,
And ſerve us more for uſe than ornament,
We call them yeomen; (boards, now out of faſhion;)
And left the diſproportion break the frame,
He with the pegs of amity and concord
(As with the glue-pot of good government)
Joints 'em together, makes an abſolute edifice
Of the republick. State-ſkill'd Machiavel
Was certainly a carpenter: yet you think
A conſtable a giant-dignity.

Micro. Pray heaven that, Icarus like, I do not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!

Or

Or, that from this bright chariot of the ſun
I fall not headlong down with Phaeton;
I have aſpir'd ſo high: make me a conſtable,
That have not yet attain'd to the Greek tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His majeſty's peace: I am not fit to keep
His majeſty's hogs, much leſs his peace, the beſt
Of all his jewels: how dare I preſume
To charge a man in the king's name! I faint
Under the burthen of ſo great a place,
Whoſe weight might preſs down Atlas: magiſtrates
Are only ſumpter-horſes. Nay, they threaten me
To make me warden of the church.
Am I a patriot? or have I ability
To preſent knights-recuſant, clergy-reelers,
Or gentlemen-fornicators?

Col. You have worth
Richly enamell'd with modeſty;
And though your lofty merit might ſit crown'd
On Caucaſus, or the Pyrrenean mountains,
You chooſe the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below; than dare the winds,
And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not
Half ſo much honour in the pilot's place,
As danger in the ſtorm. Poor windy titles
Of dignity, and offices that puff up
The bubble pride 'till it ſwell big and burſt,
What are they but brave nothings? Toys, call'd honours.
Make them on whom they are beſtow'd, no better
Than glorious ſlaves, the ſervants of the vulgar:
Men ſweat at helm, as much as at the oar.
There is a glaſs within ſhall ſhew you, ſir,
The vanity of theſe ſilk-worms, that do think
They toil not, 'cauſe they ſpin ſo fine a thread.

Micro. I'll ſee it. Honour is a baby's rattle;
And let blind Fortune where ſhe will, beſtow her:
Lay me on earth, and I ſhall fall no lower. [*Exit.*

Cau. Colax, what news?

Col.

Col. The Perſian emperor
Is deſperately ſick.
Cau. Heaven take his ſoul!
When I am the Grand Sophy, (as 'tis likely
I may be) *Colax* thou art made for ever.
Col. The Turk, they ſay, prepares again for Poland.
Cau. And I no baſhaw yet! Sultan repent it!
Col. The ſtate of Venice too is in diſtraction.
Cau. And can that ſtate be ſo ſupinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuſe their duke?
Col. Our merchants do report th' inhabitants there
Are now in conſultation for the ſettling
The crown upon a more deſerving head
Than his that bears it.
Cau. Then my fortunes riſe
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.
Colax, be bold, thou ſeeſt me Prieſter-John.
Well, England, of all countries in the world
Moſt blind to thine own good. Other nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and preſents; had I liv'd in Rome
Who durſt with Caunus ſtand a candidate?
I might have choice of Ædile, Conſul, Tribune,
Or the perpetual dictator's place.
I cou'd diſcharge 'em all, I know my merits
Are large and boundleſs: A Cæſar might be hew'd
Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman
But undertake it.
Col. 'Tis a worthy confidence.
Let birds of night and ſhame, with their owls eyes,
Not dare to gaze upon the ſun of honour;
They are no preſidents for eagles: bats,
Like dull Micropſychus, things of earth and lead,
May love a private ſafety; men in whom
Prometheus has ſpent much of his ſtol'n fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,
Hedg'd in with thouſand dangers! What's a man
Without deſert? And what's deſert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich

That holds within his house some buried chests
Of gold, or pearl, and knows not where to look them;
What was the load-stone, 'till the use was found,
But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress?
I praise your Argus' eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn
Back on themselves, and find an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation:
You are at home no stranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell
What use the pearl is of, which dunghil cocks
Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgment
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you, I shall live to see
A diadem crown that head. There is within
A glass that will acquaint you with all places
Of dignity, authority, and renown,
The state, and carriage of them: Chuse the best,
Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

Cau. I go, that want no worth to merit honour;
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.
Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,
Thy credit is at stake: if I but rise,
The world's opinion will conceive th' hast-eyes. [*Exit.*

Scene 3.

Orgylus, Aorgus.

Rosc. *These are the extremes of meekness. Orgylus, an angry quarrelsome man, mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow too patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that is not capable of the grossest abuse.*

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steel about him. Dags and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me.

Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?

Org. At me! Wear I a sword

To

To ſee men bite their thumbs? —— Rapiers and daggers——
He is the ſon of a whore!
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been ſome pretence
T'have mov'd this anger; he may bite his own
And eat it too.
Org. Muskets and cannons!——eat it?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He ſhall eat ſomething elſe too that rides here;
I'll try his oſtrich ſtomach.
Aor. Sir, be patient.
Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.
Aor. To what purpoſe is this impertinent madneſs?
Pray, be milder.
Org. Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.
Aor. Why ſhould ſo ſlight a toy thus trouble you?
Org. Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reaſon doth in equal balance poize
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even ſcale; and yet it moves not me;
My anger is not up.
Org. But I will raiſe it;
You are a fool!
Aor. I know it, and ſhall I
Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are beſides
An arrant knave!
Aor. So are my betters, ſir.
Org. I cannot move him——O my ſpleen——it riſes,
For very anger I cou'd eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me;
Org. You are a horned beaſt, a very cuckold.
Aor. 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine, I have no reaſon
Than to be angry for another's ſin.

Org. And I did graft your horns, you might have come
And found us glew'd together like two goats,
And ſtood a witneſs to your transformation.

Aor. Why if I had, I am ſo far from anger
I wou'd have e'en fal'n down upon my knees,
And deſir'd heav'n to have forgiven you both.

Org. Your children are all baſtards, not one of them,
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

Aor. When then I am the more beholden to them
That they will call me father; it was luſt
Perchance that did beget them, but I am ſure
'Tis charity to keep the infants.

Org. Not yet ſtirr'd!
'Tis done of meer contempt, he will not now
Be angry, to expreſs his ſcorn of me.
'Tis above patience this, inſufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?

Aor. To ſee how ſtrange a courſe fond wrath doth go;
You will be angry 'cauſe I am not ſo.

Org. I can endure no longer, if your ſpleen
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up.

[*He kicks him.*

Aor. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epſilon, Zeta, Eta, Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Ro, Sigma, Tau, Upſilon, Phi, Chi, Pſi, Omega.

Org. How! What contempt is this?

Aor. An antidote
Againſt the poyſon, anger: 'twas preſcrib'd
A Roman emperor, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek alphabet; that being done
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and practiſe.

Org. Not yet angry?
Still will you vex me? I will practiſe too,

[*Kicks again.*

Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.

Org.

Org. What new alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew alphabet that I uſe,
A ſecond remedy.
Org. O, my torment ſtill!
Are not your buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For ought I feel your toes have more occaſion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'll try your phyſick for the third aſſault;
And exerciſe the patience of your noſe.
Aor. *A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H. I, K, L, M, N. O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z.*
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now, ſir; why now?
Now, have you done?
Org. O, 'tis a meer plot this,
To jeer my tameneſs; will no ſenſe of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a coward's ſoul?
Will not this rouſe her from her dead ſleep, nor this?
Aor. Why ſhould I, ſir, be angry if I ſuffer
An injury? It is not guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them that do the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterneſs o'erflows me; my eyes flame,
My blood boils in me, all my faculties
Of ſoul and body move in a diſorder,
His patience hath ſo tortur'd me: ſirrah, villain,
I will diſſect thee with my rapier's point,
Rip up each vein, and ſinew of my ſtoick,
Anatomize him, ſearching every intrail,
To ſee if nature, when ſhe made this aſs,
This ſuffering aſs, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Col. Put it up, good Orgylus,
Let him not glory in ſo brave a death,
As by your hand; it ſtands not with your honour
To ſtain your rapier in a coward's blood.
The Lesbian lions in their noble rage
Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn;

But trouble not the painted butterfly;
Ants crawl ſecurely by them.
Org. 'Tis intollerable!
Wou'd thou wer't worth the killing.
Col. A good wiſh,
Savouring as well diſcretion, as bold valour.
Think not of ſuch a baffled aſs as this,
More ſtone than man, Meduſa's head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every fly
Carries a ſpleen: poor worms being trampled on,
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
Of their oppreſſors. A dead palſy ſure
Hath ſtruck a deſperate numbneſs thro' his ſoul,
'Till it be grown inſenſible. Meer ſtupidity
Hath ſeiz'd him. Your more manly ſoul I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throws forth a fire into the ſtriker's eyes.
You bear about you valour's whetſtone, anger,
Which ſets an edge upon the ſword, and makes it
Cut with a ſpirit; you conceive fond patience
Is an injuſtice to ourſelves, the ſuffering
One injury invites a ſecond, that
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martial brow. A glaſs within
Will ſhew you, ſir, when your great ſpleen doth riſe
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learn anger, ſir, againſt you meet me next,
Never was man like me with patience vex'd. [*Exit.*
Aer. I am ſo far from anger in myſelf,
That 'tis my grief I can make others ſo.
Col. It proves a ſweetneſs in your diſpoſition,
A gentle, winning carriage—dear Aergus,
O give me leave to open wide my breaſt,
And let ſo rare a friend into my ſoul;
Enter, and take poſſeſſion; ſuch a man
As has no gall, no bitterneſs, no exceptions;
Whom nature meant a dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all diſcourſe
Flows innocent, and each free jeſt is taken.

He's

He's a good friend will pardon his friends errors,
But he's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beaſt with rude and ſavage rage
Breath'd the diſtemper'd ſoul of Orgylus?
The proneneſs of this paſſion is the nurſe
That foſters all confuſion, ruins ſtates,
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waſte;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The ſtrongeſt bridle; give it reins, it runs
A deſperate courſe, and drags down reaſon with it.
It is the whirlwind of the ſoul, the ſtorm
And tempeſt of the mind, that raiſes up
The billows of diſturbed paſſions
To ſhipwreck judgment. O, a ſoul like yours
Conſtant in patience! Let the North wind meet
The South at ſea, and Zephyrus breathe oppoſite
To Eurus; let the two-and-thirty ſons
Of Eolus break forth at once, to plough
The ocean, and diſpeople all the woods;
Yet here cou'd be a calm: It is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a glaſs within
Will let you ſee yourſelf, and tell you now
How ſweet a tameneſs dwells upon your bro
Aer. Colax, I muſt believe, and therefore go;
Who is diſtruſtful will be angry too.

Scene 4.

Alazon, Eiron.

Roſc. *The next are the extremes of truth, Alazon one that arrogates that to himſelf which is not his; and Eiron one that, out of an itch to be thought modeſt, diſſembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falſhood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alaz. I hear you're wondrous valiant?

Eir. I! alas.

Who told you I was valiant?

Alaz. The world ſpeaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd; but does ſhe ſpeak truly?
Alex. I am indeed the Hector of the ages:
But ſhe calls you Achilles.
Eir. I Achilles!
No, I am not Achilles: I confeſs
I am no coward.---That the world ſhould think
That I am an Achilles! yet the world may
Call me what ſhe pleaſe.
Alex. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a ſecond)
Yours is reported.
Eir. I may have my ſhare;
But the laſt valour ſhew'd in Chriſtendom,
Was in Lepanto.
Alex. He might be thought ſo, ſir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poor baſſi'd ſnake;
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On ev'ry poſt i'th' city.
Eir. Who?
Alex. Lepanto,
The valour, ſir, that you ſo much renown.
Eir. Lepanto was no man, ſir, but the place
Made famous by the ſo-much mention'd battle
Betwixt the Turks and Chriſtians.
Alex. Cry you mercy!
Then the Lepanto that I meant, it ſeems,
Was but Lepanto's name-ſake. I can
Find that you are well-skill'd in hiſtory.
Eir. Not a whit! a novice, I! I could perchance
Diſcourſe from Adam downward, but what's that
To hiſtory? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every commonwealth. I have read nothing
But Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,
Appian, Dion, Junius, Paterculus,
With Florus, Juſtin, Saluſt, and ſome few
More of the Latin. For the modern, I
Have all without book. Gallo-Belgicus,
Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,

The

The Turkiſh and Ægyptian hiſtories,
With thoſe of Spain, France, and the Netherlands.
For England, Polydore Virgil, Cambden, Speed.
And a matter of forty more; nothing
Alas to one that's read in hiſtories.
In the Greek I have a ſmack or ſo, at
Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and
Stow's chronicle.

Alaz. Believe me, ſir, and that
Stow's chronicle is very good Greek; you little
Think who writ it! Do you not ſee him? Are
You blinded? I am the man.

Eir. Then I muſt number
You with my beſt authors in my library.

Alaz. Sir, the reſt too are mine, but that I venture 'em
With other names, to ſhun the opinion
Of arrogance; ſo the ſubtle cardinal
Calls one book Bellarmine, 'nother Toſtatus,
Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb'ring;
You cannot chuſe but hear how loud fame ſpeaks
Of my experience in Arithmetick:
She ſays you too grow near perfection.

Eir. Far from it I; ſome inſight, but no more.
I count the ſtars, can give the total ſum,
How many ſands there be i'th' ſea, but theſe
Are trifles to the expert, that have ſtudy'd
Penkethman's preſident. Sir, I have no skill
In any thing, if I have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet in ſooth I ſpeak
Only my mother tongue; I have not gain'd
The Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack, or Arabick;
Nor know the Greek with all her Dialects.
Scaliger and Tom Choriate both excel me.
I have no skill in French, Italian, Spaniſh,
Turkiſh, Ægyptian, China, Perſian tongues.
Indeed the Latin I was whipt into;
But Ruſcian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian
With Saxon, Daniſh, and Albanian ſpeech,

That of the Coſſacks, and Hungarian too,
With Biſcays, and the prime of languages;
Dutch, Welch, and Iriſh, are too hard for me
To be familiar in: And yet ſome think
(But thought is free) that I do ſpeak all theſe
As I were born in each; but they may err
That think ſo; 'tis not ev'ry judgment ſits
In the infallible chair. To confeſs truth,
All Europe, Aſia, and Africa too;
But in America, and the new-found world,
I very much fear there be ſome languages
That would go near to puzzle me.

Alaz. Very likely.
You have a pretty pittance in the tongues,
But Eiron, I am now more general;
I can ſpeak all alike, there is no ſtranger
Of ſo remote a nation hears me talk,
But confidently calls me countryman.
The witty world giving my worth her due
Surnames me the confuſion: I but want
An orator like you to ſpeak my praiſe.

Eir. Am I an orator, Alazon? no;
Tho' it hath pleas'd the wiſer few to ſay
Demoſthenes was not ſo eloquent;
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all hyperboles: ſomething, ſir,
Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Eſpecially, Alazon, in your preſence.

Alaz. Your modeſty, Eiron, ſpeaks but truth in this.

Col. I need not flatter theſe, they'll do't themſelves.
And croſs the proverb, that was wont to ſay,
One mule doth ſcrub another, here each aſs
Hath learn'd to claw himſelf.

Alaz. I do ſurpaſs
All orators. How like you my orations?
Thoſe againſt Cataline, I account them beſt,
Except my Philipicks; all acknowledge me
Above the three great orators of Rome.

Eir. What three, Alazon?

Alaz.

Alaz. Marcus, Tullius,
And Cicero, the beſt of all the three.
Eir. Why thoſe three names are all the ſelf-ſame man's.
Alaz. Then all is one. Were thoſe three names three men,
I ſhould excell them all. And then for poetry---
Eir. There is no poetry, but Homer's Iliads.
Alaz. Alas 'twas writ i'th' nonage of my muſes.
You underſtand th' Italian?
Eir. A little, ſir;
I have read Taſſo.
Alaz. And Torquato too?
Eir. They're ſtill the ſame!
Ala. I find you very skilful.
I err only to ſound your judgment.
You are a poet too?
Eir. The world may think ſo,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am ſorry for it.
But I will tell you, ſir, ſome excellent verſes
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read
A better epigram of a Neoterique.
Alaz. Pray, do my eyes the favour, ſir, to let me learn 'em.

Eir. *Strange ſights there late were ſeen, that did affright*
The multitude; the moon was ſeen by night,
And ſun appear'd by day---is it not good?

Alaz. Excellent good! proceed.

Eir. *Without remorſe,*
Each ſtar and planet kept their wonted courſe.
What here could fright them? (mark the anſwer now)
O, ſir, aſk not that;
The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what.
But in their humours too inconſtant be,
Nothing ſeems ſtrange to them but conſtancy.

Has any friend approv'd himself a poet?

Alaz. The verses, sir, are excellent; that your friend
Approves himself a thief.

Eir. Why, good Alazon?

Alaz. A plagiary, I mean: the verses, sir,
Were stolen.

Eir. From whom?

Alaz. From me, believe't, I made 'em.

Eir. They are, alas, unworthy, sir, your owning;
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you came near me, sir. Yours they may be.
Good wits may jump: but let me tell you, Eiron,
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.

Col. What pretty gulls are these? I'll take them off.
You are learned.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And virtuous.

Alaz. 'Tis confess'd.

Col. A good historian.

Alaz. Who dares deny it?

Col. A rare arithmetician.

Alaz. I have heard it often.

Col. I commend your care,
That know your virtues, why should modesty
Stop good men's mouths from their own praise? Our neighbours
Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, than immortalize our names
When fame hath taken cold, and left her register:
We must be our own trumpets; careful men
Will have an inventary of their goods:
And why not of their virtues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.
Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lies,
To cl ak and ma k his wants, he's a fool for't.
'Twas heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves.*

You may be confident, chaunt your own encomium,
Ring out a panegyrick to yourself;
And yourself write the learned commentary
Of your own actions.

Alaz. So I have.

Col. Where is it?

Alaz. 'Tis ſtolen.

Col. I know the thief, they call him, Cæſar.
Go in, good ſir, there is within a glaſs,
That will preſent you with the felon's face. [*Exit Alaz.*
Eiron, you hear the news?

Eir. Not I, what is it?

Col. That you are held the only man of art.

Eir. Is't current, Colax?

Col. Current as the air,
Every man breathes it for certain.

Eir. This is the firſt time I heard on't, in truth.
Can it be certain? ſo much charity left
In men's opinion?

Col. You call it charity
Which is their duty: virtue ſir, like your's,
Commands men's praiſes. Emptineſs and folly,
Such as Alazon is, uſe their own tongues,
While real worth hears her own praiſe, not ſpeaks it.
Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth
From eaſt to weſt, 'till either pole admire you.
Self-praiſe is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that hear it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: you are wiſely ſilent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a ſin
For others to be ſo: the fiſh would loſe
Their being mute, or ſuch a modeſt worth
Should want a ſpeaker: yet, ſir, I would have you
Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.

Eir. Why, good ſir, bring me but acquainted with them.

Col. There is a glaſs within ſhows you yourſelf
By a reflection; go and ſpeak 'em there.

Eir.

Eir. I ſhould be glad to ſee 'em any where.

[*Exit Eir.*

Roſc. Retire yourſelves again, for theſe are ſights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus 3.

Actus IV. Scæna 1.

Plowrdew, Bird, Roſcius.

Bird. MY indignation boileth like a pot,
An over-heated pot, ſtill, ſtill it boileth;
It boileth, and it bubbleth with diſdain.

Flow. My ſpirit within me doth fumeth, I ſay
Fumeth, and ſteemeth up, and runneth o'er
With holy wrath, as theſe delights of fleſh.

Roſc. The actors beg your ſilence—*The next vertue whoſe extreme we would preſent, wants a name both in the Greek and Latin.*

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchriſtian virtue.

Roſc. *But they deſcribe it ſuch a modeſty, as diverts us in the purſuit, and refuſal of the meaner honours, and ſo anſwers to magnanimity, as liberality to magnificence: But here, that humour of the perſons, being already foreſtall'd and no pride now ſo much practiſ'd, or countenanc'd as that of apparel, let me preſent you Philotimia, an over-curious lady, too neat in her attire; and for Aphilotimus, Luparius a naſty ſordid ſlouen.*

Flow. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparus, Calax.

Phil, What mole dreſs'd me to-day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with theſe moap-ey'd chamber-maids?
There's a whole hair on this ſide more than t'other,
I am no lady elſe! come on you ſlouen.

Was

Was ever chriſtian madam ſo tormented
To wed a ſwine as I am? make you ready.
Lup. I would the taylor had been hang'd for me,
That firſt invented cloaths---O nature, nature!
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And oxen have no breeches to put off.
The lamb is born with her freeze-coat about her:
Hogs go to bed in reſt, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hoſe and ſhoes i'th' morning,
With gartering, girdling, truſſing, buttoning,
And a thouſand torments that afflict humanity.
Phi. To ſee her negligence! ſhe hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The natural redneſs of my noſe; ſhe knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If ſhe has not ſet me in the ſelf-ſame teeth
That I wore yeſterday, I am a Jew.
Does ſhe think that I can eat twice with the ſame,
Or that my mouth ſtands as the vulgar does?
What? are you ſnoring there, you'll riſe you ſluggard,
And make you ready?
Lupa. Riſe, and make you ready?
Two works of that your happy birds make one;
They when they riſe are ready. Bleſſed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! ſleep in their own cloaths,
And riſe with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedneſs were come again in faſhion;
I had ſome hope then when the breaſts went bare,
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.
Phi. Beſhrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
You'll go and waſh---you are a pretty huſband!
Lupa. One ſow ne'er waſhes, yet ſhe has a face
Methinks as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
If you durſt wear your own.
Col. Madam Superbia,
You're ſtudying the lady's library,
The looking-glaſs; 'tis well! ſo great a beauty
Muſt have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with ſtars; 'tis ſhe attires

The

The bird of paradiſe in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis ſhe
Spangled the heavens with all thoſe glorious lights;
She ſpotted the ermin's ſkin; and arm'd the fiſh
In ſilver male. But man ſhe ſent forth naked,
Not that he ſhould remain ſo, but that he
Indued with reaſon ſhould adorn himſelf
With every one of theſe. The ſilk-worm is
Only man's ſpinſter, elſe we might ſuſpect
That ſhe eſteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her maſter-piece. You are the image
Of that bright goddeſs, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the eaſt; let the red ſea be ranſack'd,
To make you glitter, look on Luparus
Your huſband there, and ſee how in a ſloven,
All the beſt characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are loſt and buried.

Phil. I ſee it to my grief, pray counſel him.

Col. This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being ſo curious in her toys, and dreſſes,
Makes me ſuſpicious of her honeſty.
Theſe cobweb-lawns catch ſpiders, ſir, believe it,
You know that cloaths do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of pluſh, before a brain of art.
You underſtand what miſery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for;
No doubt, you ſpend the time your lady loſes
In tricking up her body, to cloath the ſoul.

Lup. To cloath the ſoul? muſt the ſoul too be cloath'd?
I proteſt, ſir, I had rather have no ſoul,
Than be tormented with the cloathing of it.

Roſ. *To theſe enter the extreams of modeſty, a ſober kinſwoman of the virtues, Anaiſkynlia or Impudence, a bawd, and Kataplettus an over-baſhful ſcholar: where our author hopes the women will pardon him, if of four-and-twenty vices, he preſents but two* (pride and impudence) *of their ſex.*

Scene

Scene 2.

Anaiſkyntia, Katapleƈtus.

Phil. Here comes Anaiſkyntia too;---O fates!
Acolaſtus, and Aſotus have ſent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet!
Kat. O ſweet mother,
Are the gentlemen there already?
Anaiſ. Come away,
Are you not aſham'd to be ſo baſhful? well
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As ſoon have ſeen you fairly hang'd as ſent you
To the Univerſity.
Phil. What gentleman is that?
Anaiſ. A ſhamefac'd ſcholar, madam: look upon her,
Speak to her, or you loſe your exhibition:
---You'll ſpeak I hope, wear not away your buttons.
Kata. What ſhould I ſay?
Anaiſ. Why tell her you are glad
To ſee her ladyſhip in health, nay out with it.
Katap---Gaudeo te bene valere---
Phil. A pretty proficient!
What ſtanding is he of i'th' univerſity?
Anaiſ. He dares not anſwer to that queſtion, madam.--
Phil. How long have you been in the academy?
Katap, *Profeƈto Da---Domina ſum Bac--Bac--Baccha-laureus Artium.*
Phil. What pity 'tis he is not impudent!
Anaiſ. Nay all my coſt I ſee is ſpent in vain;
I having, as your ladyſhip knows full well,
Good practice in the ſuburbs; and by reaſon
That our mortality there is very ſubject
To an infeƈtion of the French diſeaſe,
I brought my nephew up i'th' univerſity,
Hoping he might (having attain'd ſome knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a phyſician;

But

But all in vain: he is ſo bashful, madam,
He dares not look upon a woman's water.

Colax. Sweet gentleman, proceed in bashfulneſs,
'Tis virtue's beſt preſerver---

Kata. *Recte dicis, ſic inquit Ariſtoteles.*

Col. That being gone,
The reſt ſoon follow, and a ſwarm of vice
Enter the ſoul; no colour but a bluſh
Becomes a young man's cheek: pure ſhamefac'dneſs
Is porter to the lips, and ears, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modeſt: nature ſtrives to hide
The parts of ſhame, let her, the beſt of guides,--

Katap. *Natura dux optima.*

Colax. Teach us to do ſo too in our diſcourſe.

Katap. *Gratias tibi ago.*

Phil. Inure him to ſpeak bawdy.

Anaiſ. A very good way; Kataplectus, here's a lady,
Would hear you ſpeak obſcenely.

Katap. *Obſcenum eſt, quod intra ſcenam agi non oportuit.*

Anaiſ. Off goes your velvet cap! did I maintain you
To have you diſobedient? you'll be perſwaded?

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*

Anaiſ. What's that in Engliſh?

Katap. To do an endeavour for children.

Anaiſ. Some more of this, it may be ſomething one day?

Katap. *Communis eſt omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi cauſa.*

Phil. Conſtrue me that.

Katap. All creatures have a natural deſire, or appetite to be joined together in the lawful bonds of matrimony, that they may have ſons and daughters.

Anaiſ. Your landreſs has beſtow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper terms?
If you ſhould catechiſe my head, and ſay,
What is your name, would it not ſay, a head?
So would my ſkin confeſs itſelf a ſkin;

Nor

Nor any part about me be aſham'd
Of his own name, although I catechis'd
All over. Come good nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd.
Col. Our ſtoick, the graveſt of philoſophers,
Is juſt of your opinion, and thus argues;
Is any thing obſcene, the filthineſs
Is either grounded in the things themſelves,
Or in the words that ſignify thoſe things;
Not in the things, that would make nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaſte, and honeſt; if not in the things,
How in the words, the ſhadows of thoſe things?
To manure grounds, is a chaſte honeſt term;
Another word that ſignifies the ſame,
Unlawful: every man endures to hear,
He got a child; ſpeak plainer and he bluſhes,
Yet means the ſame. The ſtoick thus diſputes,
Who would have men to breathe as freely downward,
As they do upward.
Anaiſ. I commend him, madam,
Unto your ladyſhip's ſervice, he may mend
With counſel; let him be your gentleman-uſher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the juſt ſize, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.
Phil. So he will prove a ſtoick;
I long to have a ſtoick ſtrut before me:
Here kiſs my hand. Come, what is that in Latin?
Katap. *Deoſculor manum.*
Phil. My lip;---nay, ſir, you muſt if I command you.
Katap. *Oſculor te, vel oſculor a te.*
Phil. His breath ſmells ſtrong.
Anaiſ. 'Tis but of logick, madam.
Phil. He will come to it one day---you ſhall go with me
To ſee an exquiſite glaſs to dreſs me by.
Nay go! you muſt go firſt; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, ſo--on-- [*Exeunt.*
Colax.

Colax. Slow Luparus riſe, or you'll be metamorphos'd;
Acteon's fate is imminent.

Lup. Where's my wife?

Colax. She's gone with a young ſnip, and an old bawd.

Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my comfort is
She's put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off; yet, madam, I'll prevent you. [*Exit.*

Roſc. *The next are the extreams of juſtice.*

Scene 3.

Enter Juſtice Nimis, Juſtice Nihil. Plus and Parum their clerks.

Nim. Plus!

Plus. What ſays your worſhip?

Nim. Have my tenants,
That hold their leaſe of luſt here in the ſuburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their lord in chief,
Paid their rent-charge?

Plus. They have, an't pleaſe your worſhip;
I, receiver-general, gave 'em my acquittance.

Parum. Sir, I reſign my pen, and ink-horn to you;
I ſhall forget my hand, if I ſtay here.
I have not made a mittimus ſince I ſerv'd you.
Were I a reverend juſtice as you are,
I would now ſit a cypher on the bench,
But do as juſtice Nimis does, and be
The *Dominus-fac totum* of the ſeſſions.

Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac miſericordiam*,
Inſtead of your *Totums:* people ſhall not wiſh
To ſee my ſpurs fil'd off, it does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,
Where I ſo ſweetly dream of being pitiful,
I wake the better for it.

Nim. The yearly value
Of my fair manor of Clerkenwel, is pounds
So many--beſides Newyear's capons, the lord-ſhip

Of

Of Turnbal ſo--which with my pick-hatch grange,
And Shoreditch farm, and other premiſes
Adjoining--very good, a pretty maintaintance
To keep the juſtice of peace, and coram too;
Beſides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriots of all ſuch as due: *quatenus* whores,
And ruin'd bawds, with all amercements due
To ſuch as hunt in purley, this is ſomething,
With mine own game reſerv'd.
Plus. Beſides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worſhip's bailiff.
Parum. Wilt pleaſe your worſhip, ſir, to hear the catalogue
Of ſuch offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not pleaſe me, ſir, to hear of any
That do offend; I would the world were innocent.
Yet to expreſs my mercy, you may read them.
Par. Firſt here is one accus'd for cutting a purſe.
Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who ſhall be innocent?
Diſcharge him, Parum.
Par. Here's another brought
For the ſame fact, taken in the very action.
Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
And ſo diſcharge him too: 'tis the firſt time.
Nimis. Plus, ſay, what hopes of gain brings this day's ſin?
Plus. Anaiſkyntia, ſir, was at the door,
Brought by the conſtable.
Nimis. Set the conſtable by the heels.
He's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's Intemperance, the bawd.
Nimus. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young lady, madam Incontinence.
Nim. Search o'er my doom's-day book; is not ſhe, Plus,
One of my laſt compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping Jude, heroick Doll,
With bouncing Nan, and Cis, your worſhip's ſinner.

Nim.

Nim. All ſubſidy women, go free 'em all.

Parum. Sir, here's a known offender: one that has
Been ſtock'd, and whipp'd innumerable times,
Has ſuffer'd Bridewel often; not a jail
But he's familiar with, burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and ſhoulder; both his ears cut off,
With his noſe ſlit, what ſhall I do with him?

Nim. So often puniſh'd? nay, if no correction
Will ſerve his turn; e'en let him run his courſe.

Plus. Here's miſtreſs Frailty too, the waiting-woman.

Nim. For what offence?

Plus. A ſin of weakneſs too.

Nim. Let her be ſtrongly whipp'd.

Plus. An't pleaſe your worſhip,
She has a nobleman's letter.

Nim. Tell her, Plus, ſhe muſt
Have the king's picture too.

Plus. Beſides,
She has promiſed me, I ſhould examine her
Above i'th' garret.

Nim. What's all that to me?

Plus. And ſhe entreats your worſhip to accept.

Nim. Nay, if ſhe can intreat in Engliſh, Plus,
Say ſhe is injured.

Par. Sir, here's Snip the Taylor
Charg'd with a riot.

Nihil. Parum, let him go,
He is our neighbour.

Parum. Then there is a ſtranger for quarrelling.

Nihil. A ſtranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a ſtranger, we may be all ſtrangers,
And would be glad to find ſome mercy, Parum.

Plus. Sir, here's a gentlewoman of St. Joans, is
Charg'd with diſhoneſty.

Nim. With diſhoneſty?
Severity will amend her, and yet, Plus,
Aſk her a queſtion, if ſhe will be honeſt?

Plus. And here's a cobler's wife brought for a ſcold.

Nim.

Nim. Tell her of cucking-ſtools, tell her there be
Oyſter queans, with orange-women,
Carts and coaches ſtore, to make a noiſe;
Yet if ſhe can ſpeak Engliſh,
We may ſuppoſe her ſilent.
Par. Here's a batchelor
And a citizen's wife for flat adultery,
What will you do with them?
Nihil. A citizen's wife!
Perchance her huſband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Par. Yet I hope you'll bind o'er the batchelor.
Nihil. No, enquire
Firſt if he have no wife, for if the batchelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty;
And juſtice counts it venial.
Plus. Here's one Adicus,
And Sophron, that do mutually accuſe
Each other of flat felony!
Nim. Of the two, which is the richer?
Plus. Adicus is the richer.
Nim. Then Sophron is the thief.
Plus. Here is withal,
Panourgus come with one call'd Prodetes,
Lay treaſon, ſir, to one another's charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nim. He's the traitor then.
Plus. How ſir, the richer?
Nim. Thou art ignorant, Plus;
We muſt do ſome injuſtice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. Eutrapeles complains, ſir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.
Nim. Send Eutrapeles to the jail.
Plus. It is Eutrapeles that complains, ſir.
Nim. Tell him we're pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will muſt be law: wer't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the land ſubſiſt?

Colax,

Colax. Ay, or the juſtices
Maintain themſelves--go on.--The land wants ſuch
As dare with rigour execute her laws;
Her feſtered members muſt be lanc'd and tented.
He's a bad ſurgeon, that for pity ſpares
The part corrupted, 'till the grangrene ſpread
And all the body periſh; he that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The Pillory muſt cure the ears diſeaſes;
The ſtocks the foot's offences; let the back
Bear her own ſin, and rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-poſt:
And yet the ſecret, and purſe-puniſhment,
Is held the wiſer courſe; becauſe at once
It helps the virtuous and corrects the vicious,
Let not the ſword of juſtice ſleep, and ruſt
Within her velvet ſheath; preſerve her edge,
And keep it ſharp with cutting, uſe muſt whet her,
Tame mercy is the breaſt that ſuckles vice,
'Till Hydra-like ſhe multiply her heads.
Tread you on ſin, ſqueeze out the ſerpent's brains,
All you can find---for ſome have lurking holes
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glaſs
Will ſhew you every cloſe offender's face.

Nim. Come Plus, let's go in to find out theſe concealments;
We will grow rich, and purchaſe honour thus---
I mean to be a baron of *Summis Jus.* [*Exit. Nim. Plus.*

Parum. You are the ſtrangeſt man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murder.

Nihil. How!

Par. He kill'd a man laſt night.

Nihil. How cam't to paſs?

Par. Upon a falling out.

Nihil. They ſhall be friends, I'll reconcile 'em, Parum.

Par. One of them is dead.

Nihil. Is he not buried yet?

Par.

Par. No, ſir.
Nihil. Why then I ſay they ſhall ſhake hands.
Col. As you have done
With clemency, moſt reverend juſtice Nihil;
A gentle mildneſs thrones itſelf within you,
Your worſhip would have juſtice uſe her ballance
More than her ſword; nor can you endure to die
The robe ſhe wears, deep ſcarlet, in the blood
Of poor offenders: How many men hath rigour,
By her too haſty and ſevere proceeding,
Prevented from amendment, that perchance
Might have turn'd honeſt and have prov'd good chriſtians?
Should Jove not ſpare his thunder, but as often
Diſcharge at us, as we dart ſins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himſelf want arms,
And yet tire Vulcan, and Pyracmon too.
You imitate the gods! and he ſins leſs,
Strikes not at all, then he ſtrikes once amiſs.
I would not have juſtice too falcon-ey'd;
Sometimes a wilful blindneſs much becomes her;
As when upon the bench ſhe ſleeps and winks
At the tranſgreſſions of mortality:
In which moſt merciful poſture I have ſeen
Your pitiful worſhip ſnorting out pardons
To the deſpairing ſinner, there's within
A mirrour, ſir, like you! go ſee your face,
How like Aſtrea's 'tis in her own glaſs.
Par. And I'll petition juſtice Nimi's clerk,
To admit me for his under officer. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

Agroicus.

Roſc. *This is Agroicus, a ruſtick clowniſh fellow, whoſe diſcourſe is all country; an extream of urbanity, whereby you may obſerve there is a virtue in jeſting.*

Agro. They talk of witty diſcourſe and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle prattle, would make a cat piſs to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their

grandam's Engliſh? they think they talk learnedly, when I had rather hear our brindled cur howl, or ſow grunt. They muſt be breaking of jeſts with a murrain, when I had as leave hear 'em break wind, ſir-reverence. My zon Dick is a pretty bookiſh ſcholar of his age, God bleſs him; he can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations, God ſave all. But, by'rlady, if I wotted it would make him ſuch a Jack-ſawce, as to have more wit than his vore-fathers, he ſhould have learn'd nothing for old Agroicus, but to keep a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what; they call 'em---boets, a new name for beggars I think, ſince the ſtatute againſt gypſies. I would not have my zon Dick one of theſe b..ets, for the beſt pig in my ſtye, by the mackins: boets? Heaven ſhield him, and zend him to be a good varmer; if he can cry, hy, ho, gee, hut, gee, ho, it is better, I trow, than being a boet. Boets? I had rather zee him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve god-vathers, good men, and true, contemn him to the gallows, and there ſee him fairly proſecuted. There is Bomolochus, one of the boets, now a bots take all the red-noſe tribe of 'em for Agroicus! he does ſo abuſe his betters! well, 'twas a good world, when I virſt held the plow!

Col. They car'd not then ſo much for ſpeaking well,
As to mean honeſt; and in you ſtill lives
The good ſimplicity of the former times:
When to do well was rhetorick, not to talk.
The tongue-diſeaſe of court ſpreads her infections
Through the whole kingdom; flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown epidemical, for all our thoughts
Are born between our lips: the heart is made
A ſtranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
A language that ſhe never underſtood.
What is it to be witty in theſe days,
But to be bawdy, or prophane? at leaſt
Abuſive? wit is grown a petulant waſp,
And ſtings ſhe knows not whom, not where, nor why;

Spews

Spews vinegar and gall on all ſhe meets
Without diſtinction; buys laughter with the loſs
Of reputation, father, kinſman, friend;
Hunts ordinaries only to deliver
The idle timpanies of a windy brain;
That beats and throbs above the pain of child-bed,
'Till every care ſhe meets be made a midwife
To her light baſtard iſſue; how many times
Bomolochus ſides, and ſhoulders ake, and groan!
He's ſo witty---here he comes---away---

Agro. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not ſtay.
[*Exit.*

Scene 5.

Bomolochus.

Roſc. *This is the other extream of urbanity*; Bomolochus, *a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the baſe dregs of ſcandal, and a lump of moſt vile and loathſome ſcurrility.*

Bird. Ay, this is he we look'd for all the while!
Scurrility, here ſhe hath her impious throne,
Here lies her heatheniſh dominion,
In this moſt impious cell of corruption;
For 'tis a purgatory, a meer lymbo,
Where the black devil and his dam ſcurrility
Do rule the roaſt, foul princes of the air!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth ſcandals,
Soweth, and throweth ſcandals, as 'twere dirt
Even in the face of holineſs, and devotion.
His preſence is contagious, like a dragon
He belches poiſon forth, poiſon of the pit,
Brimſtone, helliſh and ſulphureous poiſon;
I will not ſtay, but fly as far as zeal
Can hurry me--the roof will fall and brain me,
If I endure to hear his blaſphemies,
His graceleſs blaſphemies.

Roſc. He ſhall vent none here;
But ſtay, and ſee how juſtly we have us'd him.

Flow. Stay, brother, I do find the ſpirit grow ſtrong.

Col. Hail ſacred wit!---Earth breeds not bays enough
To crown thy ſpacious merit.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. Cratinus, Eupolis, Ariſtophanes,
Or whatſoever other wit did give
Old comedies the reins, and let her looſe
To ſtigmatize what brow ſhe pleas'd with ſlander
Of people, prince, nobility---all muſt yield
To this triumphant brain.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. They ſay you'll loſe a friend before a jeſt;
'Tis true, there's not a jeſt that comes from you,
That is the true Minerva of this brain,
But is of greater value than a world
Of friends, were every pair of men we meet
A Pylades and Oreſtes.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. Some ſay you will abuſe your father too,
Rather than loſe the opinion of your wit;
Who would not that has ſuch a wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty parents were expos'd
To ſcorn and laughter, than the ſimpleſt thought,
Or leaſt conceit of yours, ſhould die abortive,
Or periſh a brain-embrio.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. How's this? that tongue grown ſilent that Syrens
Stood ſtill to admire?

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. 'Twere better that the ſpheres ſhould loſe their harmony,
And all the choiriſters of the wood grow hoarſe:
What wolf hath ſpied you firſt!

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. Sure Hermes envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has ſtruck you dumb!
Malicious deity!

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col.

Col. Go in, ſir, there's a glaſs that will reſtore
That tongue, whoſe ſweetneſs angels might adore.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--

Roſc. Thus, ſir, you ſee how we have put a gagg
In the licentious mouth of baſe ſcurrility;
He ſhall not Ibis-like purge upward here,
T' infect the place with peſtilential breath;
We'll keep him tongue-ty'd; you, and all, I promiſe
By Phæbus and his daughters, whoſe chaſte zones
Were never yet by impure hands unty'd;
Our language ſhall flow chaſte, nothing ſounds here
That can give juſt offence to a ſtrict ear.

Bird. This gagg hath wrought my good opinion of you.

Flow. I begin to think 'em lawful recreations.

Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practiſe,
I'll flatter my dear ſelf--O that my ſkill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiſs it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty ſkills upon it!
Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other half!
Self-love, Narciſſus, had not been a fault,
Hadſt thou, inſtead of ſuch a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
And praiſe it into alchymy, till it go
For perfect gold, and cozen almoſt the touchſtone;
I can perſwade a toad into an ox,
'Till ſwell'd too big with my hyperboles
She burſt aſunder, and 'tis virtue's name
Lends me a maſk to ſcandalize herſelf.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
I have ſuch ſtrange varieties of colours,
Such ſhifts of ſhapes, blew Proteus ſure begot me
On a camelion, and I change ſo quick,
That I ſuſpect my mother did conceive me,
As they ſay mares do, on ſome wind or other.
I'll peep to ſee how many fools I made,

With a report of a miraculous glaſs.
---Heaven bleſs me, I'm ruin'd! O my brain
Witty to my undoing! I have jeſted
Myſelf to an eternal miſery.
I ſee lean hunger with her meagre face
Ride poſt to overtake me; I do prophecy
A lent immortal; Phæbus, I could curſe
Thee and thy brittle gifts; Pandora's box
Compar'd with this, might be eſteem'd a bleſſing.
The glaſs which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth,
The two extreams of every virtue there,
Beholding how they either did exceed,
Or want of juſt proportion, join'd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect mean:
As when the ſkilful and deep learn'd phyſician
Does take different poiſons, one that's cold,
The other in the ſame degree of heat,
And blends them both to make an antidote;
Or as the lutaniſt takes flats and ſharps,
And out of thoſe ſo diſſonant notes, does ſtrike
A raviſhing harmony. Now there is no vice,
'Tis a hard world for Colax: what ſhift now?
Dyſcolus doth expect me--ſince this age
Is grown too wiſe to entertain a paraſite,
I'll to the glaſs, and there turn virtuous too,
Still ſtrive to pleaſe, though not to flatter you.

Bird. There is good uſe indeed-la to be made
From their converſion.

Flow. Very good inſooth-la
And edifying.

Roſ. Give your eyes ſome reſpite.
You know already what your vices be,
In the next act you ſhall our virtues ſee. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus V. Scæna 1.

Roſcius, Flowrdew, Bird.

Flow. NOW verily, I find the devout bee
May ſuck the honey of good doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious ſpider
Gathers her impious venom! I have pick'd
Out of the garden of this play, a good
And wholeſome ſallad of inſtruction!
What do you next preſent?

Roſc. The ſeveral virtues.

Bird. I hope there be no cardinal virtues there!

Roſc. There be not.

Bird. Then I'll ſtay, I hate a virtue
That will be made a cardinal: cardinal-virtues,
Next to pope-virtues, are moſt impious.
Biſhop-virtues are unwarrantable.
I hate a virtue in a morris-dance.
I will allow of none but deacon-virtues,
Or elder-virtues.

Roſc. Theſe are moral-virtues.

Bird. Are they lay-virtues?

Roſc. Yes!

Bird. Then they are lawful,
Virtues in orders are unſanctified.

Roſc. We do preſent them royal, as they are
In all their ſtate, in a full dance.

Bird. What dance?
No wanton jig I hope, no dance is lawful
But Prinkum-Prankum!

Flow. Will virtues dance?
O vile, abſurd, maypole--maid-marrian virtue!

Roſc. Dancing is lawful, &c. [*Flouriſh. Enter*

Enter Mediocrity.

Flow. Who's this?
Roſc. It is the mother of virtues.
Flow. Mother of pearl I think, ſhe is ſo gaudy.
Roſc. It is the golden Mediocrity.
Flow. She looketh like the idol of Cheapſide.
Med. I am that even courſe that muſt be kept
To ſhun two dangerous gulfs; the middle tract
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; the ſmall Iſthmus
That ſuffers not the Ægean tide to meet
The violent rage of the Ionian wave.
I am a bridge o'er an impetuous ſea,
Free, and ſafe paſſage to the wary ſtep:
But he whoſe wantonneſs, or folly dares
Decline to either ſide, falls deſperate
Into a certain ruin.--Dwell with me,
Whoſe manſion is not plac'd ſo near the ſun,
As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be ſcorch'd
With his directer beams: nor ſo remote
From his bright rays as to be ſituate
Under the icy pole of the cold bear;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am ſhe,
I am the golden Mediocrity:
The labour of whoſe womb are all the virtues,
And every paſſion too, commendable.
Siſters ſo like themſelves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to diſtinguiſh them
But a reſpect they bear to ſeveral objects;
Elſe had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven fair virgins of a blood,
All ſiſters, and a-like grown ripe of years,
Match into ſeveral houſes, from each family,
Each makes a name diſtinct, and all are different:
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a ſweet mixture of the fleſh and blood,
As if both roſes were confounded there.
Their ſtature neither dwarf nor giantiſh,
But in a comely well-diſpos'd proportion;
And all ſo like their mother, that indeed,
They are all mine, and I am each of them.

When

When in the midſt of dangers I ſtand up,
A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,
Not ſo ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearful of heaven's juſt anger, when ſhe ſpeaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my religion, ſhake to ſee my country
Threatned with fire and ſword. I'm a ſtark coward
To any thing may blaſt my reputation:
But I can ſcorn the worſt of poverty,
Sickneſs, captivity, baniſhment, grim death,
If ſhe dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my country's cauſe upon my ſword,
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civil blood, or cuſtomary danger;
Nor the fool's whetſtone, inexperience;
I can throw valour as a lightening from me,
And then I am the Amazon fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleaſures,
And I am temperance. Make me wealth's juſt ſteward,
And call me, Liberality; with one hand
I'll gather riches home, and with the other
Rightly diſtribute 'em, and there obſerve
The perſons, quantity, quality, time and place;
And if in great expences I be ſet
Chief arbitreſs, I can in glorious works,
As raiſing temples, ſtatues, altars, ſhrines,
Veſtures, and ornaments to religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigal.
And to my country the like mean obſerve,
In building ſhips, and bulwarks, caſtles, walls,
Conduits, theatres, and what elſe may ſerve her
For uſe or ornament; and at home be royal
In buildings, gardens, coſtly furniture,
In entertainments free and hoſpitable,
With a reſpect to my eſtate, and means,
And then I may be nam'd Magnificence;
As Magnanimity, when I wiſely aim
At greateſt honours, if I may deſerve 'em,
Not for ambition, but for my country's good,
And in that virtue all the reſt do dwell.

In leſſer dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over patient,
To put up ſuch groſs wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that obſerve
What cauſe hath mov'd my anger, and with whom.
Look that it be not ſudden, nor too thirſty
Of revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Than the offence; know my time when, where,
I muſt be angry, and how long remain ſo;
Then, then you may ſirname me Manſuetude.
When in my carriage and diſcourſe I keep
The mean that neither flatters nor offends,
I am that virtue the well-nurtur'd court
Gives name and ſhould do being---Courteſy.
'Twixt fly diſſembling and proud arrogance,
I am the virtue time calls daughter, Truth.
Give me my ſword and ballance rightly ſway'd,
And Juſtice is the title I deſerve.
When on this ſtage I come with innocent wit,
And jeſts that have more of the ſalt than gall,
That move the laughter and delight of all,
Without the grief of one; free, chaſte conceits,
Not ſcurril, baſe, obſcene, illiberal,
Or contumelious ſlanders, I am then
The virtue they have term'd, Urbanity:
To whom if your leaſt countenance may appear,
She vows to make her conſtant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.--

The SONG.

Scene 2.

The maſk, wherein all the virtues dance together.

Medioc. You have ſeen all my daughters, gentlemen.
Chuſe your wives hence; you that are batchelors
Can find no better; and the married too
May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the ſame wife, and the ſame man

May

May wed two virtues, yet no bigamy;
He that weds moſt is chaſteſt; theſe are all
The daughters of my womb; I have five more,
The happy iſſue of my intellect,
And thence ſirnam'd the intellectual virtues.
They now attend not on their mother's train,
We hope they act in each ſpectator's brain.
I have a niece beſides, a beauteous one,
My daughter's dear companion--lovely friendſhip,
A royal nymph; her we preſent not too,
It is a virtue we expect from you.

[*Exit cum Choro cantantium.*

Scene 3.

Bird. O ſiſter, what a glorious train they be.
Flow. They ſeem to me the family of love,
But is there ſuch a glaſs, good Roſcius?
Roſc. There is! ſent hither by the great Apollo,
Who in the world's bright eye and every day
Set in this car of light, ſurveys the earth
From eaſt to weſt, who finding every place
Fruitful in nothing but fantaſtick follies,
And moſt ridiculous humours, as he is
The god of phyſick, though it appertain'd
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and ſin, two grand diſeaſes,
And now grown epidemical: many receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore
In every garden--but none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the muſe's ſpring,
And ſends it to the north, there to be freez'd
Into a chryſtal--that being done, he makes
A mirrour with it: and inſtils this virtue,
That it ſhould by reflection ſhew each man
All his deformities both of ſoul and body,
And cure 'em both---
Flow. Good brother, let's go ſee it!
Saints may want ſomething of perfection.
Roſc. The glaſs is but of one day's continuance

For Pluto, thinking if it ſhould come all,
His kingdom would grow empty, (for 'tis ſin
That peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
Spin it too ſhort a thread; (for every thing
As well as man is meaſur'd by their ſpindle.)
They, as they muſt obey, gave it a thread
No longer than the beaſts of Hyppanis,
That in one day is ſpun, drawn out, and cut.
But Phœbus, to requite the black god's envy,
Will, when the glaſs is broke, tranſuſe her virtue
To live in comedy--if you mean to ſee it,
Make haſte---

Flow. We will go poſt to reformation. [*Exeunt.*

Roſc. Nor is the glaſs of ſo ſhort life, I fear,
As this poor labour--our diſtruſtful author
Thinks the ſame ſun that roſe upon her cradle
Will hardly ſet before her funeral:
Your gracious, and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or, when ſhe's dead,
Raiſe her again, and ſpin her a new thread.

Scene 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes religion ſin,
Sets zeal upon the rack, and ſtretches her
Beyond her length---moſt bleſſed looking-glaſs,
That didſt inſtruct my blinded eyes to day,
I might have gone to hell the narrow way!

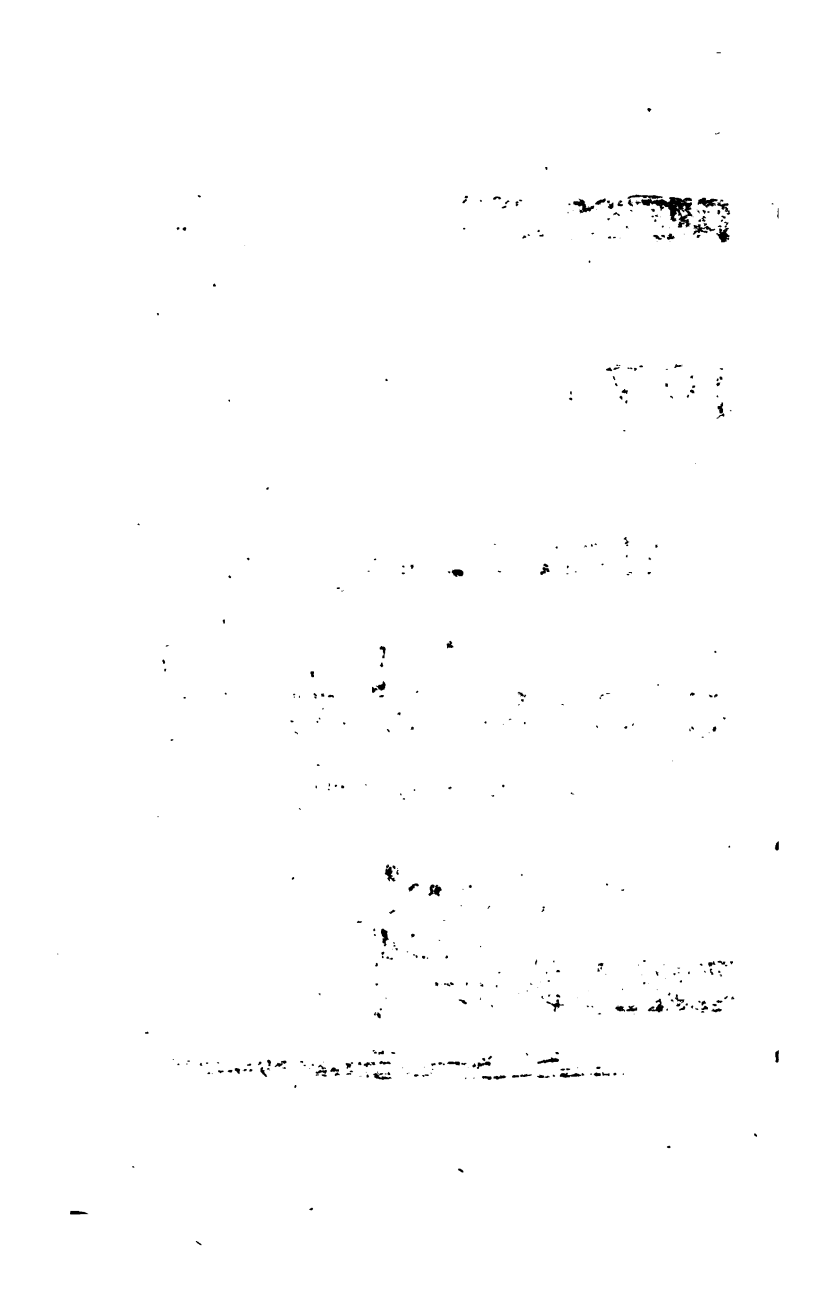
Bird. Hereafter I will viſit comedies,
And ſee them oft, they are good exercifes!--
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper,
Not that it ſhall loſe any of her heat
Or purity, but henceforth ſhall be ſuch
As ſhall burn bright, although not blaze ſo much. [*Exe.*

EPILOGUS.

EPILOGUS.

Roſcius ſolus.

YOU'VE ſeen The Muſe's Looking-Glaſs, *ladies fair,*
And gentle youths; and others too who e'er
Have fill'd this orb: it is the end we meant
Yourſelves unto yourſelves ſtill to preſent.
A ſoldier ſhall himſelf in Hector ſee;
Grave counſellors, Neſtor, view themſelves in thee.
When Lucretia's part ſhall on our ſtage appear,
Every chaſte lady ſees her ſhadow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent glaſſes
Will ſhew both fools, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: but we need not fear,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a fair ſoul and a beauteous face,
Will viſit oft the Muſe's Looking-Glaſs.



A

JOVIAL CREW:

OR, THE

Merry Beggars.

A

COMEDY,

By *Richard Broome.*

Hic totus volo rideat libellus. Mart.

MR. *Richard Broome* was no more than a common Servant to *Ben. Johnſon*; but having a Genius to Comedy, and turning his Mind to the Study of Men and their Manners, he wrote himſelf into great Reputation. His Plots, Mr. *Langbaine* informs us, are his own; and all his various Characters forg'd from the Mint of his own Experience and Judgment. This Piece was produc'd by Mr. *Broome* in his old Age, and I believe was the laſt he wrote. It was firſt preſented at *Drury-Lane* Theatre in 1641, but has been often ſince reviv'd. Beſides this, he has wrote Fourteen Comedies more, *viz. Antipodes*; *City Wit*, or the *Woman wears the Breeches*; *Covent-Garden Weeded*; *A Court Beggar*; *Damoiſelle*; *Engliſh Moor*; *Love-ſick Court*; *Mad Couple well match'd*; *New Academy*; *Northern Laſs*; *Novella*; *Queen's Exchange*; *Queen and Concubine*; and the *Aſparagus Garden*. He alſo join'd with *Thomas Heywood*, in a Play called, *The Lancaſhire Witches*.

Actors

ACTORS Names at the Queen's Theatre.

MEN.

Oldrents,	Mr. *Keen.*
Hearty,	Mr. *Croſs.*
Springlove,	Mr. *Mill.*
Vincent,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Hilliard,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Juſtice Clack,	Mr. *Norris.*
Oliver,	Mr. *Booth.*
Tallboy,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Martin,	Mr. *Bullock*, jun.
Randal,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Scentwell,	Mr. *Huſbands.*
1 Gentleman,	Mr. *Glover.*
2 Gentleman,	Mr. *Pendrey.*
Uſher,	Mr. *Kent.*
Butler,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Cook,	Mr. *Sherman.*
Patrico,	Mr. *Cary.*
Soldier,	Mr. *Bendrey.*
Lawyer,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Courtier,	Mr. *Bowen.*
Poet,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Rachel, Mrs. *Bicknell.* *Mericl*, Mrs. *Croſs.* *Amie*, Mrs. *Saunders.*

ACTORS Names at the Theatre Royal.

MEN.

Oldrents,	Capt. *Griffin.*
Hearty,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Springlove,	Mr. *Powel.*
Vincent,	Mr. *Weller.*
Hilliard,	Mr. *Carnabet.*
Juſtice Clack,	Mr. *Prevoſt.*
Oliver,	Mr. *Bickerſtaff.*
Tallboy,	Mr. *Pack.*
Randal,	Mr. *Cole.*
Scentwell,	Mr. *Burkhead.*
Patrico,	Mr. *Smith.*

WOMEN.

Rachel, Mrs. *Knight.* *Mericl*, Mrs. *Moor.* *Amie*, Mrs. *Cox*

ACTORS Names at the Theatre Royal, after uniting the two Companies.

MEN.

Oldrents, a Country Gentleman of a good Eſtate,	Mr. *Keen*,
Hearty, a merry decay'd Gentleman, his Friend and Companion.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Springlove, Steward to *Oldrents*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Vincent, } Two young gentlemen, in love with *Oldrent*'s Daughters.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Hilliard, }	Mr. *Cibber*.
Juſtice *Clack*, a humourſome old Gentleman,	Mr. *Norris*.
Oliver, his Son,	Mr. *Booth*.
Tallboy, in love with Mrs. *Amie*,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Martin, the Juſtice's Clerk,	Mr. *Bullock*, jun.
Randal, Groom to *Oldrents*, a merry Fellow,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Scentwell,	Mr. *Huſbands*.
1 *Gentleman*, Friend to Juſtice *Clack*,	Mr. *Smith*.
2 *Gentleman*.	Mr. *Burkhead*.
Uſher,	Mr. *Kent*.
Butler, to *Oldrents*.	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Cook,	Mr. *Sherman*.
Patrico,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Soldier,	Mr. *Cory*,
Lawyer, with others, Beggars.	Mr. *Carnaby*.
Courtier,	Mr. *Bowen*,
Poet.	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Rachel, } *Oldrents*'s Daughters,	Mrs. *Bicknel*.
Meriel, }	Mrs. *Moor*.
Amie, Juſtice *Clack*'s Niece,	Mrs. *Saunders*.

A

JOVIAL CREW:

OR, THE

Merry Beggars.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room in* Oldrent's *House.*

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. IT has, indeed, friend, much afflicted me.

Hea. And very juſtly, let me tell you, ſir, that could ſo impiouſly be curious to tempt a judgment on you; to give ear and faith too (by your leave) to fortune-tellers, wizards, and gypſies!

Old.

Old. I have since been frighted with it in a thousand dreams.

Hea. I would go drunk a thousand times to bed, rather than dream of any of their Riddlemy Riddlemies. If they prove happy, so; if not, let's go: you'll never find their meaning till the event; if you suppose there was at all a meaning, as the equivocating devil had, when he cozen'd the monk, to let him live soul-free, till he should find him sleeping between sheets: The wary monk, abjuring all such lodging, at last, by overwatching in his study, the foul fiend took him napping, with his nose between the sheet-leaves of his conjuring book. There was the whim, or double meaning on't. But these fond fortune-tellers, that know nothing, aim to be thought more cunning than their master, the 'foresaid devil, tho' truly not so hurtful: Yet, trust 'em, and hang 'em. Wizards! Old blind buzzards! For once they hit, they miss a thousand times; and most times give quite contrary, half for good; and best for worst. One told a gentleman his son should be a man-killer, and be hang'd for't; who after prov'd a great and rich physician, and with great fame i'th' university, hang'd in picture for a grave example. There was the whim of that. Quite contrary!

Old. And that was happy; would mine could so deceive my fears!

Hea. They may, but trust not to't. Another schemist found, that a squint-ey'd boy should prove a notable pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief; when he grew up to be a cunning lawyer, and at last dy'd a judge. Quite contrary! how many have been mark'd out by these wizards for fools, that have after been prick'd for sheriffs? Was not a shepherd's boy foretold to be a drunkard, and to get his living from bawds, whores, thieves, quarrellers, and the like? And did he not become a suburb justice? And live in wine and worship by the fees of such delinquents? There's the whim on't. Now I come to you: Your figure-flinger finds, that both your daughters, notwithstanding

ſt
handing all your great poſſeſſions, which they are co-heirs of, ſhall yet be beggars? May it not be meant, if, as I ſaid, there be a meaning in it) they may prove courtiers, or great courtiers wives, and ſo be beggars in law? Is not that the whim on't, think you? You ſhall think no worſe on't.

Old. Would I had your merry heart.

Hea. I thank you, ſir.

Old. I mean the like.

Hea. I would you had; and I ſuch an eſtate as yours. Four thouſand a year, with ſuch a heart as mine, would defy fortune, and all her babbling ſouthſayers. I'd as ſoon diſtruſt in providence, as lend a fear to ſuch a deſtiny, for a child of mine, while there be ſack and ſongs in town or country. Think like a man of conſcience, (now I am ſerious) what juſtice can there be for ſuch a curſe to fall upon your heirs? Do you not live free, out of law, or grieving any man? Are you not the only rich man that lives unenvy'd? Have you not all the praiſes of the rich, and prayers of the poor? Did ever any ſervant, or hireling, neighbour or kindred curſe you, or wiſh one minute ſhortened of your life? Have you one grudging tenant? Will they not all light for you? Do they not teach their children, and make 'em to pray for you morn and evening, and in their graces too, as duly as for queen and realm? The innocent things would think they ought not eat elſe.

Old. 'Tis their goodneſs.

Hea. It is your merit. Your great love and bounty procures from heaven thoſe inſpirations in 'em. Whoſe rent did ever you exact? Whoſe have you not remitted, when by caſualties of fire, of floods, of common dearth, or ſickneſs, poor men were brought behind-hand? Nay, whoſe loſſes have you not plentifully repair'd.

Old. Enough.

Hea. What goods have you taken from forlorn widows? What acre of your thouſands have you rack'd?

Old. Good friend, no more.

Hea. Theſe are enough, indeed, to fill your ears with joyful

joyful acclamations where e'er you paſs: *Heaven bleſs our landlord Oldrent; our maſter Oldrent; our good patron Oldrent.* Cannot theſe ſounds conjure that evil ſpirit of fear out of you, that your children ſhall live to be beggars? Shall 'ſquire Oldrent's daughters wear old rents in their garments? (there's a whim too) becauſe a fortune-teller told you ſo?

Old. Come, I will ſtrive to think no more on't.

Hea. Will you ride forth for air then, and be merry?

Old. Your counſel and example may inſtruct me.

Hea. Sack muſt be had in ſundry places too. For ſongs I am provided.

Enter Springlove with Books and Papers, and a Bunch of Keys; he lays them on the Table.

Old. Yet here comes one brings me a ſecond fear, who has my care, the next unto my children.

Hea. Your ſteward, ſir, it ſeems, has buſineſs with you. I wiſh you would have none.

Old. I'll ſoon diſpatch it: And then be for our journey inſtantly.

Hea. I'll wait your coming down, ſir, [*Exit.*

Old. But why, Springlove, is now this expedition?

Spr. Sir, 'tis duty.

Old. Not common among ſtewards, I confeſs, to urge in their accompts before the day their lords have limited. Some that are grown to hoary hairs and knighthoods, are not found guilty of ſuch an importunity. 'Tis yet but thirty days, when I give forty after the half-year day, our Lady laſt. Could I ſuſpect my truſt were loſt in thee; or doubt thy youth had not ability to carry out the weight of ſuch a charge, I then ſhou'd call on thee.

Spr. Sir, your indulgence, I hope, ſhall ne'er corrupt me. Nevertheleſs, the teſtimony of a diſcharge from time to time, will be encouragement to virtue in me. You may then be pleas'd to take here a ſurvey of all your rents receiv'd, [*Springlove turns over the ſeveral books to his maſter.*] and all ſuch other payments as came

to

to my hands, ſince my laſt audit, for cattle, wool, corn, all fruits of huſbandry; with ſome old debts, and almoſt deſperate ones, as well from country cavaliers as courtiers. Then here, ſir, are my ſeveral diſburſements, in all particulars for yourſelf and daughters, in charge of houſe-keeping, buildings and repairs; journies, apparel, coaches, gifts, and all expences for your perſonal neceſſaries. Here--ſervants wages, liveries, and cures. Here--for ſupplies of horſes, hawks, and hounds. And laſtly, not the leaſt to be remembered, your large benevolences to the poor.

Old. Thy charity there goes hand-in-hand with mine. And Springlove, I commend it in thee, that ſo young in years art grown ſo ripe in goodneſs. May their heaven-piercing prayers bring on thee equal rewards with me.

Spr. Now here, ſir, is the balance of the ſeveral accompts, which ſhews you what remains in caſh: which, added to your former bank, makes up in all---

Old. Twelve thouſand and odd pounds.

Spr. Here are the keys of all. The cheſts are ſafe in your own cloſet.

Old. Why in my cloſet? Is not yours as ſafe?

Spr. O, ſir, you know my ſuit.

Old. Your ſuit! What ſuit?

Spr. Touching the time of year.

Old. 'Tis well-nigh May.----Why, what of that, good Springlove?

Spr. O, ſir, you hear I'm call'd. [*Birds ſing.*]

Old. Fie, Springlove, fie, I hope thou haſt abjur'd that uncouth practice.

Spr. You thought I had forſaken nature then.

Old. Is that diſeaſe of nature ſtill in thee ſo virulent; and, notwithſtanding all my favours, in my gifts, my cares and counſels, which, to a foul ungrateful, might be boaſted: Have I firſt bred thee, and then preferr'd thee (from I will not ſay how wretched a beginning) to be a maſter over all my ſervants; planted thee in my boſom; and canſt thou there ſlight me for the whiſtling of a bird?

Spr.

Spr. Your reason, sir, informs you, that 't no cause: but 'tis the season of the year that calls me. What moves their notes, provokes my disposition, by a more absolute power of nature, than philosophy can render an accompt for.

Old. I find these's no expelling it; but still it will return. I have try'd all the means, as I may safely think, in human wisdom, and did, as near as reason could, assure me, that thy last year's restraint had stopp'd for ever that running sore on thee, that gadding humour; when, only for that cause, I laid the weight of my estate in stewardship upon thee; which kept thee in that year, after so many summer vagaries thou hadst made before.

Spr. You kept a swallow in a cage in that while. I cannot, sir, endure another summer in that restraint with life: 'twas then my torment, but now my death. Yet, sir, my life is yours, who are my patron; freely you may take it. Yet, pardon, sir, my frailty, that do beg a small continuance of it upon my knees.

Old. Can there no means be found to preserve life in thee, but wandering like a vagabond? Does not the sun as comfortably shine upon my gardens, as the opener fields? Or on my fields, as others far remote? Are not my walks and greens as delectable as the highways and commons? Are the shades of Sycamore and bowers of Eglantine less pleasing, than of bramble, or thorn hedges? Or of my groves and thickets, than wild woods? Are not my fountain waters fresher than the troubled streams, where every beast does drink? Do not the birds sing here as sweet and lively as any other where? Is not thy bed more soft, and rest more safe, than in a field or barn? Is a full table, which is called thine own, less curious or wholesome, than the scraps from other trenchers, twice or thrice translated?

Spr. Yes, in the winter season, when the fire is sweeter than the air.

Old. What air is wanting?

Spr. O, sir, you have heard of pilgrimages; and the voluntary travels of good men.

Old.

Old. For penance, or to holy ends: But bring not those into comparison, I charge you.

Spr. I do not, sir; but pardon me, to think their sufferings are much sweeten'd by delights, such as we find, by shifting place and air.

Old. Are there delights in beggary? or, if to take diversity of air be such a solace, travel the kingdom over: And if this yield not variety enough, try further; provided your deportment be genteel. Take horse, and man, and money: you have all, or I'll allow enough.

Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. Sings.

Spr. Oh! how am I confounded! dear sir, return me naked to the world, rather than lay those burdens on me, which will stifle me. I must abroad or perish.

Old. I will no longer strive to wash this Moor; nor breathe more minutes so unthriftily, in civil argument, against rude wind; but rather practise to withdraw my love, and tender care, if it be possible, from that unfruitful breast, incapable of wholesome counsel. [*Aside.*

Spr. Have I your leave, sir?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with yourself, I have no voice to bid you go, or stay: my love shall give thy will preheminence; and leave the effect to time and providence. [*Exit.*

Spr. I am confounded in my obligation to this good man: his virtue is my punishment, when 'tis not in my nature to return obedience to his merits. I could wish such an ingratitude were death by the law, and put in present execution on me, to rid me of my sharper suffering. Nor but by death, can this predominant sway of nature be extinguish'd in me. I have fought with my affections, by the assistance of all the strengths of art and discipline, (all which I owe him for education too) to conquer and establish my observance, as in all other rules, to him in this, this inborn strong desire of liberty, in that free course, which he detests as shameful, and I approve my earth's felicity: but find the war is endless, and must fly. What must I lose then?

A good master's love. What loss feels he, that wants not what he loses? They'll say I lose all reputation; What's that, to live where no such thing is known? My duty to a master will be question'd? Where duty is exacted, it is none; and among beggars, each man is his own.

Enter Randal and three or four servants with a great kettle, and black-jacks, and a baker's basket, all empty, exeunt with all, manet *Randal.*

Now fellows, what news from whence you came?

Ran. The old wonted news, sir, from your guest-house, the old barn. We have unloaded the bread-basket, the beef-kettle, and the beer-bumbards there, amongst your guests the beggars: And they have all prayed for you and our master, as their manner is, from the teeth outward; marry, from the teeth inwards 'tis enough to swallow your alms, from whence I think their prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou shouldst not think uncharitably.

Ran. Thought's free, master steward, an't please you. But your charity is nevertheless notorious, I must needs say.

Spr. Meritorious, thou mean'st to say.

Ran. Surely sir, no; 'tis out of our curate's book.

Spr. But I aspire no merits, nor popular thanks, 'tis well if I do well in it.

Ran. It might be better though (if old Randal, whom you allow to talk, might counsel) to help to breed up poor men's children, or decayed labourers, past their work or travel; or towards the setting up of poor young married couples; than to bestow an hundred pound a year (at least you do that, if not all you get) besides your master's bounty, to maintain in begging such wanderers as these, that never are out of their way; that cannot give account from whence they came, or whither they would; nor of any beginning they ever had, or any end they seek, but still to stroll and beg till their bellies be full, and then sleep till they be hungry.

Spr. Thou art ever repining at those poor people! they take nothing from thee but thy pains: and that

I pay thee for too. Why shouldſt thou grudge?

Ran. Am I not bitten to it every day, by the ſix-footed bloodhounds that they leave in their litter, when I throw out the old, to lay freſh ſtraw for the new comers at night. That's one part of my office. And you are ſure, that though your hoſpitality be but for a night and a morning for one rabble, to have a new ſupply every evening. They take nothing from me indeed, they give too much.

Spr. Thou art old Randal ſtill! ever grumbling, but ſtill officious for 'em.

Ran. Yes: hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough, I have had merry bouts with ſome of them.

Spr. What ſay'ſt thou, Randal?

Ran. They are indeed my paſtime. I left the merry griggs (as their provender has prick'd 'em) in ſuch a hoigh yonder! ſuch a frolick! you'll hear anon, as you walk nearer 'em.

Spr. Well, honeſt Randal, thus it is. I am for a journey; I know not how long will be my abſence. But I will preſently take order with the cook, and butler, for my wonted allowance to the poor: and I will leave money with thee to manage the affair till my return.

Ran. Then up riſe Randal, bailiff of the beggars.

Spr. And if our maſter be diſpleas'd (although the charge be mine) at the openneſs of the entertainment, thou ſhalt then give it proportionably in money, and let them walk further.

Ran. Pfeugh! that will never do't, never do 'em good: 'tis the ſeat, the habitation, the rendezvouz, that chears their hearts. Money would clog their conſciences. Nor muſt I loſe the muſick of 'em in their lodging.

Spr. We will agree upon't anon. Go now about your buſineſs.

Ran. I go, bailiff; nay, ſteward and chamberlain of the rogues and beggars. [*Exit.*

Spr. I cannot think but with a trembling fear on this adventure, in a ſcruple, which I have not weigh'd with

all my other doubts; I ſhall, in my departure, rob my maſter. Of what? of a true ſervant; other theft I have committed none. And that may be ſupplied, and better too, by ſome more conſtant to him. But I may injure many in his truſt, which now he cannot but be ſparing of. I rob him too of the content and hopes he had in me, whom he had built and rais'd unto that growth in his affection, that I became a gladneſs in his eye, and now muſt be a grief or a vexation

[*A noiſe and ſinging within.*

Unto his noble heart. But hark! Ay, there's
The harmony that drowns all doubts and fears.
A little nearer---

SONG.

FROM hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who more richly clad than we?
Our bellies are full; our fleſh is warm;
And againſt pride our rags are a charm.
Enough is our feaſt, and for to-morrow,
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow,
No ſorrow, no ſorrow, no ſorrow, no ſorrow.
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.

Spr. The emperor hears no ſuch muſick; nor feels content like this.

Each city, each town, and every village,
Affords us either an alms or pillage:
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble in ſtraw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock,
A hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, &c.

Spr. Moſt raviſhing delight! but, in all this, only one ſenſe is pleas'd: mine ear is feaſted; mine eye too muſt be ſatisfied with my joys.
The hoarding uſurer cannot have more
Thirſty deſire to ſee his golden ſtore,
When he unlocks his treaſury, than I
The equipage in which my beggars lie.

He

He opens the ſcene; the beggars are diſcover'd in their poſtures; then they iſſue forth: and at laſt the Patrico.

All. Our maſter, our maſter! our ſweet and comfortable maſter.

Spr. How chear my hearts?

1 *Beg.* Moſt crowſe, moſt crapingly.
Shall we dance, ſhall we ſing, to welcome our king?
Strike up piper a merry merry dance,
That we on our ſtampers may foot it and prance,
To make his heart merry, as he has made ours,
As luſty and frolick as lords in their bowers.

[*Muſick, Dance.*

Spr. Exceeding well perform'd.

1 *Beg.* 'Tis well if it like you, maſter. But we have not that rag among us, that we will not dance off to do you ſervice; we being all and only your ſervants, moſt noble ſir. Command us therefore and employ us, we beſeech you.

Spr. Thou ſpeak'ſt moſt courtly.

2 *Beg.* Sir, he can ſpeak, and could have writ as well. He is a decay'd poet, newly fallen in among us: and begs as well as the beſt of us. He learn'd it pretty well in his own profeſſion before; and can the better practiſe it in ours now.

Spr. Thou art a wit too, it ſeems.

3 *Beg.* He ſhould have wit and knavery too, ſir: for he was an attorney, 'till he was pitch'd over the bar: and, from that fall, he was taken up a knight of the poſt; and ſo he continued, 'till he was degraded at the whipping-poſt; and from thence he ran reſolutely into this courſe. His cunning in the law, and the other's labour with the Muſes are dedicated to your ſervice; and for myſelf, I'll fight for you.

Spr. Thou art a brave fellow, and ſpeak'ſt like a commander: haſt thou borne arms?

4 *Beg.* Sir, he has borne the name of a Netherland ſoldier, 'till he ran away from his colours, and was taken lame with lying in the fields, by a Sciatica: I mean, ſir, the Strapado. After which, by a ſecond

retreat, indeed running away, he ſcrambled into this country, and ſo eſcap'd the gallows; and then ſnapp'd up his living in the city, by his wit in cheating, pimping, and ſuch like arts, 'till the cart and the pillory ſhew'd him too publickly to the world. And ſo, begging being the laſt refuge, he enter'd into our ſociety: and now lives as honeſtly, I muſt needs ſay, as the beſt of us.

Spr. Thou ſpeak'ſt good language too.

1 *Beg.* He was a courtier born, ſir, and begs on pleaſure I aſſure you, refuſing great and conſtant means from able friends to make him a ſtaid man. Yet, the want of a leg, notwithſtanding, he muſt travel in this kind againſt all common reaſon, by the ſpecial policy of providence.

Spr. As how, I prithee?

1 *Beg.* His father, ſir, was a courtier; a great court-beggar I aſſure you; I made theſe verſes on him, and his ſon here.

A courtier begg'd by covetiſe, not need,
From others that, which made them beg indeed.
He begg'd 'till wealth had laden him with cares,
To keep for's children, and their children, ſhares:
While the oppreſs'd, that loſt that great eſtate
Sent curſes after it into their fate.
The father dies (the world ſays) very rich;
The ſon being gotten, while (it ſeems) the itch
Of begging, was upon the courtly ſire,
Or bound by fate, will to no wealth aſpire,
Tho' offer'd him in money, cloaths or meat,
More than he begs, or inſtantly muſt eat.
Is not he heavenly bleſt, that hates earth's treaſure,
And begs, with what's a gentleman, but's pleaſure?
Or ſay it be upon the heir a curſe;
What's that to him? the beggar's ne'er the worſe.
For of the general ſtore that heaven has ſent,
He values not a penny 'till't be ſpent.

All.

All. A ſcribble, a ſcribble!

2. Beg. What city or court-poet could ſay more than our hedge muſe-monger here?

3. Beg. What ſay you, ſir, to our poet Scribble here?

Spr. I like his vein exceeding well; and the whole concert of you.

2. *Beg.* Concert, ſir, we have muſicians too among us: true merry beggars indeed, that being within the reach of the laſh for ſinging libellous ſongs at London, were fain to fly into our covey, and here they ſing all our poet's ditties. They can ſing any thing moſt tunably, ſir, but pſalms. What they may do hereafter under a triple tree, is much expected. But they live very civilly and genteely among us.

Spr. But what is he there? that ſolemn old fellow, that neither ſpeaks of himſelf, nor any body for him.

2. Beg. O ſir, the rareſt man of all. He is a prophet. See how he holds up his prognoſticating noſe. He is divining now.

Spr. How, a prophet?

2 Beg. Yes, ſir, a cunning man, and a fortune-teller: 'tis thought he was a great clerk before his decay, but he is very cloſe, will not tell his beginning, nor the fortune he himſelf is fallen from: but he ſerves us for a clergyman ſtill, and marries us if need be, after a new way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his company?

2 Beg. But lately come amongſt us, but a very ancient ſtroller all the land over, and has travelled with gipſies, and is a patrico. Shall he read your fortune, ſir?

Spr. If it pleaſe him.

Pat. Lend me your hand, ſir,

By this palm I underſtand,
Thou art born to wealth and land,
And after many a bitter guſt,
Shalt build with thy great grandſire's duſt.

Spr. Where ſhall I find it? but come, I'll not trouble my head with the ſearch.

2 *Beg.* What ſay you, ſir, to our crew? are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are a jovial crew; the only people whoſe happineſs I admire.

3 *Beg.* Will you make us happy in ſerving you? have you any enemies? ſhall we fight under you? will you be our captain?

2 *Beg.* Nay, our king.

3 *Beg.* Command us ſomething, ſir.

Spr. Where's the next rendevouz?

1 *Beg.* Neither in village nor in town:
But three mile off at Malpe-down.

Spr. At evening there I'll viſit you.

SONG.

I.

Courtiers, courtiers, think it no ſcorn,
That ſilly poor ſwains in love ſhould be:
Love lies hid in rags all torn,
As well as in ſilks and bravery.
Chorus. *And the beggar he loves his laſs as dear,*
As he that has thouſands, thouſands, thouſands,
As he that has thouſand pounds a year.

II.

States and titles are pitiful things,
The meaneſt eſtate more pleaſing does prove,
Lords and ladies, princes and kings.
With beggars have equal charms in love.
Chorus. *And the beggar,* &c. [Exeunt Cantantes.

Spr. So, now away.
They dream of happineſs, that live in ſtate,
But they enjoy it that obey their fate.

ACT

ACT II.

The SCENE, *Oldrent*'s House.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, Rachel.

Vin. I Am overcome with admiration, at the felicity they take!

Hil. Beggars! they are the only people can boaſt the benefit of a free ſtate, in the full enjoyment of liberty, mirth and eaſe; having all things in common, and nothing wanting of nature's whole proviſion within the reach of their deſires. Who would have loſt this ſight of their revels?

Vin. How think you, ladies? are they not the only happy in a nation?

Mer. Happier than we I'm ſure, that are pent up, and ty'd by the noſe to the continual ſteam of hot hoſpitality, here in our father's houſe, when they have the air at pleaſure, in all variety.

Ra. And though I know we have merrier ſpirits than they; yet to live thus confin'd, ſtifles us.

Ail. Why, ladies, you have liberty enough; or may take what you pleaſe.

Mer. Yes, in our father's rule and government, or by his allowance: what's that to abſolute freedom; ſuch as the very beggars have; to feaſt and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day where they pleaſe; and ſo on ſtill, the whole country or kingdom over? there's liberty, the birds of the air can take no more.

Ran. And then at home here, or whereſoever he comes, our father is ſo penſive, (what muddy ſpirit ſoever poſſeſſes him, would I could conjure it out) that he makes us even ſick of his ſadneſs, that were wont to *ſee my goſſip's cock to-day; mould cockle-bread; dance clut-terdepouch;*

terdepouch; and hannykin booby; bindebarrels; or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a ſigh, or tears in his eyes, tho' we ſimper ever ſo ſanctifiedly. What tales have been told him of us, or what he ſuſpects I know not; God forgive him, I do; but I am weary of his houſe.

Ra. Does he think us whores tro, becauſe ſometimes we talk as lightly as great ladies. I can ſwear ſafely for the virginity of one of us, ſo far as word and deed goes: marry, thought's free.

Mer. Which is that one of us I pray? yourſelf, or me?

Ra. Good ſiſter Meriel, charity begins at home. But I'll ſwear I think as charitably of thee: And not only, becauſe thou art a year younger neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you. But for my father, I would I knew his grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we could not ſee it. It ſpoils our mirth, and that has been better than his meat to us.

Vin. Will you hear our motion, ladies?

Mer. Pſeugh, you would marry us preſently out of his way, becauſe he has given you a fooliſh kind of promiſe: but we will ſee him in a better humour firſt, and as apt to laugh as we to lie down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that courſe will cure him, would you embrace it.

Ra. We will have him cur'd firſt, I tell you: and you ſhall wait that ſeaſon, and our leiſure.

Mer. I will rather hazard my being one of the devil's ape-leaders, than to marry while he is melancholy.

Ra. Or I to ſtay in his houſe, to give entertainment to this knight, or t'other coxcomb, that comes to cheat him up with eating of his chear: when we muſt fetch 'em ſweet-meats, and they muſt tell us, ladies, your lips are ſweeter, and then fall into courtſhip, one in a ſet ſpeech taken out of Old Britain's works, another with verſes out of the *Academy of Compliments*, or ſome or other of the new poetical pamphletters, ambitious only

only to ſpoil paper, and publiſh their names in print. And then to be kiſs'd, and ſometimes ſlaver'd---fagh.

Mer. 'Tis not to be endur'd. We muſt out of the houſe. We cannot live but by laughing, and that a loud, and nobody ſad within hearing.

Vin. We are for any adventure with you, ladies. Shall we project a journey for you? your father has truſted you, and will think you ſafe in our company; and we would fain be abroad upon ſome progreſs with you. Shall we make a fling to London, and ſee how the ſpring appears there in the Spring-Garden; and in Hyde-park, to ſee the races, horſe and foot.

Ra. We have ſeen all already there.

Hil. But there ha' been new plays ſince.

Ra. No, no; we are not for London.

Hil. What think you of a journey to Bath then?

Ra. Worſe than t'other way. I love not to carry my health where others drop their diſeaſes. There's no ſport i'that.

Vin. Will you up to the hill top of ſports, then, and merriments, Dover's Olimpicks or the Cotſwold games.

Mer. No, that will be too publick for our recreation. We would have it more within ourſelves.

Hil. Think of ſome courſe yourſelves then. We are for you upon any way, as far as horſe and money can carry us.

Vin. Ay, and if thoſe means fail us, as far as our legs can bear, or our hands can help us.

Ra. And we will put you to't. Come aſide, Meriel---

Vin. Some jeer, perhaps, to put upon us.

Hil. What think you of a pilgrimage to St. Winifride's Well?

Vin. Or a journey to the Wiſe Woman at Nantwich, to aſk if we be fit huſbands for 'em?

Hil. They are not ſcrupulous in that, we having had their growing loves up from our childhoods; and the old ſquire's good will before all men.

Ra. and Me. Ha, ha, ha---

Vin. What's the conceit, I wonder.

Ra. and Me. Ha, ha, ha---

Hil. Some merry one it ſeems.

Ra. And then, Meriel---hark again---ha, ha, ha---

Vin. How they are taken with it!

Mer. Ha, ha, ha---hark again, Rachel.

Hil. Some wonderful new nothing ſure. They will laugh as much to ſee a ſwallow fly with a white feather imp'd in her tail.

Vin. They were born laughing, I think.

Ra. and Me. Ha, ha, ha---

Ven. If it be not ſome trick upon us, which they'll diſcover in ſome monſtrous ſhape, they cozen me. Now, ladies, is your project ripe? poſſeſs us with the knowledge of it.

Ra. It is more precious than to be imparted upon a ſlight demand.

Hil. Pray let us hear it. You know we are your truſty ſervants.

Vin. And have kept all your counſels ever ſince we have been infant play-fellows.

Ra. Yes, you have play'd at all kinds of ſmall game with us; but this is to the purpoſe. Ha, ha, ha---

Hil. It ſeems ſo by your laughing.

Ra. And aſks a ſtronger tongue-tie than tearing of books; burning of ſamplers; making dirt-pies; or piſs and paddle in't.

Vin. You know how, and what we have vow'd: to wait upon you any how, and any whither.

Mer. And you will ſtand to't?

Hil. Ay, and go to't with you, wherever it be.

Mer. Pray tell't 'em, ſiſter Rachel.

Ra. Why gentlemen---ha, ha---thus it is--tell it you, Meriel.

Vin. O, is that all?

Mer. You are the elder. Pray tell it you.

Ra. You are the younger. I command you to tell it. Come, out with it, they long to have it.

Hil. When?

Vin. When?

Mer.

Mer. In troth you muſt tell it, ſiſter, I cannot. Pray begin.

Ra. Then gentlemen ſtand your ground.

Vin. Some terrible buſineſs ſure!

Ra. You ſeem'd e'en now to admire the felicity of beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd yourſelves to join with us in any courſe.

Ra. Will you now with us, and for our ſakes turn beggars?

Mer. It is our reſolution, and our injunction on you.

Ra. But for a time, and a ſhort progreſs.

Mer. And for a ſpring-trick of youth, now, in the ſeaſon.

Vin. Beggars! what rogues are theſe?

Hil. A ſimple trial of our loves and ſervice!

Ra. Are you reſolv'd upon't? if not, God be with you. We are reſolved to take our courſe.

Mer. Let yours be to keep counſel.

Vin. Stay, ſtay. Beggars! are we not ſo already? don't we now beg your loves, and your enjoyings? do we not beg to be receiv'd your ſervants? to kiſs your hands, or, if you will vouchſafe, your lips; or your embraces?

Hil. We now beg, that we may fetch the rings and prieſt to marry us, wherein are we no beggars?

Ra. That will not ſerve. Your time's not come for that yet. You ſhall beg victuals firſt.

Vin. O, I conceive your begging progreſs, is to ramble out this ſummer among your father's tenants; and 'tis in requeſt among gentlemen's daughters to devour their cheeſe-cakes, apple-pies, cream and cuſtards, flapjacks and pan-puddings.

Mer. No, no, not ſo.

Hil. Why ſo, we may be a kind of civil beggars.

Ra. I mean, ſtark, errant, downright beggars. Ay, without equivocation; ſtatute beggars.

Mer. Couchant and paſſant, guardant, rampant beggars.

Vin. Current and vagrant----

Hil.

Hil. Stockant, whippert beggars!

Vin. Muſt you and we be ſuch? would you ſo have it?

Ra. Such as we ſaw ſo merry; and you concluded were the only happy people in a nation.

Mer. The only freemen of a common-wealth; free above Scot-free; that obſerve no law, obey no governour, uſe no religion, but what they draw from their own ancient cuſtom, or conſtitute themſelves, yet are no rebels.

Ra. Such as of all men's meat, and all men's money, take a free part; and whereſoe'er they travel, have all things *gratis* to their hands provided.

Vin. Coarſe fare moſt times.

Ra. Their ſtomach makes it good;
And feaſts on that, which others ſcorn for food.

Mer. The antidote, content is only theirs.
And, unto that, ſuch full delights are known,
That they conceive the kingdom is their own.

Vin. 'Fore heaven I think they are in earneſt: for they were always mad.

Hil. And we were madder than they, if we ſhould loſe 'em.

Vin. 'Tis but a mad trick of youth, as they ſay, for the ſpring, or a ſhort progreſs: and mirth may be made out of it: if we knew how to carry it.

Ra. Pray gentlemen be ſudden.
Hearkee you hear the cuckow. [*Cuckow.*

Hil. We are moſt reſolutely for you in your courſe.

Vin. But the vexation is how to ſet it on foot.

Ra. We have projected it. Now if you be perfect lovers and friends, ſearch you the means. We have puzzled them.

Mer. I am glad on't. Let 'em pump.

Vin. 'Troth a ſmall ſtock will ſerve to ſet up withal. This coat ſold off o' my back, might ſerve to furniſh a camp-royal of us.

Hil. But how to enter or arrange ourſelves into the crew will be the difficulty. If we light raw and tame amongſt them (like cage-birds among a flight of wild ones)

ones) we ſhall never pick up a living, but have our brains pecke'd out.

Vin. We want inſtructions dearly.

Enter Springlove.

Hil. O here comes Springlove. His great benefactorſhip among the beggars might prefer us with authority into a ragged regiment preſently. Shall I put it to him.

Ra. Take heed what you do. His greatneſs with my father will betray us.

Vin. I will cut his throat then. My noble Springlove, the great commander of the Maunders, and king of Canters, we ſaw the gratitude of your loyal ſubjects, in the large tributary content they gave you in their revels.

Spr. Did you, ſir?

Hil. We have ſeen all with great delight and admiration.

Spr. I have ſeen you too, kind gentlemen and ladies; and overheard you in your ſtrange deſign, to new-create yourſelves out of the worldly bleſſings, and ſpiritual graces heaven has beſtow'd upon you, to be partakers and co-actors too, in thoſe vile courſes, which you call delights, ta'en by thoſe deſpicable and abhorr'd creatures.

Vin. Thou art a deſpiſer, nay a blaſphemer againſt the Maker of theſe happy creatures, who, of all humane, have priority in their content; in which they are ſo bleſt, that they enjoy moſt in poſſeſſing leaſt. Who made 'em ſuch, doſt think? Or why ſo happy?

Ra. He grows zealous in the cauſe; ſure he'll beg, indeed.

Hil. Art thou an hypocrite, then, all this while? Only pretending charity; or uſing it to get a name and praiſe unto thyſelf; and not to cheriſh and increaſe thoſe creatures in their moſt happy way of living? Or doſt thou beſtow thine alms with a foul purpoſe to ſtint their begging, and with loſs to buy and ſlave thoſe free ſouls from their liberty?

Mer.

Mer. They are more zealous in the cauſe than we.

Spr. But are you, ladies, at defiance too with reputation, and the dignity due to your father's houſe, and you?

Ra. Hold thy peace, good Springlove; and, tho' you ſeem to diſlike this courſe, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it; your throat's in queſtion. I tell you for good will, good Springlove.

Mer. What wouldſt thou have us do? Thou talk'ſt o' th' houſe. 'Tis a baſe melancholly houſe. Our father's ſadneſs baniſhes us out on't. And for the delight thou tak'ſt in beggars and their brawls, thou can'ſt not but think they live a better life abroad, than we do in this houſe.

Spr. I have ſounded your faith: And I am glad I find you all right. And for your father's ſadneſs, I'll tell you the cauſe on't. I overheard it but this day in private diſcourſe with his merry mate, Mr. Hearty. He has been told by ſome wizard, that you both were born to be beggars.

All. How! How!

Spr. For which he is ſo tormented in mind, that he cannot ſleep in peace, nor look upon you but with hearts grief.

Vin. This is moſt ſtrange!

Ra. Let him be grieved, then, till we are beggars; we have juſt reaſon to become ſo now: And, what we thought on but in jeſt before, we'll do in earneſt now.

Spr. O, I applaud this reſoluion in you; would have perſwaded it; will be your ſervant in't. For, look ye, ladies, the ſentence of your fortune does not ſay, that you ſhall beg for need, hunger, or cold neceſſity. If, therefore, you expoſe yourſelves on pleaſure into it, you ſhall abſolve your deſtiny nevertheleſs, and cure your father's grief. I am overjoy'd to think on't, and will aſſiſt you faithfully.

All. A Springlove! a Springlove!

Spr. I am prepar'd already for the adventure. And will, with all conveniences, furniſh and ſet you forth; give your dimenſions, rules, and directions; I will be your

your guard, your convoy, your authority. You do not know my power; my command i'th' beggars commonwealth.

Jin. But how, but how, good Mr. Springlove?

Spr. I'll confess all. In my minority my master took me up a naked beggar; bred me at school; then took me to his service, you know in what good fashion; and you may collect to memory for seven late summers, either by leave, pretending friends to see, at far remote parts of the land, or else by stealth, I would absent myself from service, to follow my own pleasure, which was begging, led to't by nature. My indulgent master, yet ignorant of my course, on my submission, when cold and hunger forc'd me back at winter, receiv'd me still again. 'Till two years since, he being drawn by journey towards the North, where I then quarter'd with a ragged crew; on the highway, not dreaming of him there, I did accost him with a *Good your worship, the gift of one small penny to a cripple*; (for here I was with him) *and the good Lord to bless you, and restore it you in heaven.* [*Halt.*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. My head was dirty-clouted, and this leg swadled with rags, the other naked, and my body clad like his upon the gibbet. Yet he, with searching eyes, through all my rags and counterfeit postures, made discovery of his man Springlove; chid me into tears, and confession of my forespent life. At last, upon condition, that vagary should be the last, he gave me leave to run that Summer out. In Autumn home came I in my home-cloaths again, and former duty. My master not alone conserv'd my counsel, but lays more weighty trust and charge upon me; such was his love to keep me a home-man, that he conferred his steward's place upon me, which clogg'd me the last year, from those delights, I wou'd not lose again to be his lord.

All. A Springlove, a Springlove!

Spr. Pursue the course you are on then, as chearfully as the inviting season smiles upon you; think, how

how you are neceſſitated to it, to quit your father's ſadneſs, and his fears touching your fortune. Faith you have been beggars the ſword hangs over him. You cannot think upon an act of greater piety to your father, than to expoſe yourſelves brave volunteers, unpreſs'd by common need into this meritorious warfare; whence (after a few days, or ſhort ſeaſon ſpent) you bring him a perpetual peace and joy, by expiating the prophecy that torments him. 'Twere worth your time in painful woful ſteps, with your lives hazard in a pilgrimage, ſo to redeem a father. But you'll find a progreſs of ſuch pleaſure (as I'll govern it) that the moſt happy courts could never boaſt in all their tramplings on the countries coſt; whoſe envy we ſhall draw, when they ſhall read, we out-beg them, and for as little need.

All. A Springlowe! a Springlowe!

Spr. Follow me, gallants, there, merrily as ever (hark!) we are ſummon'd forth. [*Birds ſinging.*

All. We follow thee.

Enter Randal; a purſe in his hand.

Ran. Well, go thy ways. If ever any juſt or charitable ſteward was commended, ſure then muſt he at the laſt quarter-day. Here's five-and-twenty pounds for this quarter's beggar's charge. And if he return not by the end of this quarter, here's order to a friend to ſupply for the next. If I now ſhould venture for the commendation of an unjuſt ſteward, and turn this money to mine own uſe! Ha! dear devil! tempt me not. I'll do thee ſervice in a greater matter. But to rob the poor! (a poor trick) every churchwarden can do it. Now ſomething whiſpers me, that my maſter, for his ſteward's love, will ſupply the poor, as I may handle the matter. Then I rob the ſteward, if I reſtore him not the money at his return. Away, temptation, leave me. I am frail fleſh; yet I will fight with thee. But ſay the ſteward never return. O but he will return. Perhaps he may not return. Turn from me Satan: ſtrive not to clog my

conſcience.

conſcience. I wou'd not have this weight upon't for all thy kingdom.

Enter Hearty ſinging, and Oldrents.

Hey down, hey down, a down, &c.

Hea. Remember, ſir, your covenant to be merry.

Old. I ſtrive, you ſee, to be ſo. Yet ſomething pricks me within methinks.

Hea. No further thought, I hope, of fortune's tell-tales.

Old. I think not of 'em. Nor will I preſage, that when a diſpoſition of ſadneſs o'erclouds my ſpirits, I ſhall therefore hear ill news, or ſhortly meet with ſome diſaſter.

Hea. Nay, when a man meets with bad tidings, why may not he then compel his mind to mirth; as well as puling ſtomachs are made ſtrong by eating againſt appetite.

Old. Forc'd mirth tho' is not good.

Hea. It reliſhes not, you'll ſay. No more does meat that is moſt ſavory to a long ſick ſtomach, until by ſtrife and cuſtom 'tis made good.

Old. You argue well; but do you ſee yon fellow?

Hea. I never noted him ſo ſad before. He neither ſings, nor whiſtles.

Old. Something troubles him. Can he force mirth out of himſelf now, think you?

Hea. What ſpeak you of a clod of earth; a Hind? but one degree above a beaſt, compar'd to the lively ſpirit of a gentleman.

Old. He looks, as he came laden with ill news, to meet me on my way.

Hea. 'Tis very pretty. Suppoſe the aſs be tir'd with ſadneſs; will you diſburthen him to load yourſelf? Think of your covenant to be merry in ſpite of fortune and her riddle-makers.

Old. Why, how now, Randal! Where's Springlove?

Hea.

Hea. He's ever in his care. But that I know the old ſquire's virtue, I ſhould think Springlove were ſure his baſtard. [*Aſide.*

Ran. Here's his money, ſir. I pray that I be charged with it no longer. The devil and I have ſtrain'd courteſy theſe two hours about it. I would not be corrupted with the truſt of more than is mine own. Mr. Steward gave it me, Sir, to order it for the beggars. He has made me ſteward of the barn and them, while he is gone (he ſays) a journey, to ſurvey and meaſure lands abroad about the countries; ſome purchaſe I think, for your worſhip.

Old. I know he's meaſuring of land. He is gone his old way; and let him go. Am not I merry, Hearty?

Hea. Yes; but not hearty merry. There's a whim, now.

Old. The poor's charge ſhall be mine. Keep you the money for him.

Ran. Mine is the greater charge then. Knew you but my temptations and my care, you would diſcharge me of it.

Old. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. I have not had it ſo many minutes, as I have been in ſeveral minds about it; and moſt of them diſhoneſt.

Old. Go then, and give it to one of my daughters to keep for Springlove.

Ran. O, I thank your worſhip--- [*Exit.*

Old. Alas, poor knave! How hard a taſk it is to alter cuſtom!

Hea. And how eaſy for money to corrupt it. What a pure treaſurer would he make!

Old. All were not born for weighty offices. Which makes me think of Springlove. He might have ta'en his leave, tho'.

Hea. I hope he's run away with ſome large truſt; I never lik'd ſuch demure down-look'd fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Hea.

Hea. If you be not, 'tis well. But this is from the covenant.

Old. Well, ſir, I will be merry. I'm reſolv'd to force my ſpirit only unto mirth. Shou'd I hear now my daughters were miſled or run-a-way, I wou'd not ſend a ſigh to fetch 'em back.

Hea. T'other old ſong for that.

S O N G.

There was an old fellow at Waltham-Croſs,
Who merrily ſung when he liv'd by the loſs.
He never was heard to ſigh with hey-ho,
But ſent it out with a heigh trolly lo.
He chear'd up his heart, when his goods went to wreck,
With a hem, boy, hem, and a cup of old ſack,

Old. Is that the way on't? Well, it ſhall be mine, then.

Enter Randal.

Ran. My miſtreſſes are both abroad, ſir.

Old. How! ſince when?

Ran. On foot, ſir, two hours ſince, with the two gentlemen their lovers. Here's a letter they left with the butler: And there's a muttering in the houſe.

Old. I will not read nor open it; but conceive within myſelf the worſt that can befal them; that they are loſt, and no more mine. What follows? That I am happy; and all my cares are flown. The counſel I anticipated from my friend, ſhall ſerve to ſet my reſt upon, without all further helps, to jovial mirth; which I will force out of my ſpleen ſo freely, that grief ſhall loſe her name, where I have being; and ſadneſs from my furtheſt foot of land, while I have life, be baniſh'd.

Hea. What's the whim, now?

Old. My tenants ſhall ſit rent-free for this twelvemonth; and all my ſervants have their wages doubled; and

and ſo ſhall be my charge in houſe-keeping. I hope my friends will find and put me to't.

Hea. For them I'll be your undertaker, ſir. But this is overdone; I do not like it.

Old. And for thy news, the money that them haſt is now thine own. I'll make it good to Springlove. Be ſad with it and leave me. For I tell thee I'll purge my houſe of ſtupid melancholly.

Ran. I'll be as merry as the charge that's under me.

[*A confus'd noiſe within of laughing and ſinging, and one crying out.*

The beggars, ſir, do you hear them in the barn?

Old. I'll double their allowance too; that they may double their numbers, and increaſe their noiſe: Theſe bear not ſound enough; and one, methought, cry'd out among them.

Ran. By a moſt natural cauſe. For there's a doxy has been in labour, ſir, and 'tis their cuſtom, with ſongs and ſhouts to drown the woman's cries. A ceremony which they uſe, not for devotion, but to keep off notice of the work they have in hand. Now ſhe is in the ſtraw it ſeems; and they are quiet.

Hea. The ſtraw! that's very proper there. That's Randal's whim.

Old. We will have ſuch a lying-in, and ſuch a chriſtening; ſuch upſitting and goſſipping! I mean to ſend forty miles circuit at the leaſt, to draw in all the beggars can be found; and ſuch devices we will have for jollity, as fame ſhall boaſt to all poſterity. Am I not merry, Hearty? hearty merry.

Hea. Wou'd you were elſe. I fear this overdoing.

Old. I'll do't for expiation of a crime, that's charg'd upon my conſcience till't be done.

Hea. What's that? what ſays he?

Old. We will have ſuch a feſtival month on't, Randal---

Ran.

Ran. Sir, you may ſpare the labour and the coſt: They'll never thank you for't. They'll not endure a ceremony that is not their own, belonging either to child or mother. A month, ſir! they'll not be detain'd ſo long for your eſtate: their work is done already; the bantling's born; the doxy's in the ſtrummel; laid by an Autumn mort of their own crew, that ſerv'd for midwife; and the child-bed woman eating of haſty pudding for her ſupper, and the child part of it for pap, I warrant you, by this time; then to ſleep; ſo to riſe early to regain the ſtrength by travail, which ſhe loſt by travail.

Hea. There's Randal again.

Old. Can this be?

Ran. She'll have the bantling at her back to-morrow, that was to day in her belly, and march a-foot back with it.

Hea. Art there again, old Randal?

Ran. And for their goſſipping, now you are ſo nigh, if you'll look in, I doubt not, but you'll find 'em at their high feaſt already.

Hea. Pray, let's ſee 'em, ſir.

Randal opens the ſcene. The beggars diſcovered at their Feaſt After they have ſcrambled awhile at their victuals; this SONG.

HERE *ſafe in our* (*a*) ſkipper, *let's* (*b*) cly *off our* (*c*) peck,
And (*d*) bowſe *in defiance o' th'* (*e*) Harman-beck.
Here's (*f*) pannum *and* (*g*) lap, *and good* (*h*) poplars *of* Yarram,
To fill up the (*i*) crib, *and to comfort the* (*k*) quarron.
Now to bowſe a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the (*l*) *ſtrummel.*
Now

(*a*) Barn. (*b*) whip. (*c*) meat. (*d*) drink. (*e*) conſtable. (*f*) bread. (*g*) porridge. (*h*) buttermilk. (*i*) ſtomach. (*k*) belly. (*l*) ſtraw.

Now bowſe a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the ſtrummel.

Here's (a) ruffpeck *and (b)* caſſan, *and all of the beſt,*
And ſcraps of the dainties of (c) gentry cofe's *feaſt.*
Here's (d) grunter *and (e)* bleater, *with (f)* tib of the butt'ry,
And (g) Margery Prater, *all droſs'd without flutt'ry.*
For all this bene cribbing *and* peck *let us then,*
Bowſe *a health to the* gentry cofe *of the (h)* ken.

Now bowſe *a round health to the go-well and come-well*
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the ſtrummel.

Old. Good heaven, how merry they are.

Hea. Be not you ſad at that.

Old. Sad, Hearty; no, unleſs it be with envy at their full happineſs. What is an eſtate of wealth and power, ballanc'd with their freedom; but a meer load of outward compliment, when they enjoy the fruits of rich content? Our droſs but weighs us down into deſpair, while their ſublimed ſpirits dance i'th' air.

Hea. I ha' not ſo much wealth to weigh me down, nor ſo little, I thank chance, as to dance naked.

Old. True, my friend Hearty, thou having leſs than I (of which I boaſt not) art the merrier man: But they exceed thee in that way ſo far, that ſhould I know my children now were beggars (which yet I will not read) I muſt conclude they were not loſt, nor I to be aggriev'd.

Hea. If this be madneſs, 'tis a merry fit.

Enter Patrico. Many of the beggars look out.

Pat. (*i*) *Toure* out with your (*k*) *glaxiers*, I ſwear by the

(*a*) bacon. (*b*) beef. (*c*) gentlemen. (*d*) pig. (*e*) mutton. (*f*) gooſe. (*g*) a hen. (*h*) houſe. (*i*) look. (*k*) eyes.

the (*a*) *ruffin*, that we are assaulted by a (*b*) *quier cuf-fin*.

Ran. Hold! what do you mean, my friends? This is our master, the master of your feast and feasting-house.

Pat. Is this the *gentry cofe*?

All the beggars. Lord bless his worship. His good worship. Bless his worship. [*Exit beggars*.

Manet Patrico.

Pat. Now, bounteous sir, before you go,
Hear me, the beggar (*c*) Patrico,
Or priest, if you do rather chuse,
That we no word of canting use.
Long may you live, and may your store
Never decay, nor baulk the poor:
And as you more in years do grow,
May treasure to your coffers flow;
And may your care no more thereon
Be set, than ours are, that have none:
But as your riches do increase,
So may your heart's content and peace.
And, after many, many years,
When the poor have quit their fears
Of losing you; and that with heaven
And all the world you have made even;
Then may your blest posterity,
Age after age successively,
Until the world shall be untwin'd,
Inherit your estate and mind;
So shall the poor to the last day,
For you, in your succession, pray.

Hea. 'Tis a good vote, sir Patrico; but you are too grave. Let us hear and see something of your merry grigs, that can sing; play gambols, and do feats.

Pat. Sir, I can lay my function by,
And talk as wild and wantonly,

(*a*) the devil. (*b*) a justice of peace. (*c*) sterling priest.

As Tom, or Tib, or Jack, or Jill,
When they at (*a*) *bowſing ken* do ſwill.
Will you therefore deign to hear
My (*b*) *autumn mort*, with throat as clear,
As was dame Aniſſes of the name;
How ſweet in ſong her notes ſhe'll frame,
That when ſhe chides, as loud as yawning,
As chanticleer wak'd by the dawning.

Hea. Yes, pray, let's hear her. What is ſhe your wife?

Pat. Yes, ſir, we of our miniſtry,
As well as thoſe o' th' preſbytery,
Take wives and defy dignity. [*Exit.*

Hea. A learned clerk in verity!

Enter Patrico with his old wife, with a wooden bowl of drink. She is drunk.

Pat. By (*c*) *ſalmon*, I think my mort is in drink. I find by her ſtink; and the pretty pretty pink
Of her eyes, that half wink,
That the tipling feaſt, with the doxy in the neſt, hath turn'd her brain, to a merry merry vein.

Mort. Go fiddle Patrico, and let me ſing. Firſt ſet me down here on both my (*d*) *prats*. Gently, gently, for cracking of my wind; now I muſt uſe it. Hem, hem.

She ſings.

THIS *is* (*e*) bien bowſe, *this is* bien bowſe,
Too little is my ſkew,
I bowſe *no* lage, *but a whole* gage
Of this I'll bowſe *to you.*

This

(*a*) Ale-houſe. (*b*) a beggar-woman with a child at her back. (*c*) the beggar's oath. (*d*) buttocks. (*e*) good drink.

This bowſe *is better than* rom-bowſe,
It ſets the (*a*) gan *a* giggling;
The autumn mort *finds better ſport*
In bowſing *than in* (*b*) nigling.
This is bien bowſe, *&c.*
[*She taſſes off her bowl, falls back, and is carried out.*]

Pat. So, ſo; your part is done--- [*Exit with her.*]
Hea. How find you, ſir, yourſelf?
Old. Wondrous merry, my good Hearty.

Enter Patrico.

Hat. I wiſh we had, in all our ſtore,
Something that could pleaſe you more.
The old or *autumn mort*'s aſleep;
But before the young-ones creep
Into the ſtraw, ſir, if you are,
(As gallants ſometimes love coarſe fare,
So it be freſh and wholeſome ware,)
Diſpos'd to (*c*) *doxy* or a (*d*) *dell*,
That never yet with man did mell;
Of whom no (*e*) *upright man* is taſter;
I'll preſent her to you, maſter.
Old. Away, you wou'd be puniſh'd. Oh!
Hea. How is it with you, ſir?
Old. A ſudden qualm overcomes my ſpirits. But 'twill away.

Enter Dancers.

Pat. See, in their rags, then, dancing for your ſports,
Our (*f*) *clapper dugeons* and their *walking morts.*
[*Dance.*]
Pat. You have done well. Now let each tripper, make a retreat into the (*g*) *ſkipper*; and (*h*) *couch a*

(*a*) the mouth. (*b*) lying with a man. (*c*) whore. (*d*) young buxom wench. (*e*) having ſole right to the firſt night's lodging with the dells. (*f*) beggar-born. (*g*) barn. (*h*) go to bed

bolſhead, till the (*a*) *darkman's* paſt) then all with bag and baggage (*b*) *bing awaſt*. [*Ex. beggars.*

Ran. I told you, ſir, they would be gone to-morrow.
I underſtand their canting.

Old. Take that amongſt you--- [*Gives money.*

Pat. May rich plenty ſo you bleſs,
Tho' you ſtill give, you ne'er have leſs. [*Exit.*

Hea. And as your walks may lead this way,
Pray, ſtrike in here another day.
So you may go, ſir Patrico--- how think you, ſir? or what? or why do you think at all, unleſs on ſack and ſupper time? do you fall back? do you not know the danger of relapſes?

Old. Good Hearty, thou miſtak'ſt me. I was thinking upon this Patrico; and that he has more ſoul than a born-beggar in him.

Hea. Rogue enough, tho', to offer us his what-d'calls, his doxies. Heart and a cup of ſack, do we look like beggar-nigglers.

Old. Pray, forbear that language.

Hea. Will you then talk of ſack that can drown ſighing? will you in to ſupper, and take me there your gueſt? or muſt I creep into the barn amongſt your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and moſt friendly. [*Exit.*

Hea. Would all were well with him. [*Exit.*

Ran. It is with me.
For now theſe pounds are, as I feel them ſwag,
Light at my heart, tho' heavy in the bag. [*Exit.*

(*a*) Night. (*b*) haſte away.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Vincent and Hilliard.

Vin. IS this the life that we admir'd in others, with envy at their happineſs?

Hea. Pray, let us make virtuous uſe of it, and repent us of that deadly ſin, before a greater puniſhment than famine and lice fall upon us, by ſteering our courſe homeward. Before I'll endure ſuch another night---

Vin. What? what wouldſt thou do? I wiſh thy miſtreſs heard thee.

Hill. I hope ſhe does not. For I know there is no altering our courſe before they make the firſt motion.

Vin. Is't poſſible we ſhould be weary already, and before their ſofter conſtitutions of fleſh and blood?

Hill. They are the ſtronger in will it ſeems.

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How now, comrades; repining already at your fulneſs of liberty? Do you complain of eaſe?

Vin. Eaſe, call'ſt thou it? Didſt thou ſleep to-night?

Spr. Not ſo well theſe eighteen months, I ſwear; ſince my laſt walks.

Hill. Lightning and tempeſt is out of thy litany. Cou'd not the thunder wake thee?

Spr. Ha, ha, ha.

Vin. Nor the noiſe of the crew in the quarter by us?

Hill. Nor the hogs in the hovel, that cry'd till they drown'd the noiſe of the wind? If I cou'd but once have dreamt in all my former nights, that ſuch an affliction could have been found among beggars, ſure I ſhould never have travell'd to the proof on't.

Vin. We look'd upon them in their jollity, and caſt no further.

Hill. Nor did that only draw us forth, by your favour Vince, but our obedience to our loves, which we muſt ſuffer, till they cry home again. Are they not weary yet, as much as we, doſt think Springlove?

Spr. They have more moral underſtanding than ſo. They know, and ſo may you, this is your birth-night into a new world. And we all know, or have been told, that all come crying into the world, when the whole world of pleaſures is before us. The world itſelf had ne'er been glorious, had it not firſt been a confus'd chaos.

Vin. Well: never did knights-errant in all adventures, merit more of their ladies, than we beggar-errants or errant-beggars, do in ours.

Spr. The greater will be your reward; think upon that, and ſhew no manner of diſtaſte to turn their hearts from you. You're undone then.

Hill. Are they ready to appear out of their privy lodgings, in the pigs palace of pleaſure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em almoſt ready, ſitting on their pads of ſtraw, helping to dreſs each other's head; the one's eye is t'other's looking-glaſs, with the prettieſt coyle they keep to fit their fancies in the moſt graceful way of wearing their new dreſſings, that you would admire.

Vin. I hope we are as gracefully ſet out. Are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practiſe? Let me hear how you can maund, when you meet with paſſengers.

Hill. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Suppoſe ſome perſons of worth or wealth paſſing by now: Note me; good your good worſhip, your charity to the poor, that will duly and truly pray for you day and night———

Vin. Away, you idle rogue, you ſhould be ſet to work and whipt.

Spr. That is lame and ſick, hungry and comfortleſs---

Vin.

Vin. If you were well ſerv'd ——

Spr. And even to bleſs you and reward you for it ——

Hill. Prithee hold thy peace (here be doleful notes indeed) and leave us to our own genius. If we muſt beg, let's let it go as it comes, by inſpiration. I love not your ſet form of begging.

Spr. Let me inſtruct you, tho'.

Enter Rachel and Meriel in rags.

Ra. Have a care, good Meriel, what hearts or limbs ſoever we have, and tho' never ſo feeble, let us ſet our beſt faces on't, and laugh our laſt gaſp out before we diſcover any diſlike, or wearineſs to them. Let us bear it out, till they complain firſt, and beg to carry us home a pick-pack.

Mer. I am ſorely ſurbated with hooſing already tho'; and ſo crupper-cramp'd with our lodging, and ſo bum-fiddled with the ſtraw, that ——

Ra. Think not on't. I am numb'd i'th' bum and ſhoulders too a little; and have found the difference between a hard floor with a little ſtraw, and a down bed with a quilt upon't. But no words, nor a four look, prithee.

Hill. O, here they come; now, madam Fewcloaths and my lady Bonnyrag.

Vin. Peace, they ſee us.

Ra. & Mer. Ha, ha, ha.

Vin. We are glad the object pleaſes you.

Ra. So does the ſubject. Now you appear the glories of the ſpring, darlings of Phœbus, and the ſummer's heirs.

Hill. How fairer, than fair Flora's ſelf appear,
To deck the ſpring, Diana's darlings dear!
O let us not, Acteon-like, be ſtruck,
On your half nakedneſs, ſince courteous rags
Cover the reſt, into the ſhape of ſtags.

Ra. & Mer. Ha, ha, ha.——We are glad you are ſo merry.

Vin. Merry and luſty too. This night will we lie together as well as the proudeſt couple in the barn.

Hill. And so will we. I can hold out no longer.

Ra. Does the straw stir up your flesh to all gentlemen?

Mer. Or does your provender prick you?

Syr. What? do we come for this? laugh and lye down when your bellies are full. Remember, ladies, you have not begg'd yet, to quit your destiny: But have liv'd hitherto on my endeavours. Who got your suppers, pray, last night, but I? Of dainty trencher-fees, from a gentleman's house; such as the servingmen themselves, sometimes, would have been glad of. And this morning now, what comfortable chipping and sweet buttermilk had you to breakfast!

Ra. O, 'twas excellent! I feel it good still here.

Mer. There was a brown crust amongst it, that has made my neck so white, methinks; is it not, Rachel?

Ra. Yes. You gave me none on't. You ever covet to have all the beauty. 'Tis the ambition of all younger sisters.

Vin. They are pleased, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Syr. Peace. Here come passengers. Forget not your rules; and quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your calling——

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Lead the horses down the hill. The heat of our speed is over, for we have lost our journey.

2. Had they taken this way, we had overtaken 'em, or heard of 'em, at least.

1. But some of our scouts will light on 'em, the whole country being overspread with 'em.

2. There was never such an escape else.

Vin. A search for us, perhaps: Yet I know not them, nor they me, I am sure. I might the better beg of them: But how to begin or set the word forwards, would I were whipt if I know now.

1. That a young gentlewoman of her breeding, and heir to such an estate, should fly from so great a match, and run away with her uncle's clerk!

2. The

2. The old juſtice will run mad upon't, I fear.

Vin. If I were to be hang'd now, I cou'd not beg for my life.

Spr. Step forwards, and beg handſomely: I'll ſet my good in your breech elſe.

Vin. What ſhall I ſay?

Spr. Have I not told you? Now begin.

Vin. After you, good Springlove.

Spr. Good, your good worſhips——

1. Away you idle vagabond ——

Spr. Your worſhip's charity to a poor creature well-nigh ſtarv'd.

Vin. That will duly and truly pray for you.

2. You counterfeit villains, hence.

Spr. Good maſters ſweet worſhip, for the tender mercy of——

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

1. You ſhould be well whipt, and ſet to work, if you were duly and truly ſerv'd.

Vin. Did not I ſay ſo before?

Spr. Good worſhipful maſters worſhip, to beſtow your charity, and——to maintain your health and limbs.

Vin. Duly and truly pray for you.

2. Be gone, I ſay, you impudent, luſty, young raſcals.

1. I'll ſet you going elſe. [*Switches them.*

Spr. Ah, the goodneſs of compaſſion, to ſoften your hearts to the poor.

Vin. Oh, the devil; muſt not we beat 'em now? ſeeth——

Spr. Nor ſhew an angry look for all the skin of our backs. Ah, the ſweetneſs of that mercy that gives to all, to move your compaſſion to the hungry, when it ſhall ſeem good unto you, and night and day to bleſs all that you have. Ah, ah——

2. Come back, ſirrah. His patience and humility has wrought upon me.

Vin. Duly and——

2. Not you, ſirrah; the other. You look like a ſturdy rogue.

Spr. Lord bleſs your maſter's worſhip.

2. There's a halfpenny for you. Let him have no ſhare with you.

Vin. We ſhall never thrive o' this trade.

1. They're of a fraternity, and will ſhare, I warrant you.

Spr. Never in our lives, truly. He never begg'd with me before.

1. But if hedges or hen-roofts cou'd ſpeak, you might be found ſharers in pillage, I believe.

Spr. Never ſaw him before, bleſs you good maſter, in all my life. (Beg for your ſelf; your credit's gone elſe.) Good heaven to bleſs and proſper you.

[*Exit.*

2. Why doſt thou follow us? Is it your office to be privy to our talk?

Vin. Sir, I beſeech you hear me. (s'Life, what ſhall I ſay?) I am a ſtranger in theſe parts, and deſtitute of means and apparel.

1. So methinks, and what of that?

Vin. Will you, therefore, be pleas'd, as you are worthy gentlemen, and bleſs'd with plenty——

2. This is courtly!

Vin. Out of your abundant ſtore, toward my relief in extreme neceſſity, to furniſh me with a ſmall parcel of money; five or ſix pieces, or ten, if you can preſently ſpare it.

1. 2. Stand off.

Vin. I have ſpoil'd all; and know not how to beg otherwiſe.

1. Here's a new way of begging!

Vin. Quite run out of my inſtructions.

2. Some highway thief, o' my conſcience, that forgets he is weaponleſs.

Vin. Only to make you merry, gentlemen, at my unskilfulneſs in my new trade. I have been another man in my days. So I kiſs your hands. [*Exit.*

1. With

1. With your heels, do you.

2. It had been good to have apprehended the rake-ſhame. There is ſome myſtery in his rags. But let him go.

Enter Oliver, putting up his ſword.

Ol. You found your legs in time. I had made you halt for ſomething, elſe.

1. Maſter Oliver, well return'd; what? what's the matter, ſir?

Ol. Why, ſir, a counterfeit lame rogue begg'd of me; but in ſuch language, the high ſheriff's ſon of the ſhire cou'd not have ſpoke better; nor to have borrow'd a greater ſum. He ask'd me if I cou'd ſpare him ten or twenty pound. I ſwitch'd him, his cudgel was up. I drew, and into the wood he 'ſcap'd me, as nimbly—But, firſt, he told me, I ſhould hear from him by a gentleman, to require ſatisfaction of me.

2. We had ſuch another begg'd of us. The court goes a begging, I think.

1. Dropt through the clouds, I think. Met you no news of your kinſwoman, miſtreſs Anne?

Ol. No. What's the matter with her? Goes her marriage forwards with young maſter Talboy? I haſten'd my journey from London to be at the wedding?

2. 'Twas to have been yeſterday morning; all things in readineſs prepar'd for it; but the bride, ſtolen by your father's clerk, is ſlipt away. We were in queſt of 'em, and ſo are twenty more, ſeveral ways.

Ol. Such young wenches will have their own ways in their own loves, what matches ſoever their guardians make for 'em. And I hope my father will not follow the law ſo cloſe to hang his clerk for ſtealing his ward with her own conſent. It may breed ſuch a grudge, as may cauſe ſome clerk to hang their maſters, that have 'em o' the hip of injuſtice. Beſides, Martin, tho' he be his ſervant, he is a gentleman; but, indeed,

the miserablest rascal! He will grade her meat when he has her.

1. Your father is exceedingly troubled at their escape, I wish that you may qualify him with your reasons.

Ol. But what says Talboy to the matter, the bridegroom, that should ha' been?

2. Marry he says little to the purpose; but cries outright.

Ol. I like him well for that: he holds his humour. A miserable wretch too, tho' rich. I ha' known him cry when he has lost but three shillings at mumchance. But, gentlemen, keep on your way to comfort my father. I know some of his man's private haunts about the country here, which I will search immediately.

1. We'll accompany you if you please.

Gl. No, by no means: that will be too publick.

2. Do your pleasure. [*Exit, Gent.*

Ol. My pleasure, and all the search that I intend, is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handsomest beggar braches that ever grac'd ditch or hedge side. I pass'd by them in haste, but something so possesses me, that I must---what the devil must I? A beggar? why, beggars are flesh and blood; and rags are no diseases. And there is much wholesomer flesh under country dirt, than city painting: and less danger in dirt and rags, than in cerusse and sattin. I durst not take a touch at London, both for the present cost, and fear of an after-reckoning.

Enter Vincent.

'Heart, here's another delay. I must shift him. Dost hear honest poor fellow? I prithee go back presently: and at the hill foot (here's sixpence for thy pains) thou shalt find a footman with a horse in his hand. Bid him wait there. His master will come presently, say.

Vin. Sir, I have a business of another nature to you. Which (as I presume you are a gentleman of right noble spirit and resolution) you will receive without offence; and

and in that temper as muſic properly appertains to the moſt heroick natures.

Ol. Thy language makes me wonder at thy perſon. What's the matter with thee? quickly.

Vin. You may be pleas'd to call to mind a late affront, which, in your heat of paſſion, you gave a gentleman.

Ol. What, ſuch a one as thou art, was he.

Vin. True, noble ſir. Who could no leſs in honour, than direct me, his choſen friend, unto you, with the length of his ſword, or to take the length of yours. The place, if you pleaſe, the ground whereon you parted; the hour, ſeven to-morrow morning: or, if you like not theſe, in part, or all, to make your own appointments.

Ol. The braveſt method in beggars that ever was diſcovered! I would be upon the bones of this rogue now, but for croſſing my other deſign, which fires me; I muſt therefore be rid of him on any terms; let his own appointments ſtand; tell him I'll meet him.

Vin. You ſhall moſt nobly engage his life to ſerve you, ſir.

Ol. You'll be his ſecond, will you?

Vin. To do you further ſervice, ſir, I have undertaken it.

Ol. I'll ſend a beadle ſhall undertake you both.

Vin. Your mirth becomes the bravery of your mind, and dauntleſs ſpirit: ſo takes his leave, your ſervant, ſir.

Ol. I think, as my friend ſaid, the court goes a begging indeed. But I muſt not loſe my beggar-wenches.

Enter Rachel *and* Meriel.

Oh, here they come; they are delicately ſkin'd and limb'd. Now they ſpy me.

Ra. Sir, I beſeech you look upon us with the fa-

vour

vour of a gentleman. We are in a preſent diſtreſs, and utterly unacquainted in theſe parts, and therefore forc'd by the calamity of our misfortune to implore the courteſy, or rather charity, of thoſe to whom we are ſtrangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble ſir, not only valuing us by our outward habits, which cannot but appear loathſome or deſpicable unto you; but as we are forlorn chriſtians, and in that eſtimation be compaſſionately moved to caſt a handful or two of your ſilver, or a few of your golden pieces unto us, to furniſh us with linen, and ſome decent habiliments——

Ol. They beg as high as the man beggar I met withal! Sure the beggars are all mad to-day, or bewitch'd into a language they underſtand not. The ſpirits of ſome decay'd gentry talk in them ſure.

Ra. May we expect a gracious anſwer from you, ſir?

Mer. And that as you can wiſh our virgin prayers to be propitious for you.

Ra. That you never be deny'd a ſuit by any miſtreſs.

Mer. Nay, that the faireſt may be ambitious to place their favours on you.

Ra. That your virtue and valour may lead you to the moſt honourable actions; and that the love of all exquiſite ladies may arm you.

Mer. And that, when you pleaſe to take a wife, may honour, beauty, and wealth, contend to endow her moſt.

Ra. And that with her you have a long and proſperous life.

Mer. A fair and fortunate poſterity.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and ſtrikes me into wonder. Pray tell me, how long have you been beggars? Or how chanc'd you to be ſo?

Ra. By influence of our ſtars, ſir,

Mer. We were born to no better fortune.

Ol.

Ol. How came you to talk thus, and ſo much above the beggars dialect?

Ra. Our ſpeech came naturally to us, and we ever lov'd to learn by rote as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to ask more than common alms, whate'er men pleaſe to give us.

Ol. Sure ſome well-diſpos'd gentleman, as myſelf, got theſe wenches. They are too well grown to be mine own, and I cannot be inceſtuous with 'em.

Ra. Pray, ſir, your noble bounty.

Ol. What a tempting lip that little rogue moves there! And what an enticing eye the other! I know not which to begin with. What's this, a flea upon thy boſom?

Mer. Is it not a ſtraw-colour'd one, ſir?

Ol. O, what a provoking skin is there! That very touch enflames me.

Ra. Are you moved in charity towards us yet?

Ol. Mov'd? I am mov'd; no fleſh and blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then, pray, ſir, your benevolence.

Ol. Benevolence? Which ſhall I be benevolent to? Or which firſt? I am puzzled in the choice. Wou'd ſome ſworn brother of mine were here to draw a cut with me.

Ra. Sir, noble ſir.

Ol. Firſt, let me tell you, damſels, I am bound by a ſtrong vow to kiſs all of the woman-ſex I meet this morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, ſir?

Ol. All, all: Let not your coyneſs croſs a gentleman's vow I beſeech you———

Ra. You will tell now.

Ol. Tell quotha! I could tell a thouſand on thoſe lips——— and as many upon thoſe. What life-reſtoring breaths they have! milk from the cow ſteams not ſo ſweetly. I muſt lay one of 'em abroad; both if my tackling hold.

Ra. and Mer. Sir, ſir.

Ol.

Ol. But how to bargain now will be the doubt. They that beg ſo high as by the handfuls, may unpoſe for price, above the rate of good men's wives.

Ra. *Now will you, ſir, be pleaſ'd?*

Ol. With all my heart, ſweetheart; and I am glad thou knoweſt my mind. Here is twelve-pence a-piece for you.

Ra. Mer. We thank you, ſir.

Old. That's but in earneſt; I'll jeſt away the reſt with you. Look here—all this. Come, you know my meaning. Doſt thou look about thee, ſweet little one? I like thy care. There's nobody coming; but we'll get behind theſe buſhes: I know you keep each other's counſels——Muſt you be drawn to't? Then I'll pull. Come away——

Ra. and Mer. Ah, ah——

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard.

Vin. Let's beat his brains out.

Ol. Come leave your ſqualing.

Ra. O you hurt my hand.

Hill. Or cut the leacher's throat.

Spr. Wou'd you be hang'd? Stand back; let me alone.

Mer. You ſhall not pull us ſo.

Spr. O do not hurt 'em, maſter.

Ol. Hurt 'em; I meant 'em but too well. Shall I be ſo prevented?

Spr. They be but young and ſimple; and if they have offended, let your worſhip's own hands drag 'em to the law, or carry 'em to puniſhment. Correct 'em not yourſelf, it is the beadle's office.

Ol. Do you talk, ſhake-rag? heart, yond's more of 'em; I ſhall be beggar-mawl'd if I ſtay. Thou ſay'ſt right, honeſt fellow, there's a teſter for thee.

[Exit *running.*

Vin. He is prevented, and aſham'd of his purpoſe.

Spr. Nor were we to take notice of his purpoſe more than to prevent it.

Hill.

Hill. True, politick Springlove, 'twas better his own fear quit us of him, than our force.

Ra. Look you here gentlemen, twelvepence a-piece.

Mer. Besides fair offers and large promises. What ha' you got to-day, gentlemen?

Vin. More than (as we are gentlemen) we would have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your service.

Ra. and Mer. Ha, ha, ha, switches and kicks. Ha, ha, ha.

Spr. Talk not here of your gettings. We must quit this quarter. The eager gentleman's repulse may arm, and return him with revenge upon us; we must therefore leap hedge and ditch now; through the briars and mires, till we escape out of this liberty to our next rendezvous, where we shall meet the crew, and then hay-tos, and laugh all night.

Mer. As we did last night.

Ra. Hold out, Meriel.

Mer. Lead on brave general. [*To Spr.*

Vin. What shall we do? They are in heart still: Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back you see.

Spr. Besides, if you beg no better than you begin, in this lofty fashion, you cannot escape the jail, or the whip long.

Vin. To tell you true, 'tis not the least of my purpose to work means for our discovery, to be releas'd out of our trade.

Enter Martin *and* Amie, *in poor habits.*

Spr. Stay, here come more passengers; single yourselves again, and fall to your calling discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more; if you'll beg in full cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine, let's charm all together.

Spr. Stay first, and listen a little.

Mar. Be of good chear, sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto; and I believe that all the search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forwards.

Am. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying

lying proverb that ſays, where love is, there's no lack: I am faint, and cannot travel further without meat; and if you lov'd me, you would get me ſome.

Mar. We'll venture at the next village to call for ſome: the beſt is we want no money.

Am. We ſhall be taken then I fear; I'll rather pine to death.

Mar. Be not ſo fearful, who can know us in theſe clownish habits?

Am. Our cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with. Wou'd I could beg, ſo it were of ſtrangers that could not know me, rather than buy of thoſe that would betray us.

Mar. And yonder be ſome that can teach us.

Spr. Theſe are the young couple of run-away lovers diſguis'd, that the country is ſo laid for; obſerve and follow now. *Now the Lord to come with you, good loving meaſter and meeſtreſs, your bleſſed charity to the poor, lame and ſick, weak and comfortleſs, that will night and day* ——

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.*

Spr. Pray hold your peace, and let me alone. *Good young meaſter and meeſtreſs, a little comfort amongſt us all, and to bleſs you wherever you go, and* ——

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly* ——

Spr. Pray do not uſe me thus. *Now ſweet young meaſter and meeſtreſs, to look upon your poor, that have no relief or ſuccour, no bread to put in our heads.*

Vin. Would'ſt thou put bread in thy brains?

All together.

No lands or livings.

Spr. *No houſe nor home; nor covering from the cold; no health, no help, but your ſweet charity.*

Mer. *No bands or ſhirts but lowſy on our backs.*

Hill. *No ſmocks or petticoats to hide our ſcratches.*

Ra. *No ſhoes to our legs, or hoſe to our feet:*

Vin. *No ſkin to our fleſh, nor fleſh to our bones ſhortly.*

Hill. If we follow the devil that taught us to beg. [*Aſide.*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.* *Spr.*

Spr. I'll run away from you if you beg a ſtroke more. *Good worſhipful meaſter and meyſtreſs*——

Mar. Good friend forbear, here is no maſter or miſtreſs; we are poor folks; thou ſee'ſt no worſhip upon our backs I am ſure; and for within we want as much as you, and wou'd as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for pity: you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholeſome food from a good gentleman's gate——alas, good miſtreſs——much good do your heart. How ſavourly ſhe feeds!

Mar. What, do you mean to poiſon yourſelf?

Am. Do you ſhew love in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall too, I'll not beguile you. And here, mine hoſt, ſomething towards your reckoning.

Am. This beggar is an angel ſure!

Spr. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle maſter; 'tis againſt order, and will never thrive. But pray, ſir, your reward in charity.

Mar. Here then in charity. This fellow would never make a clerk.

Spr. What! all this, maſter?

Am. What is it? let me ſee't.

Spr. 'Tis a whole ſilver threepence, miſtreſs.

Am. For ſhame, ungrateful miſer. Here friend, a golden crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful goodneſs! gold? If I thought a dear year were coming, I would take a farm now.

Am. I have robb'd thy parents of their ſhares too; there's a crown more for them.

Duly and truly pray for you.

Mar. What have you done? leſs would have ſerv'd; and your bounty will betray us.

Am. Fie on your wretched policy.

Spr. No, no, good maſter; I knew you all this while, and my ſweet miſtreſs too. And now I'll tell you, the ſearch is every way; the country all laid for you; 'tis well you ſtay'd here. Your habits, were they

they but a little nearer our fashion, would secure you with us. But are you married, master and mistress? are you join'd in matrimony? in heart I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great bounty bring you a curate that lacks no licence, nor has any living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou'rt a heavenly beggar!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, mistress, will affirm that you are with child by the gentleman, or that you have at least cleft or slept together, (as he calls it,) he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then tis a case of necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that lie against myself, for all the world.

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly. [*Aside.* I'll do my best for you, however.

Mar. I'll do for thee that —— thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce for the price of your mistress. Will you walk, master? —— we use no compliments.

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.* [Exeunt.

Am. By enforc'd matches wards are not set free
So oft as sold into captivity,
Which made me, fearless, fly from one I hate,
Into the hazard of a harder fate.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Oldrent's*-Houſe.

Enter Talboy, Oliver, *with riding-ſwitches.*

Tal. SHE's gone. Amie is gone. Ah me, ſhe's gone, and has me left of joy bereft to make my moan. O me, Amie.

Ol. What the devil ails the fellow trow? why, why, maſter Talboy, my couſin Talboy that ſhould'ſt have been, art not aſham'd to cry at this growth? and for a thing that's better loſt than found; a woman!

Tal. Cry! who cries? do I cry? or look with a crying countenance? I ſcorn it; and ſcorn to think on her, but in juſt anger.

Ol. So, this is brave now if 'twould hold.

Tal. Nay, it ſhall hold: and ſo let her go for a ſcurvy what d'ye call it? I know not what bad enough to call her — but ſomething of mine goes with her I am ſure. She has coſt me in gloves, ribbands, ſcarfs, rings, and ſuch like things, more than I am able to ſpeak of at this time——oh.

Ol. Becauſe thou canſt not ſpeak for crying. Fie, maſter Talboy, again?

Tal. I ſcorn it again, and any man that ſays I cry, or will cry again. And let her go again; and what ſhe has of mine let her keep, and hang herſelf, and the rogue that's with her. I have enough, and am heir of a well-known eſtate, and that ſhe knows---and therefore that ſhe ſhould ſlight me, and run away with the wages-fellow, that is but a petty clerk, and a ſerving-man, there's the vexation of it----oh there's the grief, and the vexation of it---oh---

Ol. Now he will cry his eyes out! you ſir, this life have I had with you all our long journey, which now

is at at an end here. This is Oldrent's houſe, where perhaps we ſhall find old Hearty, the uncle of that rogue Martin, that is run away with your ſweetheart.

Tal. Ay, 'tis too true, too true, too true; you need not put me in mind on't---oh---oh---

Old. Hold your peace and mind me: leave your bawling for fear I give you correction. This is the houſe I ſay where it is moſt likely we ſhall hear of your miſtreſs and her companion. Make up your face quickly; here comes one of the ſervants, I ſuppoſe.

Enter Randal.

Shame not ſelf for ever, and me for company; come, be confident.

Tal. As confident as yourſelf or any man---but my poor heart feels what lies here. Here; ay, here it is. oh.---

Ol. Good morrow friend: This is 'ſquire Oldrent's houſe, I take it.

Ran. Pray take it not, ſir, before it be to be let; it has been my maſter's, and his anceſtors in that name, above theſe three hundred years, as our houſe-chronicle doth notify, and not yet to be let: but as a friend, or ſtranger, in gueſtwiſe, you are welcome to it, as all other gentlemen are, far and near, to my good maſter, as you will find anon when you ſee him.

Ol. Thou ſpeak'ſt wittily and honeſtly: but I prithee, good friend, let our horſes be ſet up; they are tied up at the poſt. You belong to the ſtable? Do you not?

Ran. Not ſo much as the ſtable belongs to me, ſir; I paſs through many offices of the houſe, ſir; I am the running bailiff of it.

Ol. We have rid hard, hoping to find the ſquire at home at this early time in the morning.

Ran. You are deceived in that, ſir, he has been out theſe four hours; he is no ſnail, ſir. You do not know him, I perceive, ſince he has been new moulded; but I'll tell you becauſe you are gentlemen.

Ol. Our horſes, good friend.

Ran. My maſter is an ancient gentleman, and a great houſe-

houſe-keeper, and pray'd for by all the poor in the country; he keeps a gueſt-houſe for all beggars far and near, coſts him a hundred a year at leaſt, and is as well belov'd among the rich; but of late he fell into a great melancholy, upon what I know not; for he had then more cauſe to be merry than he has now; take that by the way.

Ol. But, good friends, our horſes.

Ran. For he had two daughters that knew well to order a houſe, and give entertainment to gentlemen; they were his houſe-doves; but now they are flown, and no man knows how, why, or whither.

Tal. My dove is flown too. Oh——

Ran. Was ſhe your daughter, ſir? She was a young one then by the beard you wear.

Tal. What ſhe was d'ye ſee; I ſcorn to think on her —— but I do——oh.

Ol. Pray hold your peace, or feign ſome mirth if you can.

Tal. Sing. Let her go, let her go; *I care not if I have her, I have her or no.* Ha, ha, ha——oh, my heart will break ——oh——

Ol. Pray think of our horſes, ſir.

Ran. This is right my maſter; when he had his daughters he was ſad, and now they are gone he is the merrieſt man alive; up at five a clock in the morning, and out till dinner-time; out again at afternoon, and ſo 'till ſupper-time; ſkiſe out this away, and ſkiſe out that away; (he's no ſnail I aſſure you;) and *Tantivy* all the country over, where hunting, hawking, or any ſport is to be made, or good fellowſhip to be had; and ſo merry upon all occaſions, that you would even bleſs yourſelf if it were poſſible.

Ol. Our horſes, I prithee.

Ran. And we, his ſervants, live as merrily under him, and do all thrive. I myſelf was but a ſilly lad when I came firſt, a poor turn-ſpit boy; gentlemen keep no whirling jacks then to cozen poor people of meat; and I have now, without boaſt, 40*l.* in my purſe, and am the youngeſt of half a ſcore in the houſe; none

none younger than myſelf but one, and he is the ſtar-ard over all; his name is maſter Springlove, (bleſs him where'er he is,) he has a world of means; and we, the underlings, get well the better by him; beſides the rewards many gentlemen give us, that fare well, and lodge here ſometimes.

Ol. O! we ſhall not forget you, friend, if you remember our horſes before they take harm.

Ran. No hurt I warrant you; there's a lad walking them.

Ol. Is not your maſter coming, think you?

Ran. He will not be long a coming; he's no ſnail as I told you.

Ol. You told me ſo indeed.

Ran. But of all the gentlemen that toſs up the ball, yea, and the ſack too, commend me to old maſter Hearty, a decayed gentleman, lives moſt upon his own mirth, and my maſter's means, and much good do him with it; he is the fineſt companion of all; he does ſo hold my maſter up with ſtories, and ſongs, and catches, and t'other cup of ſack, and ſuch tricks and jiggs, you would admire——he is with him now.

Ol. That Hearty is Martin's uncle; I am glad he is here. Bear up, Talboy. Now, friend, pray let me aſk you a queſtion——prithee ſtay.

Ran. Nay, marry I dare not. Your yawds may take cold, and never be good after it—— [*Exit.*

Ol. I thought I ſhould never have been rid of him; but no ſooner deſired to ſtay but he is gone; a pretty humour.

Re-enter Randal.

Ran. Gentlemen, my maſter will be here e'en now, doubt not, for he is no ſnail as I told you. [*Exit.*

Ol. No ſnail's a great word with him. Prithee Talboy, bear up. Here comes another grey fellow.

Enter Uſher.

Uſh. Do you ſtand in the porch, gentlemen? the houſe

house is open to you. Pray enter the hall, I am the usher of it.

Ol. In good time, sir. We shall be bold here then to attend your master's coming.

Ush. And he's upon coming, and when he comes, he comes apace; he's no snail, I assure you.

Ol. I was told so before, sir: no snail! sure 'tis the word of the house, and as ancient as the family.

Ush. This gentleman looks sadly, methinks.

Tal. Who I? not I: Pray pardon my looks for that: but my heart feels what's what. Ah me —

Ush. Pray walk to the buttery, gentlemen, my office leads you thither.

Ol. Thanks, good master usher.

Ush. I have been usher these twenty years, sir, and have got well by my place for using strangers respectfully.

Ol. He has given the hint too.

Ush. Something has come in by the bye, besides standing wages, which is very duly paid, (thank a good master and an honest steward,) heaven bless 'em: we all thrive under 'em.

Enter Butler *with glasses and a napkin.*

O, here comes the butler.

But. You are welcome, gentlemen; please you draw nearer my office, and take a morning's draught in a glass of sack, if it please you.

Ol. In what please you, sir; we cannot deny the courtesy of the house in the master's absence.

But. He'll come apace when he comes; he's no snail, sir. [*Going.*

Old. Still 'tis the house-word, and all the servants wear livery-beards.

But. Or perhaps you had rather drink white wine and sugar; please yourselves, gentlemen; here you may taste all liquors. No gentleman's house in all this county, or the next, so well stor'd (——make us thankful for it.) And my master, for his hospitality to gentlemen, his charity to the poor, and his bounty to his ser-

vants, has not his peer in the kingdom,—(——make us thankful for it;) and 'tis as fortunate a houſe for ſervants as ever was built upon fairy ground. I myſelf, that have ſerved here man and boy theſe four and forty years, have gotten together (beſides ſomething more than I will ſpeak of, diſtributed among my poor kindred) by my wages, my vails at Chriſtmas, and otherwiſe, together with my rewards of kind gentlemen, that have found courteous entertainment here——

Ol. There he is too.

But. Have, I ſay, gotten together (tho' in a dangerous time I ſpeak it) a brace of hundred pounds——make me thankful for it; and for boſſes I have had none. I have been Butler theſe two and thirty years, and never loſt the value of a ſilver ſpoon, nor ever broke a glaſs (—— make me thankful for it.) White wine and ſugar, ſay you, ſir?

Ol. Pleaſe yourſelf, ſir.

But. This gentleman ſpeaks not; or had you rather take a drink of brown ale with a toaſt, or March-Beer with ſugar and nutmeg? or had you rather drink without ſugar?

Ol. Good ſir, a cup of your houſhold-beer.

[*Exit.* But.

I fear he will draw down to that at laſt.

Enter Butler *with a bottle of ſack.*

But. Here gentlemen is a glaſs of my maſter's ſmall-beer: but it is good old Canary, I aſſure you; and here's to your welcome.

Enter Cook.

Cook. And welcome the Cook ſays, gentlemen. Brother Butler, lay a napkin, I'll fetch a cut of the ſirloin to ſtrengthen your patience till my maſter comes, who will not now be long, for he's no ſnail, gentlemen.

Ol. I have often heard ſo; and here's to you, maſter Cook——— Prithee ſpeak maſter Talboy, or force one laugh more, if thou canſt.

Cook. Sir, the Cook drinks to you. [*To* Talboy.

Tal.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha——

Ol. Well faid.

Tal. He is in the ſame livery-beard too.

Coat. But, he is the oldeſt cook, and of the ancienteſt houſe, and the beſt for houſe-keeping in this county or the next: and tho' the maſter of it write but ſquire, I know no lord like him.

Enter Chaplain.

And now he's come, here comes the word before him. The parſon has ever the beſt ſtomach; I'll diſh away preſently. [*Exit.*

But. Is our maſter come, Sir *Domine?*

Chap. *Eſt ad Manum. Non eſt ille teſtudo.*

Ol. He has the word too in Latin; now bear up Talboy.

Chap. Give me a preparative of ſack; it is a gentle preparative before meat; and ſo a gentle touch of it to you, gentlemen.

Ol. It is a gentle offer, ſir, and as gently to be taken.

Enter Oldrents *and* Hearty.

Old. About with it, my lads; and this is as it ſhould be ——Not 'till my turn, ſir, I; though I confeſs I have had but three morning-draughts to-day.

Ol. Yet it appears you were abroad betimes, ſir.

Old. I am no ſnail, ſir.

Ol. So your men told us, ſir.

Old. But where be my catchers? Come a round, and ſo let us drink.

This catch ſung, and they drink about. The ſingers are all greybeards.

A *Round, around, around, boys, around;*
Let mirth fly aloft, and ſorrow be drown'd.
Old ſack, and old ſongs, and a merry old crew,
Can charm away care when the ground looks blue.

Old. Well ſaid, old Hearty; and gentlemen, welcome.

Tal. Ah——— [*He ſighs.*

Old. Oh mine ears! what was that a ſigh? and in my houſe? look, has it not ſplit my walls? if not, make vent for it; let it out; I ſhall be ſtifled elſe.

[*Exit.* Chap.

Ol. He hopes your pardon, ſir, his cauſe conſider'd.

Old. Cauſe? Can there be cauſe for ſighing.

Ol. He has loſt his miſtreſs, ſir.

Old. Ha, ha, ha, is that a cauſe? Do you hear me complain of the loſs of my two daughters?

Ol. They are not loſt I hope, ſir.

Old. No more can be his miſtreſs; no woman can be loſt; they may be miſlaid a little, but found again, I warrant you.

Tal. Ah——— [*Sighs.*

Old, Ods my life! he ſighs again, and means to blow me out of my houſe. To horſe again, here's no dwelling for me. Or ſtay, I'll cure him if I can; give him more ſack to drown his ſuſpirations.

[*While* Oldrent's *and* Talboy *drink,* Oliver *takes* Hearty *aſide.*

Ol. Sir, I am chiefly to inform you of the diſaſter.

Hea. May it concern me?

Ol. Your nephew Martin has ſtolen my father's ward, that gentleman's bride that ſhould have been.

Hea. Indeed, ſir.

Ol. 'Tis moſt true——— [*He gives* Hearty *a letter.*

Hea. Another glaſs of ſack: this gentleman brings good news.

Ol. Sir, if you can prevent his danger———

Hea. Hang all preventions; let 'em have their deſign.

Tal. Sir, I ſhould have had her, 'tis true — but ſhe's gone, d'ye ſee? and let her go. [*To* Oldrents.

Old. Well ſaid, he mends now.

Tal. I am glad I'm rid of her (d'ye ſee) before I had more to do with her———

Hear

Hear. He mends apace. [Hearty *reads the letter.*

Tal. For ſhould I have married her before ſhe had run away, d'ye ſee, and that ſhe had run away (d'ye ſee) after ſhe had been married to me, (d'ye ſee,) then I had been a married man without a wife, (d'ye ſee,) whereas now ſhe being run away before I am married, (d'ye ſee,) I am no more married to her, (d'ye ſee,) than ſhe to me, (d'ye ſee;) and ſo long as I am none of hers, (d'ye ſee,) nor ſhe none of mine, (d'ye ſee,) I ought to care as little for her now ſhe's run away, (d'ye ſee,) as if ſhe had ſtay'd with me, d'ye ſee.

Old. Why this is excellent! Come hither, Hearty.

Tal. I perceive it now, and the reaſon of it; and how by conſequence (d'ye ſee) I ought not to look any further after her. [*Cries.*

But that ſhe ſhould reſpect a poor baſe fellow, a clerk at the moſt, and a ſerving-man at beſt, before me, that am a rich man at the worſt, and a gentleman at leaſt, makes me——I know not what to ſay——

Old. Worſe than ever 'twas! now he cries outright.

Tal. I know not what to ſay—— what to ſay—— oh——

Hea. Then I do, ſir, the poor baſe fellow that you ſpeak of, is my nephew, as good a gentleman as yourſelf; I underſtand the buſineſs by your friend here.

Tal. I cry you mercy, ſir.

Old. You ſhall cry no mercy, nor any thing elſe here, ſir; nor for any thing here, ſir; this is no place to cry in, nor for any buſineſs. You, ſir, that come on buſineſs—— [*To* Ol.

Ol. It ſhall be none, ſir.

Old. My houſe is for no buſineſs, but the belly-buſineſs; you find me not ſo uncivil, ſir, as to aſk you from whence you came, who you are, or what's your buſineſs; I aſk you no queſtions, and can you be ſo diſcourteous as to tell me or my friend any thing like buſineſs; if you come to be merry with me, you are welcome; if you have any buſineſs forget it; you forget where you are elſe; and ſo to dinner.

Hea. Sir, I pray let me only prevail with you but to read this.

Old. Spoil my ſtomach, and I'll not eat this fortnight. [*He reads aſide.*

Hea. While he reads, let me tell you, ſir, that my nephew Martin has ſtolen that gentleman's miſtreſs, it ſeems is true; but I proteſt, as I am a gentleman, I know nothing of the matter, nor where he or ſhe is; but, as I am the aforeſaid gentleman, I am glad on't with all my heart. Ha, my boy Mat. thou ſhalt reſtore our houſe.

Ol. Let him not hear to grieve him, ſir.

Hea. Grieve him? What ſhould he do with her? teach their children to cry?

Tal. But I do hear you though; and I ſcorn to cry as much as you, d'ye ſee, or your nephew either, d'ye ſee.

Hea. Now thou art a brave fellow. So, ſo, hold up thy head, and thou ſhalt have a wife, and a fine thing.

Tal. Hang a wife, and a pox o' your fine thing, (d'ye ſee,) I ſcorn your ſopperies, d'ye ſee.

Old. And I do hear thee, my boy, and rejoice in thy converſion, if thou canſt but hold now.

Tal. Yes, I can hold, ſir; and I hold well with your ſack; I could live and die with it as I am true Talboy.

Old. Now thou art a tall fellow, and ſhall want no ſack.

Tal. And ſir, I do honour you, (d'ye ſee,) and ſhould wiſh myſelf one of your houſhold ſervants, (d'ye ſee,) if I had but a grey beard, d'ye ſee; hay, as old juſtice Clack ſays.

Old. Well, I have read the buſineſs here.

Ol. Call it not buſineſs I beſeech you, ſir; we defy all buſineſs.

Tal. Ay marry do we, ſir: D'ye ſee, ſir? and a hay, as old juſtice Clack ſays.

Ol. Grammercy ſack: well, I have read the matter here written by Mr. Clack, and do but bear up t' y humour, I will wait upon thee home. [*Knock within.* Hark!

Hark! they knock to the dreſſer. I have heard much of this old conceited juſtice Clack, and now I long to ſee him; 'tis but croſſing the country two days and a night's journey: we'll but dine, and away preſently. Bear up I ſay, maſter Talboy.

Tal. I will bear up, I warrant you, d'ye ſee, ſir—— but here's a grudging ſtill—— [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

A great Noiſe within of rude Muſick, Laughing, Singing, &c.

Enter Amie, Rachel, Meriel.

Am. HERE's a wedding with a witneſs, and a holiday with a hoigh: Let us out of the noiſe as we love our ears.

Ra. Yes; and here we may purſue our diſcourſe, and hear one another.

Mer. Concerning Springlove and yourſelf, miſtreſs Amie.

Am. Well, ladies; my confidence in you that you are the ſame that you have proteſted yourſelves to be, hath ſo far won upon me, that I confeſs myſelf well-affected both to the mind and perſon of that Springlove; and if he be (as fairly you pretend) a gentleman, I ſhall eaſily diſpence with fortune.

Ra. and Me. He is, upon our honours.

Am. How well that high engagement ſuits your habits.

Ra. Our minds and blood are ſtill the ſame.

Am. I have paſt no affiance to the other, that ſtole me from my guardian, and the match he would have forc'd me to, from which I would have fled with any, or without a guide. Beſides, his mind more clowniſh than his habit, deprav'd by covetouſneſs and cowardice, forc'd me into a way of miſery, to take relief from beggars.

Mer. From poor us.

Am. And then to offer to marry me under a hedge, as the old couple were to day, without book or ring, by the chaplain of the beggars regiment, your Patrico, only to ſave charges.

Ra. I have not ſeen the wretch theſe three hours, whither is he gone?

Am. He told me to fetch horſe and fit raiment for us, and ſo to poſt me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your hands.

Mer. He has taken ſome great diſtaſte ſure, for he is damnable jealous.

Ra. Ay, didſt thou mark what a wild look he caſt when Springlove tumbled her, and kiſs'd her on the ſtraw this morning, while the muſick play'd to the old wedding-folks?

Mer. Yes, and then Springlove, to make him madder, told him that he would be his proxy, and marry her for him, and lie with her the firſt night, with a naked cudgel betwixt them, and make him a king of beggars.

Am. I ſaw how it anger'd him; and I imagin'd then, and before, that there was more in Springlove than downright beggar: but tho' he be never ſo good a gentleman, he ſhall obſerve fit time and diſtance till we are married.

Ra. Matrimony forbid elſe. (She's taken.) But while we talk of a match towards, we are miſs'd within the bride-barn among the revel rout.

Am. We have had all the ſport they could make us in the paſt paſſages.

Mer. How cautious the old contracted couple were for portion and jointure?

Ra. What feoffees, ſhe being an heir of fourſcore (and ſeven years ſtone blind,) had in truſt for her eſtate.

Am. And how carefully he ſecur'd all to himſelf, in caſe he out-liv'd her, being but ſeven years older than ſhe, and what pains the lawyer of the rout here took about it.

Ra.

Ra. And then, how ſolemnly they were join'd, and admoniſhed by our parſon Under-hedge, to live together in the fear of the laſh, and give good example to the younger reprobates to beg within compaſs, to eſcape the jaws of the juſtice, the clutch of the conſtable, the hooks of the headborough, and the biting blows of the beadle; and in ſo doing, they ſhall defy the devil, and all his works, and after their painful pilgrimage in this life they ſhould die in the ditch of delight.

Mer. O, but poet Scribble's *Epithalamium.*

TO the blind virgin of fourſcore,
And the lame batchelor of more,
How Cupid gave her eyes to ſee,
And Vulcan lent him legs;
How Venus caus'd their ſport to be
Prepar'd with butter'd eggs:
Yet when ſhe ſhall be ſeven years wed
She ſhall be bold to ſay,
She has as much her maidenhead
As on her wedding-day.

Ra. So may ſome wives that were married at ſixteen to lads of one and twenty.

Am. But at the wedding-feaſt, when the bride bridled it, and her groom ſaddled it, there was the ſport in her mumping, and his champing, the crew ſcrambling, ourſelves trembling, then the confuſion of noiſes in talking, laughing, ſcolding, ſinging, howling, with their actions of ſnatching, ſcratching, towſing and lowſing themſelves and one another.

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

But who comes here?

Spr. O, ladies, you have loſt as much mirth as would have fill'd up a week of holidays.

[*Springlove takes Amie aſide, and courts her in a genteel way.*

Vin. I am come about again for the beggars life now.

Ra. You are, I am glad on't.

Hill. There is no life but it.

Vin. With them there is no grievance or perplexity, no fear of war or ſtate diſturbances, no alteration in a commonwealth, or innovation, ſhakes a thought of theirs.

Mer. Of ours you ſhould ſay.

Hill. Of ours he means. We have no fear of leſſening our eſtates, nor any grudge with us (without taxation) to lend or give upon command, the whole ſtrength of our wealth for publick benefit; while ſome that are held rich in their abundance, (which is their miſery indeed,) will ſee rather a general ruin upon all, than give a ſcruple to prevent a fall.

Vin. 'Tis only we that live.

Ra. I'm glad you are ſo taken with your calling.

Mer. We are no leſs, I aſſure you; we find the ſweetneſs of it now.

Ra. The mirth, the pleaſure, the delights: no ladies live ſuch lives.

Mer. Some few upon neceſſity, perhaps, but that's not worth grammercy.

Vin. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we ſeem to like or diſlike, all's one to them.

Vin. We muſt do ſomething to be taken by, and diſcovered, we ſhall never be ourſelves, and get home again elſe. [*Springlove and Amie come to the reſt.*

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, ladies, you have miſs'd rare ſport, but now the bride has miſs'd you with her half-eye; and the bridegroom with the help of his crutches, is drawing her forth for a dance here in the opener air. The houſe is now too hot for 'em; O, here come the chief revellers. The ſoldier, the courtier, the lawyer, and the poet, who is maſter of their revels, before the old couple in ſtate. Attend, and hear him ſpeak, as their inductor.

Poet.

Poet.

HERE on this green, like king and queen,
(For a ſhort truce) we do produce
Our old new-married pair.
Of diſh and wallet, and of ſtraw pallet,
With rags to ſhew, from top to toe,
She is the ancient heir.

He is the lord of Bottle-gourd,
Of ſachel great, for bread and meat,
And, for ſmall pence, a purſe.
To all that give, long may you live
He loudly cries: but who denies
Is ſure to have his curſe.

Vin. Well ſaid, field-poet; Phœbus we ſee inſpires as well the beggar, as the Poet Laureat.

Spr. And ſhines as warm under a hedge-bottom, as on the tops of palaces.

Po. I have not done yet. Now this is to incite you to dance.

PRepare yourſelves, like fairy elves,
Now in a dance to ſhew,
That you approve the god of love
Has many ſhafts to's bow.

With golden head, and ſome of lead,
But that which made theſe feel,
By ſubtle craft, was ſure a ſhaft
That headed was with ſteel.

For they were old; no earth more cold;
Their hearts were flints intire;
Whence the ſteel's ſtroke did ſparks provoke,
That ſet their bloods on fire.

Now ſtrike up piper, and each lover here
Be blithe, and take his miſtreſs by the goll.

Hill. That's no rhime, poet.

Po. There's as good poety in blank verſe as metre.

[*Muſick.*

Spr. Come, ha! the dance, the dance. Nay we'll ha' the old couple in, as blind and lame as they are.

Bri. What, will you ſo? [*Dance.*

Spr. Well hobbled bridegroom!

Vin. Well grop'd bride!

Hill. Hay luſty. Hay, holiday.

Spr. Set 'em down, ſet 'em down, they ha' done well.

Gro. A ha! I am luſtier than I was thirty years ago.

Bri. And I than I was threeſcore paſt. A-hem, a-hem.

Vin. What a night here's towards!

Hill. Sure they will kill one another.

Po. Each with a fear the other will live longeſt.

SONG.

I.

Poet. *THERE was a jovial beggar,*
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
Chorus. And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

II.

Rachel. *A bag for my oatmeal,*
Another for my ſalt,
A little pair of crutches
To ſee how I can halt.
And a begging, &c.

III.

Hilliard. *To Pimblicoe we'll go,*
Where merry we ſhall be,
With ev'ry man a can in's hand,
And a wench upon his knee.
And a begging, &c.

IV.

IV.

Vincent. *And when we are diſpoſed*
To tumble on the graſs
With long patch'd coats and tatter'd Cloaks
We'll hide our pretty laſs.
And a begging, &c.

V.

Meriel. *Within a hollow tree*
I live and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

VI.

Vincent. *Of all occupations*
A beggar's is the beſt,
For when he is a weary,
He'll lay him down to reſt.
And a begging, &c.

VII.

Springl. *I fear no plots againſt me,*
But live in open cell;
Why who wou'd be a king,
When a beggar lives ſo well.
And a begging, &c.

A Dance.

Spr. Poet, thou haſt ſpoken learnedly, and acted bravely. Thou art both poet and actor.

Po. So has been many famous men; and if here were no worſe, we might have a maſk or a comedy preſented to-night in honour of the old couple.

Vin. Let us each man try his ability upon ſome ſubject now *extempore*.

Spr. Agreed, give us a theme, and try our action.

Po. I have already thought upon't, I want but actors.

Hil. What perſons want you? What would you preſent?

Po. I would preſent a commonwealth; Utopia with all her branches and conſiſtencies.

Ra.

Ra. I'll be Utopia; who muſt be my branches?

Po. The country, the city, the court, and the camp, epitomized and perſonated by a gentleman, a merchant, a courtier, and a ſoldier.

Sol. I'll be your ſoldier, am not I one? ha!

Cru. And am not I a faſhionable courtier?

Po. But who the citizen or merchant?

Spr. I.

Vin. And I your country gentleman.

Hil. Or I.

Po. Yet to our moral I muſt add two perſons, divinity and law.

La. Why la you now; and am not I a lawyer?

Po. But where's divinity?

Vin. Marry, that I know not; one of us might do that, if either knew how to handle it.

Spr. Where's the old Patrico, our prieſt, my ghoſtly father? He'll do it rarely.

1 *Beg.* He was telling fortunes e'en now to country wenches; I'll fetch him. [*Exit.*

Spr. That Patrico I wonder ; he has told me ſtrange things in clouds.

Am. And me ſomewhat that I may tell you hereafter.

Spr. That you ſhall be my bride?

Am. I will not tell you now.

Vin. Well: But what muſt our ſpeeches tend to? What muſt we do one with another?

Po. I wou'd have the country, the city, and the court, be at great variance for ſuperiority; then wou'd I have divinity and law ſtretch their wide throats to appeaſe and reconcile them; then wou'd I have the ſoldier cudgel them all together, and overtop them all; ſtay, yet I want another perſon.

Hill. What muſt he be?

Po. A beggar.

Vin. Here's enough of us, I think. What muſt the beggar do?

Po. He muſt at laſt overcome the ſoldier, and bring them

them all to Beggar-hall: And this well acted, will be for the honour of our calling.

All. A ſcribble! a ſcribble!

Hil. Come, where's this Patrico, that we may begin?

Enter Patrico.

Pa. Alack and well-a-day, this is no time to play; our quarter is beſet; we are all in the net; leave off your merry glee.

Vin. You begin ſcurvily.

Spr. Why, what's the matter?

Within. (*a*) *Bing awaſt, bing awaſt*; the (*b*) *queer cove*, and the (*c*) *harmanbeck*.

Some beggars run over the ſtage.

Spr. We are beſet, indeed; what ſhall we do?

Vin. I hope we ſhall be taken.

Hil. If the good hour be come, welcome be the grace of good fortune.

Enter Scentwell, conſtable, watch; the crew ſlip away.

Sent. Beſet the quarter round; be ſure that none eſcape.

Spr. Lord to come with you, bleſſed maſter, to a many diſtreſſed——

Vin. & Hil. Duly and truly pray for you.

R. & Mer. Good your good worſhip, duly and truly &c.

Scent. A many counterfeit rogues! So frolick and ſo lamentable all in a breath? You were acting a play but now; we'll act with you, incorrigible vagabonds.

Spr. Good maſter, 'tis a holiday with us; an heir was married here to-day.

Scent.

(*a*) Get away, get away. (*b*) a conſtable. (*c*) a beadle.

Scent. Married! Not ſo, I hope; where is ſhe? 'Tis for an heir we ſeek.

Spr. Here ſhe is, maſter——hide yourſelves in the ſtraw——the ſtraw; quickly into the ſtraw——

Scent. What tell'ſt thou me of this? An old blind beggar-woman; we muſt find a young gentlewoman-heir among you. Where's all the reſt of the crew?

Conſt. Slipt into the barn and the buſhes by; but none can 'ſcape.

Scent. Look you to that and to theſe here.

[*Exit with watch.*

Spr. Into the ſtraw, I ſay.

Vin. No, good Springlove, the ladies and we are now agreed to draw ſtakes, and play this louſy game no further.

Hil. We will be taken and diſcloſe ourſelves; you ſee we ſhall be forc'd to it elſe. The cowardly clerk has don't to ſave himſelf.

Spr. Do you fear no ſhame, ladies?

Ra. Doſt think it a ſhame to leave begging?

Mer. Or that our father will turn us out to it again.

Spr. Nay, ſince you are ſo reſolute, know, that I myſelf begin to find this is no courſe for gentlemen; this lady ſhall take me off it.

Am. Make but your proteſtations good, and take me yours; and for the gentleman that ſurprizes us, tho' he has all my uncle's truſt, he ſhall do any thing for me to our advantage.

Vin. If, Springlove, thou cou'dſt poſt now to thy tyring-houſe, and fetch all our cloaths, we might get off moſt neatly.

Sp. A horſe and ſix hours travel would do that.

Am. You ſhall be furniſh'd, doubt not.

Enter Scentwell, and Watch.

Scent. She's 'ſcap'd, or is inviſible. You, ſir, I take to be the chief rogue of this regiment; let him be whipt till he brings forth the heir.

Conſt.

Con. That is but till he ſtinks, ſir; come, ſir, ſtrip, ſtrip.

Am. Unhand him, ſir. What heir do you ſeek, Mr. Scentwell?

Scent. Precious, how did my haſte overſee her? O, miſtreſs Amie! Could I, or your uncle, juſtice Clack, a wiſer man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in ſuch company?

Am. Of me, ſir, and my company, I have a ſtory to delight you, which on our march towards your houſe, I will relate to you.

Scent. And thither will I lead you as my gueſt,
But to the law ſurrender all the reſt. I'll make your peace.

Am. We muſt fare all alike. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Juſtice *Clack*'s Houſe.

Enter Juſtice Clack, Martin.

Cla. I Have forgiven you, provided that my niece be ſafely taken, and ſo be brought home ſafely, I ſay; that is to ſay, unſtain'd, unblemiſh'd, undiſhonoured; that is to ſay, with no more faults, criminal, or accuſative, than thoſe ſhe carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe——

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another? You believe her virtue is armour of proof, without your council or your guard, and therefore you left her in the hands of rogues and vagabonds to make your own peace with me; you have it; provided, I ſay, (as I ſaid before,) that ſhe be ſafe, that is to ſay, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to ſay—— as I ſaid before.

Mar. Mine intent, ſir, and my only way——

Cla.

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another? as I ſaid before, your intent, and your only way, you ſhould ha' ſaid, was to run away with her, and that by her only inſtigation, to avoid the tie of marriage with Mr. Talboy; that is to ſay, to ſhun the match that I had made for her; that is to ſay, rather to diſobey me, than to diſpleaſe herſelf. Wherein (although ſhe did not altogether tranſgreſs the law,) ſhe did both offend and prejudice me, an inſtrument, nay, I may ſay, a pillar thereof. And you, in aſſiſting her, furthering, and conveying her away, did not only infringe the law in an unlawful departure from your maſter, but in a higher point, that is to ſay, *top and top gallows high*. I would ha' found a jury ſhould ha' found it ſo.

Mar. But ſir, an't pleaſe you.

Cla. Muſt we then both ſpeak together? Have I not borne with thee to ſpeak all thou pleaſeſt in thy defence? Have I not broke mine own rule, which is to puniſh before I examine, and ſo to have the law the ſurer on my ſide? and doſt thou ſtill perſiſt? hold your own peace, or, as I am a juſtice of the king's, I will unſay what I ſaid before, and ſet a *Curat Lex* at you, ſirrah, that ſhall courſe you up the heavy hill. Oh, is your tongue fallen into your leg now? Do not you know I have acquitted you? provided—as I ſaid before. Go your way in, and ſee that the gentlemen, who, I think, were got in ſack, chriſtened in ſack, nurſed with ſack, and fed up to gray hairs with only ſack, ſee, I ſay, that they want no ſack. My ſon Oliver (I thank him) has brought me a pair of ſuch gueſts.

Enter Scentwell.

O maſter Sentwell! good news?

Scent. Of beggarly news the beſt you have heard.

Cla. That is to ſay you have found my niece among the beggars. That is to ſay——

Scent. True, ſir Oliver, I found her ——

Cla. Now, if we both ſpeak together, who ſhall hear one another?

Scent.

Scent. I thought your desire was to be inform'd.

Cla. I can inform myself, sir, by your looks. I have taken a hundred examinations in my days of felons, and other offenders, out of their very countenances, and wrote them down *verbatim* to what they would have said. I am sure it has serv'd to hang some of 'em, and whip the rest.

Scent. Justice Clack still! he must talk all; his clack must only go.

Cla. But to the point, you have found my niece; you have left her at your own house, not only to shift her out of her disguise, but out of her shame, to come no nearer me, until I send her pardon.

Scent. Most true, sir. But the company she was in—

Cla. Again! Do not I know the company? beggars, rogues, vagabonds, and hedge-birds.

Scent. But do you know whom, or how many we have taken? and how the rest escap'd?

Cla. A needless knowledge; why should we take more than herself? or how could you take those that could escape?

Enter Martin.

Mar. Sir, the old gentlemen within, sent me to wait upon you; without you (they say) they need not my service.

Cla. Tell 'em then, I'll wait on them presently.

[*Exit.* Martin.

Scent. But, sir, we have taken with her, such beggars, such rogues, such vagabonds, and such hedge-birds, (since you call 'em so,) as you never knew, or heard of, though now the country swarms with them under every hedge, as if an innumerable army of 'em were lately disbanded without pay. Hedge-birds, said you? hedge lady-birds, hedge-cavaliers, hedge-soldier, hedge-lawyer, hedge-fidlers, hedge-poet, hedge-players, and a hedge-priest among 'em. Such we have taken from the principles; but to see how the multitude escap'd us, was more sport than pity. How, upon a watch-word given, they in the instant vanish'd by more several ways than there were legs among 'em; how

how the cripples leap'd over pales and hedges, how the blind found their way through lakes and ditches, how a doxy flew with two children at her back, and two more perhaps in her belly ———

Cla. A hedge-prieſt have you taken, ſay you?

Scent. Yes, ſir, an old Patrico, an ancient prophet, to tell fortunes, and cozen our poor country people of tingle money.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Sir, maſter Oldrents, in that he enjoys not your company, begins to doubt of his welcome.

Cla. Who led him into that doubt? I, or you that brought him hither?

Ol. Sir, his own deſire and love to you brought him hither, but I ſhew'd him the way.

Cla. You reaſon fairly; tell him I come.

Ol. Pray, ſir, be pleas'd to do ſo; for he ſays ——

Cla. Nay, if we both talk together——

Ol. Who ſhall hear one another. [*Exit* Oliver.

Cla. But are there players among the apprehend?

Scent. Yes, ſir, and they were contriving to act a play among themſelves juſt as we ſurpriz'd 'em, and ſpoil'd their ſport.

Cla. Players! I'll pay them above all the reſt.

Scent. You ſhall do well in that, to put 'em in ſtock to ſet up again.

Cla. Yes, I'll put 'em in ſtocks, and ſet 'em up to the whipping-poſt; they can act juſtices, can they? I'll act a juſtice among them; that is to ſay, I will do juſtice upon them; that is to ſay ——

Scent. Pray, ſir, be not ſevere, they act kings and emperors as well as juſtices; and juſtice is blind, they ſay, you may therefore be pleas'd to wink a little; I find, that you have merry old gentlemen in your houſe, that are come far to viſit you. I'll undertake that theſe players, with the help of their poet, in a device which they have already ſtudied, and a pack of cloaths which I ſhall ſupply them with, ſhall give your gueſts much content, and move compaſſion in you towards the poor ſtrollers.

Cla.

Cla. But you know my way of juſtice (and that's a ſure way) is to puniſh them firſt, and be compaſſionate afterwards, as I find 'em upon their examination.

Scent. But for your gueſts ſakes, who (I know) do favour and affect the quality of actors very much, permit 'em, ſir; it will enlarge your entertainment exceedingly.

Cla. And perhaps, ſave me the expence of a runlet of ſack the while. Well, ſir, for that reſpect, and upon your undertaking that they ſhall pleaſe, I will prorogue my juſtice on the rogues; and ſo to my merry gentlemen, whom I will prepare to ſee their interlude again after ſupper. But pray, maſter Scentwell, as you have found my niece, look to her, and ſee her decently brought home.

Scent. In her own beſt apparel; but you muſt prorogue your diſpleaſure to her too.

Cla. I will do ſo, until my ſcarce welcome gueſts be gone.

Enter Randal.

Ran. Sir, my maſter ſends you word, and plainly, that without your company your entertainment ſtinks. He has commanded me to ſaddle his nags, and away to night; if you come not at once, twice, thrice, he's gone preſently, before ſupper; he'll find an hoſt at an inn worth an hundred of you.

Cla. Good friend, I will now ſatisfy your maſter, without telling him he has a ſaucy knave to his man.

Exit Clack.

Ran. Thank your worſhip.

Sent. Do you hear, friend, you ſerve maſter Oldrents.

Ran. I could ha' told you that; and the beſt houſekeeper my maſter is, of any gentleman in the county he dwells in; and the beſt maſter to a man, as I, the worſt of twenty, can ſay for him, and would be aſham'd to ſay leſs.

Sent. Your name is Randal.

Ran.

Ran. Forgive me! Are you so wise? you are too young to be my godsir; and I hope not old enough to be a witch. How know you that I am Randal? Were you ever at my master's house in Nottinghamshire, or at Dunghilford, where I was born?

Scent. No; but I have notes to know you by.

Ran. I was never twelve mile from thence in my life before this journey; God send me within ken of our own kitchen smoke again.

Scent. Your master's steward's name is Springlove.

Ran. Master Springlove, an't please you; there is not an honester gentleman between this and the head of him; and my heart's with him wherever he is; know you him too?

Scent. Yes, and your master's daughters too.

Ran. Whaw?

Scent. And that they are all from home, your master knows not where.

Ran. Whaw, whaw, know you that too?

Scent. Yes, and the two young gentlemen that are with them, master Vincent, and master Hilliard.

Ran. Whaw, whaw again; you know 'em all I think, but know you where they all are?

Scent. Even here by, at my own house.

Ran. Whaw——

Scent. And they knowing that your master is here, and master Hearty too——

Ran. Whaw, whaw,

Scent. And yourself too; they directed me to find you, Randal, and bring you too 'em.

Ran. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw——why do we not go then?

Scent. But secretly; not a word to any body.

Ran. Mum—— will you go then?

Enter Martin.

Mar. O, master Oldrent's man, pray let me intreat you into the buttery.

Ran. Will you go, master gentleman?

Mar.

Mar. Indeed it is my maſter's deſire, and he commanded me.

Ran. Now, when it is ſupper-time, did he? To fill my belly with thin drink to ſave his meat? It's the manner in churls houſes; will you go, maſter gentleman?

Mar. In troth, my maſter is ſo merry with yours within——

Ran. Shite o' your maſter; my maſter's ſteward's a better man; I'll to him, at this gentleman's houſe, and all the reſt. Whaw, whaw.

Scent. Randal, you forget.

Ran. Mum again then; why would you not go then? [*Exit.* Scent. *and* Rand.

Mar. The man's as mad as his maſter; the ſtrangeſt ſtrangers that ever came to our houſe.

Enter Talboy.

Tal. Well, Martin, for confeſſing thy fault, and the means thou mad'ſt whereby ſhe is taken, I am friends with thee; but I ſhall never look upon her, or thee---but with grief of mind; however I bear it outwardly. Oh---

Mar. You bear it very manfully, methinks.

Tal. Ay, you think ſo, and I know ſo---but what I feel, I feel; wou'd one of us two had never both ſeen one another---oh---

Mar. You ſpeak very good ſenſe, ſir. But does my maſter continue his merry humour with the old gentlemen within.

Tal. Yes. Juſtice Clack's clack goes as merrily as any.

Mar. Well ſaid, ſir; now you ſpeak merrily too; but I cou'd ſay ſo newhat that wou'd ſtill him; and for your comfort I'll tell you, miſtreſs Amie is fallen in love with one of the beggars.

Tal. Then have I nothing elſe to do, but to laugh at thee as long as I live. Ha, ha, ha---To let a beggar couzen thee of her. Ha, ha, ha, a beggar! I ſhall die merrily yet. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver.

Cla. A hey, boys, a hey; this is right; that is to ſay, as I wou'd have it; that is to ſay——

Tal. A beggar; ha, ha, ha——

Mar. Ha, ha, ha——

Cla. A hey, boys, a hey; they are as merry without as we were within. A hey, maſter Oldrents and maſter Hearty! The virtue of your company turns all to mirth and melody, with a hey trololly, lolly, lolly; is't not ſo, maſter Hearty?

Old. Why thus it ſhou'd be: How was I deceiv'd! Now I ſee you are a good fellow.

Ol. He was never ſo before; if it be a lightning before death, the beſt is I am his heir.

Tal. & Mar. Ha, ha, ha——

Cla. Again, boys, again; that is to ſay, a hey boys, ah hey——

Hea. What is the motive of your mirth, Nephew Martin? Let us laugh with you.

Old. Was that ſpoke like my friend Hearty? Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laugh'd at? And if nothing were to be ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood, we wou'd laugh at it too.

Cla. You take the loſs of your miſtreſs merrily, maſter Talboy.

Tal. More merrily than you will take the finding of her. Ha, ha, ha——A beggar, ha, ha, ha——

Cla. Can I be ſad to find her, think you?

Mar. He thinks you will be diſpleaſed with her, and chide her.

Cla. You are deceived, maſter Talboy; you are wide, maſter Talboy; above half your length, maſter Talboy. Law and juſtice ſhall ſleep, and mirth and good fellowſhip ride a circuit here to-night. A hey, maſter Oldrents, a hey, maſter Hearty, and a hey, ſon Oliver, and a hey, Nephew Talboy, that wou'd ha' been, and a hey, my clerk Martin, and a hey for the players.

When

When come they? Son Oliver, ſee for maſter Scentwell, that is no readier with his new company.

Tal. Players! Let's go ſee too; I never ſaw any players. [*Exeunt* Talb. *and* Mar.

Ol. This is the firſt fit that ever he had of this diſeaſe; and if it be the laſt, I ſay, as I ſaid before, I am his heir. [*Exit.*

Old. But is there a play to be expected, and acted by beggars?

Cla. That is to ſay, by vagabonds; that is to ſay, by ſtrolling players; they are upon their purgation; if they can preſent any thing to pleaſe you, they may eſcape the law; that is, (a hey,) if not, to-morrow, gentlemen, ſhall be acted, abuſes ſtript and whipp'd among 'em; with a hey, maſter Hearty, you are not merry.

Enter Scentwell.

And a hey, maſter Scentwell, where are your *Dramatis Perſonæ*; your *Prologus*, and your *Actus Primus*, ha? Have they given you the ſlip for fear of the whip? a hey.

Scent. A word aſide, an't pleaſe you ——

[Scentwell *takes* Clack *aſide, and gives him a paper.*

Old. I have not known a man in ſuch a humour.

Hea. And of his own finding! he ſtole it indeed out of his own bottles, rather than be robb'd of his liquor; miſers us'd to tipple themſelves ſo.

Old. He does ſo outdo us, that we look like ſtaid men again, Hearty; fine ſober things.

Hea. But how long will it laſt? he'll hang himſelf to-morrow for the coſt we have put him to.

Old. I love a miſer's feaſt dearly; to ſee how thin and ſcattering the diſhes ſtood, as if they fear'd quarrelling.

Hea. And how the bottles, to eſcape breaking one another, were brought up by one at once!

Old. How one of the ſerving-men, untrain'd to wait, ſpilt the white-broth!

Hea. And another, ſtumbling at the threſhold, tumbled in his diſh of rouncevals before him.

Old. And moſt ſuitable to the niggardlineſs of his feaſt, we ſhall now have an entertainment, or play, preſented by beggars.

Cla. Send 'em in, maſter Scentwell. [*Exit* Scent. Sit, gentlemen, the players are ready to enter; and here's a bill of their plays; you may take your choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the ſame cloaths? Read them, good Hearty.

Hea. Firſt, here's *The two loſt daughters.*

Old. Put me not in mind of the two loſt daughters, I pritheo; what's the next?

Hea. *The vagrant ſteward.*

Old. Nor of a vagrant ſteward; ſure ſome abuſe is meant me.

Hea. *The old ſquire and the fortune-teller.*

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Hea. *The beggar's prophecy.*

Old. All theſe titles may ſerve to one play of a ſtory that I know too well; I'll ſee none of them.

Hea. Then here's *The merry beggars.*

Old. Ay, that, and let 'em begin.

Enter Talboy *and* Oliver.

Tal. The players are coming in, and miſtreſs Amie and your man Martin are to be actors among 'em.

Cla. A hey, then for that too; ſome merry device ſure. [*A flouriſh.*

Hark! the beggar's hautboys; now they begin.

Old. See, a moſt ſolemn prologue.

Enter Poet for Prologue.

TO knight, to ſquire, and to the gentels here,
We wiſh our play may with content appear;
We promiſe you no dainty wit of court,
Nor city pageantry, nor country ſport;
But a plain piece of action ſhort and ſweet,
In ſtory true; you'll know it when you ſee't.

Old. True ſtories and true jeſts, do ſeldom thrive on ſtages.

Cla.

Cla. They are beſt to pleaſe you with this tho', or a hey, with a whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they ſhall ſuffer, I will be pleas'd to let them play their worſt. [*A flouriſh.*

Enter Patrico, *with* Lawyer *habited like* Oldrents. See our Patrico among 'em.

Hea. That offered you a doxy in the barn.

Pat. Your children's fortunes I have told,
That they ſhall beg e'er they be old;
And will you have a reaſon why?
'Tis juſtice in their deſtiny ——

Cla. Juſtice, ha! Are you meddling with juſtices already?

Pat. Your grandfather, by crafty wile
Of bargaining, did much beguile
A thriftleſs heir of half the lands
That are deſcended to your hands,
And then by law, not equity,
Forc'd him and his poſterity
To woe and ſhameful beggary.

Law. That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.

Pat. But our forefathers debts and crimes,
Although forborn 'till future times,
Are not ſo paid; but what needs more,
I wiſh you happy in your ſtore. [*Exit.*

Old. Do'ſt note this, Hearty?

Hea. You ſaid you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worſt.

Lawyer *walks ſadly, beats his breaſt,* &c. *To him enter ſoldier-like* Hearty, *and ſeems to comfort him.*

Old. It begins my ſtory, and by the ſame fortune-teller that told me my daughter's fortunes, almoſt in the ſame words; I know him now; and he ſpeaks in the play to one that perſonates me as near as they can ſet him forth.

Cla. How like you it, ſir? you ſeem diſpleas'd;

ſhall they be whipp'd yet? A hey, if you ſay the word.

Old. O, by no means, ſir, I am pleas'd.

Sol. Sad for the words of a baſe fortune-teller? Believe him! hang him; I'll truſt none of 'em; They have all whims, and double meanings, In all they ſay.

Old. Whom does he talk or look like now?

Hea. It is no matter whom, you are pleas'd you ſay.

Sol. Ha' you no ſack i'th' houſe? Am not I here? and never without a merry old ſong?

SING.

Old ſack, and old ſongs, and a merry old crew,
Will fright away cares when the ground looks blue.

And can you think on gypſy fortune-tellers?

Law. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

Sol. Will you abroad then? but here comes your ſteward.

Enter Springlove *to* Lawyer.

Old. Bleſs me! Is not that Springlove?

Hea. Is that you that talks to him, or that coxcomb I, do you think? Pray let them play their play; the juſtice will not hinder 'em, you ſee; he's aſleep.

Spr. Here are the keys of all my charge, ſir; and my humble ſuit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my known occaſions this ſummer.

Law. Fie! Canſt not yet leave off thoſe vagaries? But I will ſtrive no more to alter nature; I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own very words at his departure.

Hea. No matter, pray attend.

Law. Come, friend, I'll take your counſel.

[*Exeunt.* Lawyer *and* Sol.

Spr. I've ſtriven with myſelf to alter nature in me For my good maſter's ſake, but all in vain; For beggars, cuckow-like, fly out again In their own notes and ſeaſon.

Enter

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, Hilliard.

Ra. Our father's ſadneſs will not ſuffer us to live in his houſe.

Mer. And we muſt have a progreſs.

Vin. Th' aſſurance of your loves hath engag'd us.

Hill. To wait on you in any courſe.

Ra. Suppoſe we'll go a begging.

Vin. and *Hill.* We are for you.

Spr. And that muſt be your courſe, and ſuddenly,
To cure your father's ſadneſs, who is told
It is your deſtiny, which you may quit,
By making it a trick of youth and wit.
I'll ſet you in the way.

All four. But how? but how? [*All talk aſide.*

Old. My daughters and their ſweethearts too; I ſee
The ſcope of their deſign, and the whole drift
Of all their action now, with joy and comfort.

Hea. But take no notice yet; ſee a whim more of it;
But the mad rogue that acted me, I muſt make drunk anon.

Spr. Now? Are you all reſolv'd?

All Four. Agreed, agreed.

Spr. You beg to abſolve your fortune, not for need.
[*Exeunt.*

Old. I muſt commend their act in that; prithee let's call 'em, and end the matter here: The purpoſe of their play is but to work my friendſhip, or their peace with me, and they have it.

Hea. But ſee a little more, ſir.

Enter Randal.

Old. My man Randal too! Has he a part with them?

Ran. They were well ſet to work, when they made me a player. What is it that I muſt ſay? And how muſt I act now! O, that I muſt be ſteward for the beggars in maſter ſteward's abſence; and tell my maſter he's gone to meaſure land for him to purchaſe.

Old.

Old. You, ſir? Leave the world you can do no better; (I can forbear no longer) and call the actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my heart; and glad my part is ſo ſoon done.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our play,
Something in earneſt I muſt ſay;
But let affected rhyming go;
I'll be no more a Patrico.
My name is Wrought-on ——— ſtart not; but if you
Deſire to hear what's worth your beſt attention,
More privately, you may draw nearer me.

[*Oldrents goes to him.*

Hea. Hear no more fortunes.

Old. You ſhall give me leave.

Pat. I am grandſon to that unhappy Wrought-on,
Whom your grandfather craftily wrought out
Of his eſtate; by which all his poſterity
Were ſince expos'd to beggary; I do not charge
You with the leaſt offence in this, but now
Come nearer me, for I muſt whiſper to you.

[*Patrico takes Oldrents aſide.*

I had a ſiſter, who among the race
Of beggars was the faireſt; Fair ſhe was
In gentle blood, and geſture to her beauty;
Which cou'd not be ſo clouded with baſe cloathing,
But ſhe attracted love from worthy perſons;
Which (for her meanneſs) they expreſs'd in pity,
For the moſt part; but ſome aſſaulted her
With amorous, tho' looſe deſires, which ſhe
Had virtue to withſtand; only one gentleman
(Whether it were by her affection, or
His fate to ſend his blood a begging with her,
I queſtion not) by her, in heat of youth,
Did get a ſon, who now muſt call you father.

Old. Me?

Pat.

Pat. You, attend me, sir; your bounty then
Dispos'd your purse to her, in which, besides,
Much money, (I conceive by your neglect)
Was thrown this holy relick; do you know it?

Old. The *Agnus Dei* that my mother gave me
Upon her death-bed! Oh, the loss of it
Was my sore grief; and now with joy it is
Restor'd by miracle! Does your sister live?

Pat. No, sir, she dy'd within a few days after
Her son was born, and left her to my care,
On whom I to this day have had an eye
In all his wandrings.

Old. Then the young man lives!

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, Meriel.

Pat. Here with the rest of your fair children, sir.

Old. My joy begins to be too great within me!
My blessing, and a welcome to you all.
Be one another's, and you all are mine.

Vin. & Hill. We are agreed on that.

Ra. Long since; we only stood till you shook off your sadness.

Mer. For which we were fain to go a begging, sir.

Old. Now I can read the justice of my fate, and yours.

Cla. Ha! justice? Are they handling of justice?

Old. But more applaud great providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of justices? I watch'd for that.

Hea. Ay, so methought; no, sir, the play is done.

Enter Scentwell, Amie, Oliver, Martin.

Scent. See, sir, your niece presented to you.

[*Springlove takes Amie.*

Cla. What, with a speech by one of the players? Speak, sir, and be not daunted; I am favourable.

Spr. Then by your favour, sir, this maiden is my wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your part; that is to say, you must begin again.

Spr. She's mine by ſolemn contract, ſir.

Cla. You will not tell me that: Are not you my niece?

Am. I dare not, ſir, deny't, we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both ſpeak together, how ſhall we hear one another?

Mar. I muſt diſprove the contract.

Tal. That is my part to ſpeak.

Scent. None can diſprove it; I am witneſs to it.

Cla. Nay, if we all ſpeak, —— as I ſaid before.

Old. Hear me for all, then; here are no beggars, (you are but one, Patrico,) no rogues, nor players, but a ſelect company, to fill this houſe with mirth; theſe are my daughters; theſe their husbands; and this that ſhall marry your niece, a gentleman, my ſon; I will inſtantly eſtate him in a thouſand pound a year to entertain his wife, and to their heirs for ever: Do you hear me now?

Cla. Now I do hear you, and I muſt hear you; that is to ſay, it is a match; that is to ſay ——— as I ſaid before.

Tal. And muſt I hear it too —Oh —

Old. Yes, tho' you whine your eyes out.

Hea. Nephew Martin, ſtill the child with a ſuck-bottle of ſack. Peace, lamb, and I'll find a wife for thee.

Old. Now, Patrico, if you can quit your function
To live a moderate gentleman, I'll give you
A competent annuity for your life.

Pat. I'll be withal your faithful beadſman, and ſpend my whole life in prayers for you and yours.

Cla. And now clerk Martin, give all the beggars my free paſs, without all manner of correction; that is to ſay, with a hey, get 'em gone.

Old. Are not you the gentleman that challeng'd me in right of your friend here?

Vin. Your inſpection's good, ſir.

Ra. And you the gentleman (I take it) that would have made beggar-ſport with us two at once.

Mer. For twelve-pence a-piece, ſir.

Ol.

Old. I hope we are all friends.

Spr. Now, on my duty, ſir, I'll beg no more, but your continual love, and daily bleſſing.

Old. Except it be at court, boy; where, if ever I come, it ſhall be to beg the next fool-royal's place that falls.

Spr. A begging Epilogue yet wou'd not be,
Methinks, improper to this Comedy.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Meriel.*

THO' we are now no beggars of the crew,
We count it not a ſhame to beg of you;
The Juſtice here has given his Paſs free
To all the reſt unpuniſh'd, only we
Are under cenſure, till we do obtain
Your ſuffrages that we may beg again;
And often in the courſe we took to-day,
Which was intended for your mirth, a Play;
Not without Action, and a little wit,
Therefore we beg your Paſs for us and it.

FINIS.